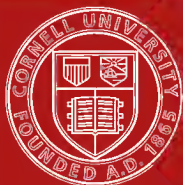




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for Rev A. C. Morehouse
to Emma Freund.

1896

Bible Class.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE
REV. A. C. MOREHOUSE

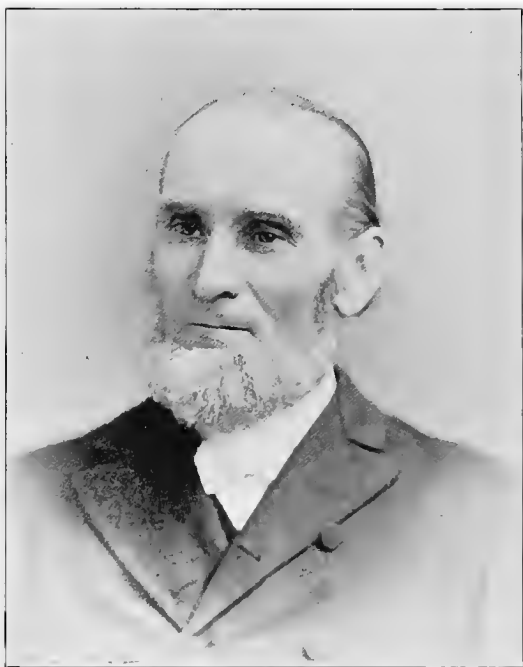
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
A. C. MOREHOUSE

AN ITINERANT MINISTER OF THE NEW YORK AND
NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCES OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

BISHOP NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

"Who went about doing good."—ACTS x. 38.

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TO THE

Friends of My Pastorates

AND THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN CONVERTED UNDER MY

MINISTRY, THIS VOLUME

Is Affectionately Inscribed.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author of this book, the Rev. A. C. Morehouse, has honored me with the request to write an introduction to his autobiography. My ready compliance with this honorable request is expressive of my high appreciation of the life and character of the author, who in every sense is a typical man, both as an American citizen and a minister in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Biography is the most interesting part of history. Indeed, history itself is biography in aggregation. The charm of history is the revelation of what men have thought, and said, and done; what they have endured for the benefit of mankind, and how they have employed their talents in the service of Church and State. The charm of Plutarch's *Lives* is the recital of those incidents which indicate character and which illustrate motives. Perhaps no other writer is so full of incident and so replete in illus-

tration, at once opposite and thrilling, as this famous old Greek.

Autobiography is the record of a man's life and deeds, as he has realized the same. Its very significance implies that he is at liberty to speak of himself without egotism or vanity; but in an unvarnished manner to relate, for the benefit of others, the story of his existence. Many friends of the Rev. Mr. Morehouse have urged him to publish the story of his ministry, and he has reluctantly complied, trusting to the good judgment of his friends, and believing that his life-story might be an inspiration to others.

Some men are recalled by the historian for eminence of talents, or service to their country, or attainments in learning, or invention in arts, or discovery in science, or deeds of philanthropy. The field is wide, and either of these subjects is worthy of permanent record. Because the author of this book has eminence of usefulness, as a citizen and a Christian minister, therefore he has the right to be heard, and his writings will be read with gladness by his friends and with inspiration to those have never heard his voice or looked upon his manly form.

He is another illustration of the possibilities of American citizenship. Whatever may be the

condition of childhood, wherever there is an honest effort put forth to develop mind, acquire knowledge, develop character, and be a benefactor, the opportunity, under our Constitution, is available to every man. And he is another illustration of the possibilities, under Christianity, for one of humble birth to rise to the eminence of usefulness in the ministry of our divine Lord

Seventy-five years have passed since Mr. Morehouse was born—the eldest of five brothers who, with him, were left orphans before he had reached the age of nineteen. Fortunately for him, he had experienced religion two years prior to the departure of his parents, which gave stability to his character and direction to his life. Thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood, he became a carpenter, a trade which he had learned from his father, and which he was prosperous, in the erection of dwellings and church buildings.

Having received from his parents a superior education, for those early times, he in turn educated his brothers, and thus prepared them for an honorable livelihood.

Such was the appreciation of his neighbors that he was elected town superintendent of common schools, and soon thereafter supervisor of the town, by a larger vote than any of his predecessors had

received. These public offices did not divert his attention from religious duties, for he was "diligent in business serving the Lord." His home was the home of the itinerant preacher, who found a cordial welcome therein. His skill as a mechanic and his industrious habits commended him to his neighbors, who engaged his services years in advance. Being a man of affairs, he multiplied his workmen, made many contracts, and worldly inducements allured him on to prosperity.

In all the hurry and anxiety of his business life, he found time to devote himself to all the interests of the church. Such was his gift in prayer and exhortation, that his services were in great demand in revival-meetings. To enlarge the sphere of his usefulness he gave attention to reading, and was familiar with the works of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, and especially the Bible.

His conversion was as clear as a sunbeam; yet he realized that it was but the beginning of his religious life, and conscious that the work needed completion, he sought entire sanctification, which he exemplified in charities toward men and devotions toward God. But it was not without a struggle. It was a conflict of three months of hesitancy and resolve, of resolve and hesitancy. But the point of decision was reached; and, regard-

less of worldly consequences, he received the fulness of the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

It is no wonder that such a man, so diligent, industrious, successful, and pious, should be called upon to preach the Gospel of our Lord. The suggestion came to him from his pastor and from the Christian people with whom he daily associated. But immediate compliance therewith was not possible. He was in the world, though not of the world. He had made contracts which required time to fulfill. Nearly a year elapsed before his arrangements could be consummated. He attempted the difficult task of carrying on his trade by the employment of many workmen and spending most of his time during the winter in revival-services. Hundreds were converted and whole neighborhoods were reformed. The favor of God was so manifest that he at length decided to terminate all business engagements, and to offer himself to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Fortunately for that church he was received into the ministry, and by his fidelity and efficiency has reflected great credit thereon. At each new appointment, he resolved on having three hundred converted during the year and many believers sanctified unto the Lord. Few ministers of his own or any other church have been as successful in turning men

from the error of their ways and in inducing them to commence a religious life than the author of this book.

His ministry runs through a period of forty years, twenty of which have been spent in the City of New York, where some of his greatest triumphs have been attained, not only in the conversion of ordinary sinners, but of some of the hardest infidels in the annals of our country.

No better compliment can be paid him, no better evidence of his ministerial efficiency can be had, than the fact that for twenty years his services were demanded for the great metropolis of New York. No other city in the union is at once a palace and tomb to Christian ministers; in no other city is the percentage of ministerial success so small. Men who have been useful and even popular in country villages and rural districts have had an ephemeral life in New York City, unknown beyond a handful of their own parishioners. He who can maintain himself for twenty years and still be in demand has elements of strength worthy of all commendation, and it is gratifying to the writer, as it must be to Mr. Morehouse himself, that he is still invited to the pastorate of our city churches.

He has excelled his brethren in the liquidation

of church indebtedness. Old Forsyth Street Church is his monument. When appointed there it seemed hopelessly embarrassed by a debt of eighty thousand dollars; but during his period of five years (two years beyond the time limit, by a unanimous vote of the Conference, Bishop Simpson presiding) he reduced that amount to twenty-eight thousand dollars; and that church is now endowed and is a living power. Another monument to his industry and success is our Seventh Street Church, which was heavily mortgaged, but which embarrassment he removed during his pastorate, renovated the church and parsonage, and left the society with money in the treasury. As if the bishops of the Church had marked him as a liquidator, he was appointed to Seventeenth Street Church, where, as usual, success attended him. The structure was remodeled, all improvements provided for, the mortgage reduced, and the church is now self-supporting.

To one who had been so long in the city, and successful with all, it was a trial to Mr. Morehouse to be removed to a country circuit, with a salary of six hundred dollars; with parsonage and appointments so far apart that a carriage was necessary to convey him from one point to another. But nothing daunted this humble and faithful

minister of our Lord. He threw his whole soul into the good work, renovated the old, delapidated church, which is now, with its twenty memorial windows, one of the prettiest audience-rooms on that portion of Long Island

Mr. Morehouse should go down into history as a camp-meeting revivalist. The present flourishing condition of old Sing Sing Camp-meeting ground is due to his energetic labors during twenty-seven years, and the meeting held during this year of grace (1895) was one of the largest and most successful held on those historic grounds for many years.

It is not surprising that a man of such deathless energy and persistent effort should be active as a citizen, both in politics and in the general improvement of society. He has the proud claim of having been a Maine Prohibitionist from the beginning. In all political and social reforms he tempers his ardent zeal with a well-trained reason. His opposition to the rum power is fierce and constant; he regards the license system as the abuse of government, and insists that society has the right to protect itself against all kinds of business which work an injury to the body-politic.

In his autobiography he will relate incidents more thrilling than any found in Dickens, because

true. He will verify the old assertion that "Truth is stranger than fiction"; and the truth that he records will have the flavor of romance. I, therefore, commend the story of his life to our people for profitable and enjoyable reading, and for inspiration to Christian activity.

JOHN P. NEWMAN,

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

OMAHA, September 1, 1895.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. A. C. MOREHOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

Y ancestors were from England. Three brothers came over. Dickinson Morehouse settled in the West and became interested in steamboating on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. One settled in Nova Scotia; and Banks Morehouse, my grandfather, settled in Fairfield, Connecticut. He was one of the State Militia, called Minute men, who were often called out to defend the coast against the depredations of the British troops in the Revolutionary war. He removed to the town of Blenheim, Schoharie County, New York State, when my father John Banks Morehouse, was a small boy. He lived to be seventy-eight years, five months and twenty-six days, and died at my father's, who had died three months previous, with typhoid fever, aged

forty-five years, six months and seven days. My mother's name was Rebecca Church, and born in Brattleboro, Vermont. Her father, Reuben Church, was one of the Green Mountain men, who, under General Stark, defeated Colonel Baum, at Bennington, and soon after with the united forces from the New England and New York States, after successive battles secured the surrender of General Burgoyne and his army, thus defeating the plans of the British troops, fresh from their great victories in Europe, assisted by some four thousand Hessian soldiers and a large force of Tories and Indians under St. Leger, which were to establish a chain of forts from the St. Lawrence river along the Hudson to New York City, thus dividing the Colonial States; but while "man proposes God disposes." My grandfather being a commissioned officer, found upon the field of battle where the dead Hessians lay a brass box upon which is finely engraven German characters, illustrations, and I presume the name of the former owner, and which has passed into my possession as a memento of the past. My mother, Rebecca, coming from Brattleboro to visit her elder sister (who had married Dr. Alvin McCune, an eminent physician), and who was engaged by the authorities to teach school, and thus becoming acquainted with my father; they were united in marriage in 1819, and as the first-born was placed in his mother's arms on the 17th day of November, 1820, she prayed, "Oh God, make this my first-born a good man, as good as my dear

brother, after whom I now name him, and also a preacher of the gospel" (so the good women informed me, years after my mother's death). But though many years of my ministry had passed before I knew this fact, I presume the angel spirit of my sainted mother may have known it before I was informed of it. My uncle, Alonzo Church, after whom I was named, was a graduate of the College at Middlebury, Vermont, and was invited to go to the Franklin College, now Georgia University at Athens, as a professor and was afterward president some forty years. Appointed by the authorities of the college to go to Boston and purchase a large addition to their library, on the way a terrific storm occurred and the sailing vessel (as there was no steamers at that time) was thrown on its side by the force of the waves, but a return wave set it right again. The captain said that five minutes longer in that condition and all would have perished. After visiting his parents at Brattleboro, his wife (a southern lady) was so fearful of the ocean that he purchased horses and carriage, and employing Wm. Wells, his nephew, to drive and care for them, made the journey by land to Georgia. He visited my parents one week, preaching on Sabbath, and the parting scene is indelibly photographed on my memory, though but nine years of age.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY TRAINING.



Y mother and uncle would have been much pleased to have me attend college with my uncle, who was also a prominent preacher of the Presbyterian Church, but my father, who was a prominent business man of Schoharie County, claimed that a good thorough English education was sufficient for a business life. I once inquired of Dr. Daniel Curry if he, when south, was acquainted with Dr. Alonzo Church, and he replied, "Yes, intimately, and I have often exchanged pulpits with him. He was one of the most prominent preachers and educators of the south." My father worked at the carpenter's trade, but also possessed a farm of some seventy acres and what time I was not attending school was employed in caring for the horses, cows, sheep and farm productions, while my father was absent. But when clearing land, haying and harvesting my father with his workmen would be with us. My mother was very strict in her religious training and to encourage me to study Iille, offered rewards so that before I was seventeen years of age I had

read it through by course five times, besides what I read and committed in the Sunday-school. When but six years old, a wealthy family who resided in Albany, but owned some six hundred acres of land and a beautiful country seat in my native town, Blenheim, Schoharie County, N. Y., organized a Sunday-school and invited the children and young people of the community to attend. Their first meeting was in the small summer house, and with their family of nine girls there was but twelve, but the Sunday-school increased until they came from a distance of three and four miles and numbered some three hundred and fifty, and some days four hundred scholars. As the school increased they resorted to the barn, where pine boards were placed on short pieces of timber called shingle blocks, and the young ladies of this rich family and the governess, Mrs. Watson, a very pious woman, taught the scholars. Judge Jacob Sutherland was the name and he had married the daughter of Chancellor Lansing who was the proprietor of the extensive Lansing patent, a grant from King George in colonial times. I well remember my first Sunday-school teacher, Anna Sutherland, and a few years since I met her brother, an eminent lawyer in New York City, and he informed me that Anna was still living in the interior of New York State. I said to him, "Say to her for me I am grateful for the instruction she then gave me in the way to heaven, where I expect to meet her." At times the restrictions of my mother, as I desired to

go to places where dancing, card playing, and intoxicants were permitted was great, a self-denial that in my heart, I rebelled, but as in after years I review the wisdom of my dear mother and my youthful folly and inexperience I could thank God for such a mother. From my first remembrance I was taught to repeat the little nursery prayer every evening,

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,”
All this I ask for Jesus sake.

I was taught to abstain from all intoxicants and the great importance of keeping the ten commandments. When, in after years, I was endeavoring to persuade a lady who I had known in early life to seek the Lord, saying to her, that religion had done so much for me. She replied, “ You were always good.” I replied, “ Outwardly I so appeared, but depravity was leading wrong and I often had to put on the brakes or I would go wrong.”

CHAPTER III.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.



I KNEW by the light of the Holy Bible, the Spirit of God and the experience of Christians that I was not saved from my sins. It was a terrible cross for me to publicly confess that I was a sinner and ask the prayers of the people of God. To say to my young companions I am determined to leave the paths of sin and seek and serve the Lord the rest of my life. The difficulties were so great to my mind, that frequently I wished I had died in infancy so that I could have been sure of heaven. At other times as I listened in early life to my dear mother relating to us the joy of Adam and Eve when pure and holy in the Garden of Eden and the terrible consequences of sin as they were banished from that happy place, and sorrow, pain and death, were all the result of disobedience, I would often in my childish thoughts regret that the flood had ever come to destroy that beautiful place, and how foolish Adam and Eve were to disobey God. But when in after years I had fully surrendered my will to the will of God, I found that Eden could be

regained and its joys restored. A great love for worldly company and the sinful pleasures in which they engaged came near completely counteracting the restraints that were thrown around me at my home.

On one occasion a cousin of mine, who was one of my most intimate friends, came to make me a visit, produced a pack of cards and offered to instruct me how to play, and though I knew it would grieve my mother if she knew it, I accepted the offer, and soon found myself so attached to them that I purchased a pack and kept them concealed from my mother for a long time. But often in my reflective moments the Holy Spirit would condemn me and after playing in private with some of my intimate friends, for over one year, I was so convinced of its evil tendencies (as I found the attachment to it rapidly strengthening), that I went up in the garret and determined that my good mother should never know that I played cards, and carrying them out in the orchard turned up a large flat stone, dug a hole in the ground, and put the cards in, covered them up, then put the stone back to its place, returned from that moral conflict a victor and never again have played a game of cards. My cousin, Edwin McCune, thus continuing became associated with wicked young men who persuaded him to run away from the family to whom his widowed mother had bound him to learn the carpenter's trade, and after a few years we heard that he was in Auburn state prison, sick

with the consumption, and my father went to governor Wm. H. Seward, and obtained a pardon and though the young man sought and found pardon of God through the atoning blood of Christ, yet his wayward course brought great grief to his friends and to him a premature death.

When at nearly sixteen, I made a visit to my cousins to stay over Sunday, they proposed to go out in the forest hunting, and though I was passionately fond of hunting, I was so condemned, that I could take no comfort from the sport, and as we returned was so thankful that none of us were shot as a mark of God's displeasure for desecrating the Holy Sabbath. And this great reverence for the Sabbath impressed upon me by my mother has enabled me to never purchase a Sunday newspaper, or even milk on Sunday, though nineteen years a pastor in New York City. And here, I believe, is one great lack of example and training by parents of the Christian Church.

In my early days, I delighted in out-door sports, such as hunting and fishing, and having a vigorous constitution, could secure more game than the older and more experienced hunters and fishermen. But I, by reading the Bible, had conceived the idea that it was my duty to give to the cause of God one-tenth of all my income from the sale of the fur of the fox, mink, and muskrats, and in my own mind attributed my superior success to the fact that I was in partnership with the Almighty, in the business of life. And I also delighted in hunting honey-

bees that had flown to the forest and entered hollow trees and there accumulated honey. In after years, I was taken ill, while, with my workmen, building a house for Jacob Decker, some three miles from home, and went home to rest, but the next day had so recovered that I said to my wife, I will go out and hunt bees." While catching some in my box, I found some on the mud of the spring at the base of the mountain, and lining from that soon found the tree in the forest on the way to where I was at work. My workmen would frequently say, "We want to go with you and help get and eat the honey." One Saturday noon I said, "Boys, it is a good day to hunt bees, and blackberries are now ripe; I will take my box for hunting bees and pails for honey, and blackberries, and while you pick berries, I will, I believe, find another tree and cut the two trees." They were delighted, when my brother, who at night came from where we were working to meet us at the foot of the mountain with the horses and wagon, we had four pails of honey and two bushels of blackberries, but a more weary company was seldom found.

Soon after an announcement that a protracted meeting would be held at the church in our village and as I presumed some of my companions would seek the Lord, I decided that I would make an effort. But after two weeks of faithful preaching and praying by the ministers and people of God, no one had yet even arisen for

prayers. On Sunday afternoon the ministers stated if no one desired to be saved from their sins they should then close. I decided then if some one would arise, I would also. But no one arose, and I delayed. The three preachers after conferring said, how many Christians are here, who will continue to pray for their unconverted friends; saying, all that will, arise, one third of the congregation then arose, and as I looked upon them I was more deeply convicted, as I reflected that at the coming judgment, I must meet all their prayers, and these ministers, and all the sermons I had heard and all of the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and the many providences of God that had often alarmed me, and I then decided that if God would spare me to reach another invitation, I would accept the offer of mercy.

The preachers again consulted and after a solemn pause as they arose said there may be one person here who desires our prayers. If so please arise. I had committed myself to God a few minutes previous to start at the next opportunity. But Satan said you meant the next protracted meeting. I reasoned yes, but I said the next invitation, and I would not lie to men, how awful to lie to God. But Satan again said you are not convicted to tears you cannot be converted unless convicted. But the Bible says "Now is the accepted time." "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts" and I replied that is God's word. Then the tempter whispered you are young and love

pleasure and cannot hold out. And as the difficulties in the way appeared, I again hesitated. But the good spirit suggested, how can you know until you try, and what a fool you will be to go up to the judgment without making one honest, faithful effort for salvation, and the scripture came to my support, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I then decided to at once arise for prayers. As I arose the fountain of tears seemed to open and as I tried to suppress them with my handkerchief, they increased and crying aloud I sat down and at that the congregation was moved to tears. The meetings were then appointed for the evening.

But on my way home from the church I was so tempted by the adversary that if I had not committed myself I would have delayed until some future time and remained at home that evening. Hearing the next day that others had started on Sunday evening, and that the meetings were going on I went down determined as I had to the public committed of myself and received more contrition of soul, I would now make a determined effort to become a Christian and as the invitation was given to go forward for prayers, I at once went, but received no light. As I returned home, mother was waiting for my return, the rest of the family having retired, father being absent. I knew mother would be pleased to hear that I had decided to be a Christian but how to begin appeared so difficult. After a desperate effort I said, "Mother they gave the invitation to go forward to-night."

“Did any go?” she inquired. I mentioned the two that went with me and then somehow I choked down, and after another conflict I said, “I went also.” She burst into a flood of tears, and said, “My dear son this is the best news you ever brought me and now you have started, persevere and God will assuredly bless you.” The next morning she gave me the Bible to read and I opened to the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and found great encouragement but was looking for some great manifestation of the work in my soul. And going forward every night of the meetings and seeking to feel bad but could not, though I tried to think of every bad thing I had said or done, and really feeling grieved to think I could not feel more deeply on account of my sins. But when I saw that it was faith in the Atonement, or in other words, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour now, and obedient to the light of the Holy Spirit, the assurance of pardon came. Soon after my conversion at the close of the sermon, an invitation was given to the members of the Church to remain in class meeting and all serious minded persons were also invited to remain with them. As I knew nothing about the meeting I remained and found great encouragement in the testimony of those that were there though the Cross was great for me to speak.

A short time after this at the quarterly meeting held in the place, it was preceeded by a Love Feast on Sunday morning. - As I had never attended one I decided to go. As I drew near the Church, I

saw Uncle John Bangs at the door. And as he inquired of those who desired to enter concerning their state of mind and if they had been into a Love Feast three times (for that was the limit to those who were not members), and gave them good counsel as they entered, I was a little fearful that I might not pass the examination. But when he was informed that this was the first time, he said to me so kindly, my son follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit and you will be blest in the meeting. I promised I would. As the doors were closed and the Love feast commenced there were three aged women, who in former years had felt their need of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and at a meeting appointed at the house of Aunt Lizzie Shelmedine, prayed until their prayer was answered and they were filled to prostration by the power of God. As they arose to depart and opened the door to go home, Aunt Mary Ruland and Aunt Katy Barclay, one of them exclaimed, on leaving, "It is gray in the east, we have prayed all night." Another replied, "Yes, and Lord send us another blessing." And down they fell shouting and praising God for the great victory of prayer. And that night people miles around were convicted and a great revival followed. At this love feast this trio of Holy Ghost women followed each other in testimony of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost and though, in that large congregation, the cross was very heavy for me to witness for Christ, I there received strength and a blessing that led me to

unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation that I might have the benefit of class meetings and love feasts for the six months

The cross of speaking and praying in a public congregation was so great that the tempter would often suggest, if you join the Presbyterian Church it will please your mother and uncle, and you will have it so much easier, for they do not kneel in public, they do not have class meetings or love feasts. But while others can live Christians without these spiritual helps I feared to try it.

Nearly two years after my conversion, I went out with father to build a large hotel and as the parents and children, some nine of them, were irreligious, I was so fearful that I might backslide that after my day's work was done, I would steal away from the company and go down in a deep ravine that I might have secret prayer alone with God. Years after I was informed by the eldest, Peter V. Mattice, whose son is now a minister in the New York Conference, that the boys were perplexed to know why I went off alone each evening, and sent one of them to follow and report, and when he reported that I had crawled through the saw mill and down into the deep ravine to have a season of prayer with God, and prayed not only for myself but for them, it so affected them, that when a few years after, Bro. Bradley L. Burr, who insisted that I preach and requested me to hold some revival meetings in the Mattice School House, and some sixty were there converted, this family

was the first to start in a Christian life. Another instance was a habit of going over on an eminence at sunrise to pray on Sunday morning in a grove of small trees and sweet fern, and while there praying earnestly that the Holy Spirit guide me and also assist my young friends to come to the Saviour, a young man, David Becker, passed in a foot path near me and when I arose from prayer I saw that he must have heard most of my prayer, and the tempter said to me he is going up to Mr. Mayham's and he and the young people there will have great fun over your performance. But I replied to the suggestion, "I have to leave it all with God." Afterward I was informed that it affected the young people and the Sabbath was not desecrated by them that day.

When I was not nineteen my father, who was a strong and robust man, was taken ill with typhoid fever and survived only two weeks. In that unexpected bereavement, with a consumptive mother and five boys — Alonzo C. Lorenzo, Alphonzo, Menzo and Orlenzo — the promise came to me, "I will be a father to the fatherless and the widow's judge." In ten months and five days, we stood, with our sympathizing friends, around our dying mother. But as we returned to that lonely home, from the cemetery, I found another promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up." And though the great responsibility of the four boys (the youngest only four years), rested

upon me I found great comfort in prayer to God for wisdom.

As I had nearly acquired the carpenter's trade, I continued to carry on the business, and put all I earned, before I was twenty-one years, in the general fund for the support of my brothers, and to give them a good education.

As my father was considered the best carpenter in that county, and was also supervisor of the town, and his friends preferred to have me do their work, I therefore had more than I could do. A young man by the name of Hiram Krum, who had just completed his three years of apprenticeship came to me saying, "I cannot get work, and can you not help me." I replied "Yes, you go up to Mr. Parsons, and say to him, that I have more work than I can do, and I have sent you to build his house." He returned saying, "Mr. Parsons says he will let you have the contract but refuses to let me have it. Everybody appears to be afraid of me." I said to him, "I will take the work, and you can work with me." As we closed up the years work, he said to me, "You have furnished most of the tools and work, and ought to have more than I of what we earned." I replied, "No, I had the tools, and work, and will divide with you equal." He appreciated it greatly and the next summer had plenty of work.

Some three years after my conversion, while the pastor was holding a series of revival meetings he said to the brethren and sisters, "Go out into the

congregation and invite your friends to seek the Lord, but no one went. It was something I had never had courage to do, but as the preacher publicly requested it, I thought some one ought to obey and went out from the brethren in the the altar, with my eyes upon the floor, secretly praying God to direct me, and that the first one I saw as I raised my eyes I would speak to; as I looked up I saw Lewis Fink, a young man; approaching him I said, "Lewis will you go with me to seek the Saviour." He shook his head, and I dropped my head and moved on, and as I lifted my eyes saw Peter Vosberg, and he also refused. I then returned discouraged.

The cross to speak and pray in public was so heavy to bear that often on my way to the prayer meeting, I would stop in a little grove and weep, and pray God to give me courage and strength to do my duty, for I was alway condemned by the Holy Spirit, if I failed to acknowledge my determination to follow Christ. But when I came to the decision that I would improve the first opportunity to pray, and speak, though I often broke down in a flood of tears, and the tempter would say you have disgraced yourself and the cause of Christ, yet as I would leave it all with Jesus. He comforted my soul with His smile, and the approbation of the Holy Spirit, and from that time God gave victory. And the encouragement given by Rev. John Bangs, a local preacher, was so helpful that when in after years the old church

where he let me go into the love feast was reconstructed, I put a memorial window in to perpetuate his memory. He was a brother to Heman and Nathan Bangs who were distinguished in the history of Methodism in New York City.

Some two years after this victory over the fear of the cross, the Thursday evening prayer meeting was held at the home of the class leader, David Smith, and only two of us besides the family present, we became alarmed at the coldness of the church and after earnestly praying for a revival that night, agreed to pray on the next day and meet the following evening (Friday), to continue to pray for the church, and that sinners might be deeply convicted and converted. On that Friday, the young man, Lewis Fink, while in the forest cutting fire wood, was so convicted that he threw down his ax, and kneeling there commenced to cry aloud to Almighty God for mercy, and was converted so thoroughly that he "Returned to tell of what great things God had done for him." The news spread so that the people of the village came out to hear the young man, and in his testimony he said, "That the night I came to him, he was so convicted, if I had only stopped a moment to urge him he would have then come to the Saviour and that every time he saw me after that he was convicted of his duty." And Peter was also convicted in the same manner.

On Saturday morning I was so impressed with what had transpired on Friday and Friday night,

that I resolved to go down to a young friend, who had married a cousin of mine, and converse with him about his soul. But the cross was so great that I decided to take him some work as he was a blacksmith. When I entered his shop he was alone, and while he was stirring up the fire of the forge, I said to him, "Washington do you not think you ought to be a Christian." He replied, "Yes, I presume everybody ought to be Christian." "Why will you not start at once in the way." "If religion is so good why do they not talk more about it to us," was his reply, I replied; "I confess that I have failed in that direction but forgive me for the past, I have decided to do better hereafter and have now come to you as one of my nearest friends to ask you to go with us in the heavenly way." He began to weep and said, "I will go to the prayer meeting to-morrow morning and arise for prayers." He then said to me, "Go in the house and see my wife and ask her to go with me in the heavenly way." As I entered I found his journeyman, David Becker, sitting by the stove, and as I had not the courage to speak before him, I waited for him to go back to the shop. But he remained and as it was time for me to go home to care for the horses, cows, and sheep, and the little orphans, I commenced to talk to Polly before him. After a short conversation and telling her that her husband had just decided and wanted her to go with him, she commenced weeping and as I referred to her

mother's happy death at my father's house a few years before we were left orphans, she promised to also be at the prayer meeting and arise for prayers. I then turned to David and said, "Now your boss and his wife are going to start, it will be a good thing for you to go with them," and he quickly responded, "I will." I returned to my home that night happier than ever before in all my life."

At the prayer meeting the next morning I whispered to David Smith, the class leader, if you will invite those that want to be converted to arise I believe some will do so. He then inquired if any desired our prayers, to arise, and sixteen adult persons arose, weeping aloud, and among the number the sister of Washington, who I was then courting and afterwards married, and one of the best women in all that county. The interest continued to increase and as our circuit preacher, the Rev. Silvester S. Strong, was engaged in a revival meeting on the other part of the circuit some fourteen miles away, we had to carry on the meeting ourselves for some three weeks, and when one Saturday afternoon, as I was returning to my home from the meeting in the village, and saw Dr. Strong coming on his sorrel horse as if in a hurry to reach us, I thought a Methodist preacher never appeared so blessedly opportune as then. He was a preacher of wonderful oratory, and power in prayer, and the meetings increased in influence and power as he and his assistant, Moses L. Pendell,

preached and prayed leading on the sacramental host to victory. As I now look back to that wonderful revival in 1842 and find that of all those who participated in it, I only am remaining as the fifty-two years have passed away.

The experience of Moses L. Pendell as related to me was one of the miracles of grace. He had once been a local preacher, but was bitterly opposed by his wife who in time of family prayer, would often appear to make more noise among the dishes and around the room than at any other time, and sometimes pull his hair while praying, and say you have prayed long enough. One day he said to her, "You say I am an old hypocrite I will be one no more," and at once resolved it was useless for him to try and live a Christian and at once returned to his cups and wicked associates to drown his sorrow.

After a few years playing the violin for dancing parties, and drinking to excess, while in a saloon one day the proprietor said to him, "Pendell you are a man of too good intelligence to spend your time in saloons and rumshops. I hear you was once a good preacher and lived a consistent Christian life." He replied, "Yes, that is true." "How then did you come to this." He then informed him of the cruel opposition of his wife. The man then said to him, "I believe after what your family have suffered your wife would not oppose you now." Pendell then said to him, "If you will come over and talk to her to-

morrow and she promises to not oppose me I will start at the word." And he promised to come.

As he came in there were some company that had called and I feared the saloon-man would not present the subject. But after a little time he said to my wife, "I have heard that your husband was once a preacher and that you opposed him and for that reason he became discouraged and gave it up." She replied, "That is true." "I suppose if he should commence again you would oppose him." She replied, "No, never, after all I have suffered since he backslid, I would not oppose him again." Brother Pendell said to me, "Brother Morehouse, though I was as empty handed and helpless as you would be to have to build a large church and no tools or lumber to begin with I at the instant threw myself upon my knees before them all and said, "Then let us pray for mercy." And in deep confession for my sins, and earnest penitential prayer I plead with God for Jesus' sake to forgive the part of my wicked life and I would faithfully serve him all my future days. And the Holy Spirit came to help me pray and before I arose from prayer I shouted for the joy a full and complete pardon brought to my penitent soul. And all in the room were bathed in tears and from that a glorious revival followed, and his wife, the saloon-keeper and many others were converted. He was almost always called upon to attend funerals, as his sympathetic nature was expressed in tears, when preaching.

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE ANTI-RENT WAR.

HE Anti-rent War, as it was called, resulted from the efforts of those, who, by their inheritance of large tracts of land granted by the Dutch West India Company, to those who would secure fifty persons to settle on the banks of the streams and rivers, endeavored to hold these lands for themselves and their posterity. The proprietors of these large grants were invested with the title and privileges of a lord or petty governor, and his colony or manor was regulated by the same laws as were the feudal manors of olden times.

After the revolution a large proportion of the land in the settled portion of New York was held by those persons who were called patroons, and the cultivators of the soil occupied farms on leases, for one or more lives, or from year to year, stipulating for the payment of rents, dues and services, copied from the feudal tenures of England and Holland. In 1779 and also 1785 laws were enacted by the legislature of the State abolishing feudal tenures,

but the proprietors of manor grants also were unwilling to give up all their feudal claims, contrived a form of deed or lease by which the grantees covenanted to perform services and pay rents of the production of the farm such as wheat, corn, chickens, wood and whatever was necessary for the subsistence of the land-holder and also a specified amount per acre, and these leases bound the tenants to pay all of the taxes. Some of the leases would be given for the period of their lives or during the lifetime of a father, son and grandson named in the lease and when the last one died, it reverted to the patroon if he so desired. But the leases were changed as new ones were issued to as long as grass grew or water runs, and some of them to ninety-nine years. As those farmers improved the lands and became wealthy they were desirous to purchase, but as the landlords (as they were termed) had from their position of wealth and influence largely represented those people in the State Legislature, they had so framed the laws that the rentals could not be taxed, the tenants also paying all the taxes upon these lands. This condition of affairs made the landlords perfectly independent of burdens for the support of the State. And this was the most secure investment possible, for if by any misfortune the tenant could not pay, the owner of the soil could sell the personal property and if not sufficient to pay all arrears and costs, an ejectment could be served and the improvements of a lifetime lost to the family. This

injustice led to frequent heated discussions, and in the year 1839, meetings were called in the school houses, halls, and sometimes in the country churches in the counties of Albany, Columbia, Rensselaer, Schoharie, Montgomery, Greene, Delaware, Oncida, Herkimer, Otsego, Ulster, Schenectady, and wherever this system prevailed, to take measures to relieve themselves of what they considered entirely contrary to the spirit of the American people. They formed themselves into secret organizations called Tribes, electing one of their number, who was designated the chief, he assuming the name of some Indian warrior, and all dressing in disguise as Indian warriors; so completely changed in their appearance on disguising their persons by a mask adorned with feathers, and ornamented leggins and moccasins and calico dresses or blankets, armed with tomahawks, pistols and swords, that their intimate friends could not recognize them. The signal for calling them out was the dinner-horn of these farmers, which at this time was not blown except when the officers of the law came to serve writs of ejectment or sale of property for the payment of rents that were unpaid. At the sound of the horn, by some pre-arranged signal, within a short time a force of three or four hundred would suddenly emerge from the forest and fields, to the surprise of the sheriff and his deputy, and quite often he would be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. At one of the encounters in the town of Grafton, Rensselaer county, a man by the name of

Smith, who, in an altercation with the Indians was killed, and though over two hundred witnesses were from time to time examined in the investigation, they failed to disclose the author of the deed. In Albany county the sheriff was surrounded by the Indians while resolutely enforcing the service of writs and sale of property and treated to a coat of tar and feathers; for quite often the one appointed to carry the bucket of tar and the other the bag of feathers in their marches, would be with them ready for their appointed work. While they were thus treating the sheriff of Albany county, Mr. Batterman, one of the Indians, in an Indian guttural sound, inquired of the sheriff what he would do to them if he had them in his power? He replied, "I would kill you as quick as I would a black snake."

In the code that governed those tribes they were enjoined not to take life unless to save their own lives. In 1841 and 1842, Gov. Seward, in his message, discussed the grievances complained of by the tenants, and appointed three men to investigate, and, if possible, arbitrate and report to the Legislature, but they failed to accomplish anything. The disaffection and excitement increased as the landholders continued to press their tenants, and in every direction were issuing processes for collection of rents or sale of property.

In July, 1844, Hiram Moore, of Roxbury, Delaware county, was tarred and feathered, and in September following Timothy Corbin, they having

been officious in serving papers and assisting Green Moore, sheriff of Delaware county. In January 15, 1845, a convention was held at Bern, in Albany county, where representatives from all of the anti-rent counties were present. Hugh Scott, of Albany county, presiding. The convention was addressed by John Mayham, Esq., of Blenheim, Schoharie county (the father of the Hon. Stephen L. Mayham, now Judge of the Supreme Court), and while they disapproved of the violent resistance to the law, passed strong resolutions avowing a determination to adhere to the anti-rent cause, to support for office only those favorable to their interest and to petition the Legislature for redress by a reconstruction of the laws concerning feudal tenures. Some ten thousand signatures were afterward secured and forwarded to the Legislature. In his message of January, 1845, Gov. Wright recommended that a law be enacted against wearing disguises, and one was hurriedly passed and became a law on the 28th inst. But this did not prevent their disguising and resisting the sheriffs and their deputies when serving papers and selling the property of the anti-renters.

In February, 1845, Daniel Squires (alias Big Thunder), of the town of Roxbury, Delaware county, was arrested for complicity in the tarring and feathering of Mr. Corbin, and soon after Messrs. Burrill, Tompkins, Osterhous and Knapp were also convicted and sentenced to State prison at Sing Sing for two years.

About the last of July, 1845, Sheriff Brown of Schoharie, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Bouck, came up to Blenheim Hill to serve papers of ejection, and as it was nearly night when they returned to the village of North Blenheim, fearing to go through the anti-rent settlements and forests of the town of Fulton in the evening, they decided to stay at the hotel. After supper, while seated in the barroom, they jokingly remarked, that they had heard the sound of a dinner-horn, but were not afraid of horns especially such as Captain Fink, the proprietor of the hotel, gave of good gin or brandy; and thus cracking jokes with those present, who were chatting and smoking cigars with them, a tall Indian opened the door, and in a few moments the room was full of them. Deputy Sheriff Bouck, seizing a chair, was about to strike, but a stalwart Indian seized him, wrenching the chair from him, and supported by others, carried him out. Brown rushed behind the counter of the bar and commanded the citizens present to assist him to keep the peace. One of them replied, "I have nothing with which I can do it." An Indian steps up and playfully offered the citizen his pistol, saying, "This will do it, take it, and make them believe you do." But the pistol was declined, and two strong Indians each seizing Brown by the collar of his coat, pulled him over the counter, and at once they marched them up through the village to the Westkill road, and up some four miles (surrounding them in the

form of a hollow square) to the farm of Aaron Baldwin, where, after holding an exciting council of war, a majority of them decided to release them without a coat of tar and feathers, for which exemption the sheriffs said they were exceedingly grateful. By this time the indignation of Schoharie village led them to organize a sheriff's posse (as they called it), and the citizens who had been taking sides with the landholders, and at that time called Uprenters, enlisted and came up in force to, if possible, arrest those who had participated in the opposition to the enforcement of the ejectment and the violent treatment of the sheriffs. Most of them were mounted, and every one of the male members of families who resided upon lease land were supposed to be in sympathy, and especially if they tried to escape being taken, were at once arrested and taken to Gilboa village, there keeping them under guard for trial. A country lawyer by the name of David Smith, and who sympathized with the anti-renters, volunteered to defend the prisoners, but he was at once arrested. And here was one of their chief difficulties. Almost all of the legal talent was retained by the landholders and their influential friends.

But as the prisoners and their friends insisted upon their having an opportunity to secure counsel, and the expense of guarding and feeding so many persons would be great, they, on Friday morning, released them upon their parole of honor, to report personally at Gilboa the following Monday. As

they returned to Blenheim village they requested me to go up the mountain road toward Cobbleskill some four miles, and request Jay Tompkins to go on to Cobbleskill and employ Thomas Smith, or Jedidia Miller, eminent lawyers who were known to be in sympathy with the tenants. As I had never been implicated with them, with the exception of warm sympathy, I consented. It was night and dark, and as I was unacquainted with the way to Mr. Tompkins, I was compelled to inquire at every cross-road. No men could be seen until I was known to be a friend to the anti-renters, and then the husband or brother would put his head out of the window, give me directions and a God bless you.

On the way I overtook two men in a buggy, who at once inquired if they were on the road to Jay Tompkins. I replied, yes, and then inquired their business. They hesitated, but as I presumed they might be his friends (though it was so dark in the forest I could not distinguish even the color of their faces), I said to them, I am going to Jay Tompkins to ask him to go for counsel to Cobbleskill. They then informed me that they had just left the Tribes of the Easton divisions to ask the co-operation of the Western tribes to unite and defend themselves by force of arms against the lawlessness of the posse. I said to them a council of war was held only yesterday, and the Western tribes, after a heated discussion, decided that no more opposition should be made; that hereafter each individual

care for himself, and as far as possible evade the posse. I also said to them this was the wise thing to do, for if they unite in defending their homes in the present excited condition of the country, and succeeded for a little time, it would be the duty of the Governor to call upon the State troops, and, if they failed to put down the opposition to the State, the United States troops would at once be sent to surpress the insurrection, and in the end many would be executed, or at least sent to State Prison. They then inquired my name, and as I hesitated to give it, they then inquired if I was acquainted with Red Jacket. I replied I thought I knew him. They again inquired if I was not Red Jacket. I replied no, I had never put on a disguise, and had always feared that it would bring them trouble. I presume my voice resembled Henry Cleveland's, who was Red Jacket. I passed them after saying you had better return, as it will do no good to go. As I reached the house I found Jay absent, for on that night he was escorting Warren Scudder to Westerlo, in Albany county, to be secreted from officers, who were now in every direction seeking his arrest. Old Mr. Tompkins was not able to go but said to me, exchange your horse, and take our best one, and do not spare him, for nothing is too good for this work. Before I reached Cobbleskill village I found I had lost my way and gone some eight miles wrong and beyond. While at the hotel, there feeding my horse and eating breakfast, I found the greatest excitement

possible. They had heard that the Schoharie and Delhi posse had suppressed a company of Indians, shot a Methodist local preacher, and many more stories that I knew to be false, but I feared I might be arrested if I denied it and they knew my business, so I appeared to be a perfect stranger to it all, and as I had inquired the way to Thomas Smith's, of Cobbleskill, which was in the direction toward Blenheim Hill, where all this was said to have occurred, I was not suspected. When I reached Cobbleskill village I found that Smith was absent in the West, but expected home that night. I, for fear of failure, rode over to Jedidia Miller's and obtained a promise from him that he would surely come on Monday, if Smith did not return. Monday was officers's drill at Jefferson, and as I was captain, was compelled to appear. Just as I was starting, David Smith, the lawyer, who had been released on bail, came to me saying, no counsel has come, and I fear you have not been thorough enough; you do not, I fear, appreciate the situation. The law has been so stringently enacted all of us are in danger of State Prison. I said, do not fear, the authorities have exceeded their power and either Thomas Smith or Miller will surely be here. As the officers were but few at Jefferson, on account of the great excitement, we were all relieved and dismissed.

On my way home I discovered some two hundred people in citizens clothes in a field a short distance from the road and some three miles from my home.

When they recognized me they shouted, Smith has come ! Smith has come ! His energetic manner of presenting the many mistakes of the authorities in arresting and confining those who were doing nothing at most but fleeing from the excited posse, who, in their new and supposed authority, had exercised what might be properly termed mob law, so impressed them that a compromise was effected, the prisoners all released, and a peaceful state of things comparatively reigned in Schoharie county. But in Delaware and Columbia counties great excitement continued. In Columbia county, a deputy sheriff was wounded, and some of them convicted of conspiracy and interruption of the law, were tried at the city of Hudson, and also sent to State Prison. In Delaware county the greatest excitement prevailed. On the 7th of August, 1845, Under Sheriff Osman N. Steele and Deputy Sheriff Edgerton had, with a posse, entered upon the premises of Moses Earl, in the town of Andes, to sell property. Soon after nearly four hundred Indians gathered around the field. As they approached the entrance, Steele commanded them not to enter. They then repaired to another opening, and as they drew near, and were surrounding him, he commanded the citizens, some one hundred in number, to arrest them, at the same time drawing his revolver and fired, shooting through the false face of one of them, grazing his forehead.

At that instant the chief shouted shoot the

horses; and as they obeyed, not only were the horses shot but also Steele, one ball piercing his leg, another his arm, and one his body. The chief then commanded the citizens to leave at once and in less than ten minutes all had left the field. He then said, let twelve Indians carry the wounded man to the house, and as they were leaving, Mr. Earle said let not one leave until we return. As they returned, Mr. Earle said to them, this is now a serious affair; let each one return to his home and say nothing of this to any person, and at once they all disappeared.

Steele died on that night, and the day following a force was organized to go and take Warren Scudder, who was chief, and had given orders to fire. A friend in Delhi, learning of this, hastened to Jonathan Scudder's, in Roxbury, near the village, and the father of Warren, saying, unless your son flees at once he will be arrested, and I presume the feeling is such that they may lynch him.

He sent for his son who was ploughing in the field, and he came home, changed his clothes and started at 4 P.M., reaching Lyman Roots, a shoemaker, residing on Blenheim Hill, that evening. He there had his boots new soled and remained until morning. From there he went to Dutch Hill (now Eminence), to confer with Red Jacket (Henry Cleveland), and from there to Jay Tompkins who secreted him in a cave and carried his food to him after nine o'clock in the evening.

Fearing he might be discovered, on the night I went to Cobbleskill, was escorting him to a cave in Westerlo, Albany county, where with a Mr. Garvin and true friends, he remained for months secreted. He, after the trials at Delhi and the great excitement had subsided, went forth, shaving off his long whiskers, cutting his hair and shaggy eyebrows short, so that his friends could hardly recognize him. But as two hundred dollars reward was offered, detectives were continually looking for him, he cautiously guarded himself. At one time he called for dinner at a friend's; soon after a detective called for dinner at the same hotel. Scudder, not being recognized, passed out into another room saying to the proprietor, I will not eat now, giving the sign why (for he was a friend); waiting until the detective had passed on. He went from there to Pennsylvania, and there was unknown for four years.

But to return to the great excitement in Delaware county. Silas Wright, who was the Governor, declared the county in a state of insurrection. All of those who in any way were presumed to be implicated with the death of Steele, or had been disguised since the legislative enactment against disguising, that could be found (for many had fled) were arrested and carried to Delhi for trial, until the prison and halls were full, and then a number of log prisons were built, where 242 persons were indicted and held for trial, many of them for their lives. Perhaps nothing in

the state or nation had ever occurred that interested so many people. Not only were the great financial interests of the landholders and the thousand of their tenants all involved, but the lives of the men were at stake who had in any way been implicated with the tragic scenes at the sale at Mr. Earl's which resulted in the death of Steele. John Van Buren, who was then Attorney-General and in his prime, supported the District-Attorney, Hughston, and the best legal talent the landlords and the State could secure conducted the prosecution. While for the defense Mitchell Sandford, of Catskill, one of the most eloquent men of the American bar, supported by Sam. C. Gordon, of Delhi, Browne, of Otsego, and other men of the highest legal ability of the nation. It was in reality a great battle of the giants of the law. Judge Amasa J. Parker, one of the strong jurists of the State, presided. The many weeks of suspense as to what would be the result, as hundred of witnesses were being examined, the many searching and ingenious questions that were put to the witnesses by the prosecution, and the masterly efforts put forth by the defense continued to increase the anxiety of all concerned until the close of the trial. Two of them, John Van Stenbergh and Edward O'Connor, were convicted for murder and sentenced by Judge Parker to be hung on November 29th following, four others to State prison for life and thirteen for a shorter term. Governor Wright commuted the

sentence of Van Stenbergh and O'Conner to the State prison for life.

The anti-renters now ceased to disguise themselves and united their forces to seek redress by ballot. In the years from 1842 to 1847 nearly one-eighth of the legislature were elected in the interest of the anti-renters, among them Thomas Smith, who had so ably served them when they called upon him for help, and Mitchel Sandford, who was elected to the Senate. In the Constitutional Convention of 1846, some of the ablest men were avowed anti-renters or advocates of their principles and measures. Their influence procured the insertion of a clause in the new constitution, abolishing all feudal tenures and incidents, and forbidding the leasing of agricultural lands exceeding the term of twelve years. The legislatures at successive sessions passed laws which tended greatly to ameliorate the condition of the tenants, and in the year 1846, Governor Wright, who was a candidate for re-election, was beaten by over 10,000 majority for John Young, whom the anti-renters had nominated, and who was also supported by the Whig party. Governor Young pardoned from the state prison all of the so-called anti-rent convicts, on the ground that their offences were rather political than criminal and that it was the wise policy of all good governments to forgive and restore to citizenship, political offenders after the law had been vindicated and peace and order restored. After 1847, the excitement in a great

measure passed away, the anti-renters contending in the courts the validity of the original leases and title of the landholders to the manor grants, and a mutual compromise was effected by which the anti-renters could purchase their lands, and thus peace at last was restored.

Some four years after, Warren Scudder, appearing again in his native county, was recognized by three men who at once demanded his surrender that they might secure the reward for his arrest. He replied I am on my way to see my family, but will report to you on next Monday. They refused, and as they drew near to seize him, he drew his six shooter, and covering the leader, said, gentlemen, I will never be taken alive, now ; but if you permit me to go and see my friends, I give you my word of honor, I will surrender to you on next Monday and go with you peacefully to Delhi. They acquiesced, and on Monday he went with them and surrendered to the authorities. But any amount of bail was offered by his anti-rent friends, and when the time of trial came, no one appearing against him, he was discharged.

To the present generation this appears to be almost a romance or fiction, but to those of us who fifty years ago were in active life, it is yet a thrilling reality, and often in memory returns as we contemplate these exciting scenes of our early experiences of life's eventful journey.

CHAPTER V.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.



SOON after my marriage, I built a very fine house in the village, and let out the farm so that I could give my whole attention to my trade, finding it more profitable than farming, and this would give the boys a better chance to secure a good education. My brothers each worked with me as they grew up, and as my business was increasing, I would take an apprentice each year and when at the end of the years of service I always retained them as journeymen, preferring those that I had trained to new ones. For I insisted upon their living moral lives, abstaining from intoxicants, tobacco and profanity. At one time coming down from putting up the cornice of a fine building, and into the house suddenly I heard one of my journeymen swearing badly, as he saw me he ceased. I said nothing then, but soon after I said, "Richard I want to grind my plane iron, please go with me to turn the grind-stone." When alone I said to him, "I was shocked at your profanity and if you do not care

for God or His commandments, you ought to respect the feelings of your employer and now if you cannot refrain, though I am much pleased with your work, we will have to part company." He said, "I respect you and this way of reproof, and it shall not occur again." And it did not.

While we were building a very fine house for Jacob Decker, and some three miles from any church, I said to the friends, "As you have no week-night meetings here, let us appoint one on Thursday night," to which they all agreed. On the first evening, a neighbor coming in while we were eating supper, I said to Mr. Hubble, "Go with us to meeting to-night at the school-house." He replied, "I have on my working clothes and am not fit to go." I replied, "We are all going in our working clothes." He went and we had a good meeting. On the next Thursday evening as he came in I said, "You are going with us again to-night?" He replied, "What will the people think of me, going every week to meeting?" "They will think it is right." And he went, and as I sat by his side and kneeled to pray; as I was praying he shook under conviction. On the way I explained the plan of salvation and especially the way of faith, and another neighbor appeared to be also interested. On the next Thursday night as Hubble came in, he said, "Boys, hurry for meeting; it is time to go," and from that a great revival occurred, and the next year I was called upon to build a Methodist Episcopal Church there known as

the Shew Hollow Church, and from the influences of that revival three preachers have gone forth in the vineyard of the Lord. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." "Despise not the day of small things."

At this time I was active in politics and the first year I could vote, was elected Superintendent of Common Schools. But I found my sympathetic nature made it unpleasant to refuse certificates to the teachers who failed to meet the required examination. I was requested to consent to be nominated for the office of Supervisor. As the opposition had a majority of some eighty-two it seemed difficult to overcome. I consented and after canvassing and comparing notes with my brother-in-law, Freegift P. Martin, with the pledges given of friends from the opposite party we figured a majority of eighty in my favor. But on the next night (Tuesday) the vote stood ten against me. Many of those who had promised to support me came to me after election saying, "We failed to keep our word because of the pressure put upon us to not leave the party, but if you will give one more opportunity we will be true." The next spring my friends urged me to allow them to nominate me again. I consented on condition that I be permitted to care for myself alone, which they readily granted. As my brother-in-law came in on Monday night, and we compared the prospects, we made eighty-two majority. I said to him, "I believe the most of these will be true to their pledges." And on Tues-

day night the majority was eighty-two, for every promise was kept and the great efforts of the party leaders to defeat me enabled the Whigs to elect every man on the ticket, though some by a very small majority.

I then said, "I am now done running for office, and only acted in behalf of what I considered the best interests of the nation and for the best men." When the effort was made to secure the Maine Law, I was active and went as one of the Delegates to the State Convention, from Schoharie County; and at Convention we conferred with the delegates of the Whig party and the Prohibition men of the Democratic party, and also those of the Whig party, united to nominate Myron H. Clark for governor, and thus uniting for senators and assemblymen, we succeeded in electing the governor and a balance of power in the legislature, and that winter, secured the passage of what was called the Maine Law. And for the time, previous to its being declared unconstitutional, by a majority of the Democratic judges, based upon some technical points was effective.

But there was no intoxicants sold while the law was in force in Schoharie or Delaware counties, that I saw, doing extensive business in each, and with my men boarding at hotels much of the time, proving this fact that if we can pass the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicants and make it equal with the laws against stealing or murder we could as uniformly enforce it.

Another fact was demonstrated that to succeed we must unite Prohibition sentiment of this country and, as a balance of power, say to the two great parties, Republicans and Democrats, "We demand of you to nominate men for excise boards, legislators, and governors, that will give us deliverance from the curse of intemperance," and in this way as a balance of power, concentrate upon the best men of the two parties, and would, years ago, have secured enactments that would have made it a crime to manufacture or sell this terrible curse as a beverage, and only permitted as poisonous drugs are sold now.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMP-MEETINGS AND REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

T this time I was not in sympathy with camp-meetings, but having had a good revival the previous winter, and the junior preacher, Abrams Brundage, was boarding with me; as the camp-meeting was appointed on Gilboa mountain, four miles away, he said, "We must have a society tent and you and your men ought to go." My business was pressing but I said, "You go up, secure a tent and I will be up on Wednesday and remain until the close Friday morning." When I reached the grounds the young converts gathered around me and led me into the meetings and I soon found a great difference between going to camp-meeting and staying only one day and taking no part in the meeting than that of active co-operation. The last (Thursday) night we held meeting on the ground all night and many of the different societies had their friends converted, and we of the Blenheim had none, and as I began to think of the time and expense and no souls saved, it appeared to me that it ought not to be so, and I at once went out from

the meeting to seek some one to come to Christ. I found George Buckingham, who finally consented to go forward if Willie Snyder would go with him. I said, "You remain here, George, until I find Willie," but when I had persuaded Willie to go and came to where I left George, he had weakened and left. I then said, "Willie, you wait and I will find George," but when I came with George, Willie had gone. I then said, "George, this is, after all, a personal matter between us and God; we die alone and stand alone for ourselves at the judgment, now you go with me and seek the Saviour." He replied, "I have no conviction for my sins." I said, "Go down to the place of prayer, and pray for it and God will surely help you." He went and we all prayed for him, but he continued saying, "I have no feeling." I then became deeply alarmed for him, having stated that if he would come and pray God would help him and from what I could see, he was growing harder, and if he now failed, he would perhaps never seek again. And my soul began to be in great agony for the young man. After a long struggle for him, he became deeply convicted and before morning was converted so that we had one over which to rejoice, and appointed a prayer-meeting at the village school-house on the Friday evening.

A large company was present, and as most of us had been to the camp-meeting, we were filled with the Holy Spirit, and the Lord was there in great power. As the meeting closed, and some were

shaking hands and others singing, my wife came to me saying, "Hattie is weeping, and says she does not want to go until she is converted." I went to her as she sat weeping, and inquired of her, "Do you feel that you are a sinner and want our prayers?" She replied, "Yes." And I then said, "Here is a penitent soul who wants our prayers, and though it is late, we are willing, if need be, to pray all night for mourners." We began to sing, and they who had started for home, hearing that another meeting had commenced, returned, and the house soon filled, and we knelt around the young lady and prayed. She was so happily converted that she arose shouting and threw her arms around my neck, praising God for salvation. At that instant a young man, a son of one of our stewards, began to weep and said, "I feel I am a sinner and want your prayers." I then said, "Here is another to be prayed for; let us pray for George Shaver," and in a little time he was converted. Brother Alva Warner fell under the power, and Brother Brundage, the preacher, was so full that, like the Apostle, we could hardly tell whether he was in the body or out of the body. The next day, though there was a political gathering in the village, deep conviction could be indexed upon the faces of all that were at the prayer-meeting, and I now believe that if we had then commenced a series of revival meetings, we would surely have had one of the greatest revivals that has ever occurred in that county.

While Rev. Wm. C. Smith was pastor of the circuit, and holding revival meetings in Blenheim, we appeared to have reached a place that often occurs in our meetings. As we returned home, I said to my wife, Brother Smith needs help, and I am going to Jefferson to get Aunt Lizzie to come and assist." I went to see her, and her son, Joseph Sheldamaine, said to her, "You can go if you so desire." When she came into the church (hobbling with her splint bottom chair for a support to the limbs that was so fractured by a horse running away, soon after her husband had died, leaving her to care for eight children), all eyes were at once directed to her. As Brother Smith closed his sermon, he called upon Aunt Lizzie to exhort, and as she was closing the exhortation, she put her hands upon the young lady in front of her saying, "You know how happy your dear mother died," and Maria Birch screamed aloud, with deep conviction, and with others came at once to the altar for prayers. The pastor then said, "Go out, brethren and sisters, into the congregation and invite them to the Saviour." I had been in the congregation of the audience room, but had never courage enough to go up into the gallery, which was usually occupied by the young people. As I looked upon them, I was deeply impressed that some person ought to go up and invite them, but, as I was looking to see who I could persuade to go, the Holy Spirit whispered, "Why do you ask anyone to do what you ought to do yourself?" And though the cross was heavy, I decided to go.

Among those who sat on the front seat was Merritt Buckingham, who a few months previous was near dying from fever. As he was able to walk a little, one pleasant day I sent two of my workmen, John Perry and Alpheus Shaler, from my shop with a seat to put in front of the breast-work in front of the pews, for the better accommodation of mourners in times of revival. As they were passing the residence of Merritt, he inquired what the benches were for. They replied, "They are for mourners to come and sit upon when they sing invitation hymns." He then said to them, "Put it down and sing, 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,' and I will be the first mourner." They, being good singers, at once complied, but as the young man came and sat down, the awful sacrilege of the act appeared so terrible, that he at once said, "Boys, this is wrong," and at once convicted of sin, left them.

As he saw me looking up and then start as if coming, he thought, "If he comes to me and urges me to seek the Lord, I shall cry aloud and I will go down and forward at once." But as he reached the entrance to the audience room, his courage was failing; and was deciding to leave. As I came in the vestibule I at once comprehended his situation, and said, "God bless you, Merritt; go right forward, and others will follow," and he said to me afterward, that decided his action to go. As I then invited them, almost all of the young people came down, and the altar was crowded with penitents. As they arose and sat down on the mourners' seat,

Merritt looked to see who had come. To his astonishment, Osear Fink, for whom he had been waiting two weeks, sat by his side, and Oscar had been waiting for Merritt, for they were intimate friends. Oh, how often, while we are waiting for others to start in a Christian life, they are waiting for us!

CHAPTER VII.

ORIGIN OF METHODISM AT GILBOA.

N the early days of Methodism, a local preacher of Blenheim, of German descent, sent an appointment to the village of Gilboa, to preach on Sabbath morning.

But as the Presbyterian Church, at that early day of Methodism, believed them to be heretical, and no place could be found for the preacher, Mr. Gershom Stevens, offered the ball-room of his hotel, and at that meeting, Aunt Katy (one of the three previously mentioned), was present. Among the number of young men who had gathered to hear Uncle Kniskern, in his broken English, was a young man, Ira Ferris by name, who was one of some twenty apprentices of Archibald Croswell, a man of extensive business, and who insisted that all of his apprentices should have a room by themselves and a candle to study nights, and thus be prepared for a business life. As the preacher was presenting the gospel in his earnest manner, Aunt Katy would occasionally shout, and that shout appeared to go through young Ira like electricity. As the preacher was closing

his address he said to his hearers, "If any of you will daily read your Bibles and kneel down alone with your God and ask him to forgive you your sins for Christ's sake, when I return here in four weeks from this time, you will know what is meant by being 'born again.'" That, and the strange experience from the shout of Aunt Katy, led him to take his Bible and read and pray to Almighty God for Jesus' sake, to reveal himself to him as his pardoning God. While thus praying, all at once his room became as light as day, and the next thing he knew, as he became conscious, he found himself in the street, praising God with a loud voice. As he quieted down, the tempter said to him, "You will now be the subject of ridicule by your young companions, and they will have a jolly time over your appearance." But he knew he was converted and resolved to continue to faithfully serve the Lord.

The next Sunday, the young men gathered at the foot of the stairs that led to the room of young Ferris, and sent one of their company to his room to inquire of him what made him appear so strange the night he raved and shouted in the street, saying, "We thought you must have seen a spook or some apparition." Ira then informed him of the impression the shout had made, and also of what the preacher said, and how God had blessed him in answer to prayer, and the young man began to weep, and remained so long that others came in and requested him to relate his experience to them,

and they were so affected that a prayer-meeting was held, and, when the preacher returned in four weeks, a number of the young men were converted, and the first Methodist Society was formed in that place.

The children of Gershom Stevens were all converted, and from that family there has come to the Church six preachers of the gospel, one of them Levi Stevens Weed, who died so suddenly in Brooklyn a few years since.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPERIENCE OF THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

S my light increased, I began to see that there was a richer experience for me, and by reading Carvasso, Bramwell, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Phebe Palmer, Fletcher, Wesley, and others, my conviction of the necessity of the Holy Ghost Baptism became so intense that I came to the decision that I must obtain it or backslide. For months I was seeking this by works, frequently going out to my friends and neighbors to talk and pray with them, but failed to see it was by faith alone we were to receive it.

At a revival meeting held in the church, by the Rev. Ada Vail, we came to a seeming standstill in the meeting, as none were seeking the Saviour. The preacher said, "If no one desires to be converted, perhaps some persons will come to the altar to seek a clean heart, the blessing of entire sanctification." And as he invited them, the tempter said, "If you go now and kneel down to be prayed for, you will appear hypocritical; if you go as a mourner, you will say by that act, 'I want to be holy,' and you are so situated

in business that it is impossible for you to live a holy life." And the conflict within was as terrible as when making up my mind fourteen years before to seek the pardon of my sins in a public manner. But I plainly saw by the light of the Holy Spirit, my duty, and saw clearly that if I now neglected to go on and into the possession of this rich and desirable inheritance, that, like the unbelieving Israelites, I would at once begin to wonder away from the Promised Land of Canaan, and as then I saw plainly that I had to go on or backslide, I decided to obey God at any cost. I went forward, and a few followed. The preacher then said, "Now pray for what you most want. Do not pray for more religion, but pray for entire sanctification, clean heart, holiness of heart, or any Bible terms that express distinctly what God has promised." I expected to receive the blessing then, but failed, as I afterward saw plainly, through a want of faith. But two things were attained—a complete humility and a commitment to the work of seeking this great blessing in a public manner.

A short time previous to this, my wife said to me, "My sister says to me, 'Your husband will not live long, for he is so exercised for the salvation of souls, he will shorten his life.'" I did not then tell her that I was seeking this wonderful experience, and by works, which was the truth, but made no reply.

On the following evening after I publicly committed myself, there was no meeting at the

church, and I went into my parlor alone with God and there, like wrestling Jacob, resolved to not let Him go until He blessed me. It was a long and severe conflict, but at last I was enabled to make a complete consecration and surrender to God, and, by searching my heart by the light of the Holy Spirit, found all on the altar. The tempter said, "You do not feel any different. There must be something kept back." I again searched to see, and finding nothing, said, "O God, as fast as I find anything it shall be surrendered," and as I believed the altar sanctified the gift, I believed God; and that for Christ's sake He received me. But the tempter again suggested, "You do not feel that God receives you." I replied, "No, but I believe God's promise, and that is 'sure and steadfast.'" I then fully trusted. At that moment a sweet and abiding peace came to my soul, exceeding everything I had previously attained, but the suggestion came, "You have no manifestation, as you have seen and heard in the experience of those who have attained this great blessing." I replied, "I am on the altar consecrated to God, and believe he saves me now to the uttermost; and if, like Abraham, I have to wait at the altar, like him I will watch and keep everything from polluting the sacrifice. As I go to my work, I will use my hammer, my saw and plane, for Jesus. When marking out lumber for the workmen, it shall all be for the glory of God." And as I arose and meditated upon my condition, an indescribable joy

filled my whole being, and continually expecting the power, yet resolved if the Holy Ghost delayed, as with Abraham, all day, or the disciples ten days, or even longer, I would watch and wait.

I then passed into the sitting-room, and as Mrs. Morehouse looked at me with an inquiring appearance, as though she wondered where and what I had been doing so long, a heavenly joy filled my soul, and I felt as though I must scream aloud, but, suppressing it, I passed into the pantry to drink, presuming that would quiet my strange feeling, but, as I put the water to my mouth, I appeared to be so full of God, that I could hardly swallow. I then returned, and she looked at me again with an expression of inquiry, "Why do you appear so strange?" The same overflowing joy returned, and instead of restraining my feelings, I screamed and laughed together, and sank into a chair, continuing to laugh and scream for the overwhelming flood of joy. And the moment I yielded to this exuberance of joy, the satisfactory evidence of the Holy Ghost Baptism, and that I was entirely sanctified, was so clear to my soul that all of the reasoning to the contrary of men and women has never shaken my faith in the power of God to do this for his hungry and thirsty people.

While thus exercised, my wife would look at me and cry, and I presumed she imagined I had become insane, and I tried to stop long enough to tell her that I was all right and had experienced the blessing of a new, clean heart, attended by the Holy Ghost;

but I could only continue to laugh and scream. As I saw my strength failing, I entered the adjoining sleeping-room, and there upon the bed continued the strange exercises until exhausted. She would occasionally come and look upon me and cry, as I thought presuming that I was insane, but she said to me afterwards that she knew what it was, and was crying to think that she was not in the same experience.

The next day I said to my wife, "I have a duty to perform to-night—to go down and confess what a great work God has wrought in my soul." She replied, "You will not tell how strangely you were exercised?" I replied, "I must obey the Holy Spirit and do as He directs." She replied, "If you tell all about it, you will be put in the papers, and you know how they misrepresent," and when I had related my experience there were those present who sent a garbled statement to be put in a weekly newspaper, which one of my workmen seeing, came to me indignant, and saying, "You will reply to this?" I said, "No; my reputation is all consecrated to God, and is secure in His hands." "Then I will reply." I said, "Do not do it, Richard; God will take care of me."

Soon after my experience, my wife came to me with a solemn look, saying, "My sister Betsey (who was a Presbyterian) says, 'Your husband, was a good Christian before he experienced the wonderful blessing of holiness of heart, but God gives this

only to those who are soon to die, and you will soon have to part with him.' ” I could but laugh at her fears, and said to her, “Do not fear, this is a balance-wheel in all of the affairs of life, and I have no doubt I shall live longer and accomplish more for God and humanity. They, and almost all of those who at that time listened to that testimony forty-two years ago, have gone over the river of death, but I am yet remaining to witness to the power of our Almighty Christ to “save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.”

CHAPTER IX.

CALL FROM THE CHURCH TO PREACH.



HAD often been impressed that I would be called to preach, but some of those with whom I was acquainted, I thought perhaps had been mistaken and could have accomplished more by not going into the ministry, and, as I was successful in business, and had not received a theological training, I could be more useful to the Church of God by remaining in business, and earn money and give liberally, that the preachers and the benevolent institutions of the Church might be sustained. And one of our preachers said to my wife, "Brother Morehouse is is trying to buy the Lord off, so that he will not have to preach." And though I had always, to those who inquired of me "Do you not think you are called to preach?" replied, "Not now," I never informed them why. But I was waiting for the Church to insist upon my preaching.

As the senior preacher had alway resided on the distant part of the circuit. I said to the officials of the church, "I have purchased a lot by the church,

and have the material all ready in my shop to build a parsonage and barn, and as the last quarterly conference is in March, say to them, if they will consent to let the next pastor reside in Blenheim Village we will have a new parsonage ready for the new preacher." They consented, and as the new preacher, Rev. Ada Vail, came in he said, "This is the best parsonage I have ever resided in." The friends who were present said, "This is built by one of our members." He replied, "He must be a good old fellow." At this they all laughed heartily, saying, "He is one of our young members."

As the next preacher, Bradley L. Burr, came and became settled, the Thursday evening prayer-meeting was held at his house. I was at home that night, and attended the prayer-meeting. At the close of the meeting he came to me saying, "Brother, do you think you are where you ought to be?" I imagined what he meant, but replied, "Is not this the right place, a prayer-meeting at the parsonage?" "Ah, that is not what I mean. Do you not feel that you are called to the ministry?" I again replied, "Not now." He then said, "You pray for light, and God will direct you." At the quarterly conference of the official board, he presented the subject to the brethren, and they admitted they had long been impressed that I ought to preach, but feared to say it, from the fact that we were so necessary to the support of the Church. As I left them to talk freely with each other about it, I said to them, "Brethren, if you

can consistently with your conscience, as you expect to meet me at the Judgment, permit me to remain with you and in my own home and among my dear friends, live and labor for God, you will do me a great favor." When requested to come in and hear their decision, I found them weeping, and I could not restrain my tears as Brother Burr said, "My dear brother, these brethren have long been convinced that you ought to preach, and they have unanimously decided to give you a preacher's license, so that you at once take a text, for they say you have been exhorting for years." But the cross was so heavy that I feared to undertake until some two months after, when Brother Burr and Brother Crippin, his assistant in a revival meeting held in the school-house at Plattekill, made an appointment for me. I had prepared myself the best I could, and preached from Matt. xii. 41. While I was preaching I could but weep at the thought of my failure, as I supposed, and the two preachers and congregation were also in tears, and it appeared to me they were sympathizing with me at my failure. The after meeting was successful, as a number sought the Saviour. On my way home a brother was waiting at his gate and said to me, "Brother, I imagine I know how you feel. I once was given license to preach and became discouraged and gave it up. I am afraid I may lose my soul. I say to you, go on and God will surely bless and give you success." Years after, an aged person came to me, saying he was converted in that meeting and

came four miles to hear me preach and to tell me he was still in the narrow way.

Soon after I was given license to preach, I was put in nomination for county clerk. But while hesitating in my mind, my pastor, Brother Burr, said to me, "It may be that God wants you to go to Schoharie, the county scat, and help build up Methodism there." I replied, "There is no chance for election," the majority being some fifteen hundred Democratic. He said, "They have put you on to help strengthen the new Republican party, and you can do good in allowing them to use your name." While hesitating in my mind, I went to my Bible, and after praying, "O Lord, direct me," I then opened to these words, "For as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." As Schoharie was the county seat, I interpreted it to mean that, and consented. But when the canvas revealed that I failed by six hundred votes, I wondered what it meant. But, when in after years, I was nineteen consecutive years in New York City, and really the Rome of this country, I found that I misinterpreted it.

To be sure that I could succeed in the ministry, I arranged my work in the autumn and winter so that I could go out with the circuit preachers and assist in revival meetings. And to my astonishment the people all were unanimous in urging me to continue. At one time, I was to preach some two miles from where I was stopping on Saturday

evening with Brother Dissilva. His son had come to me some two years before, to have me take him as an apprentice, but I had all the men I needed. He was now reading law, and I had urged him to seek the Lord with seeming little effect. As I returned to Gilboa village to preach on Sunday evening and after the sermon invited the people, I saw young Dissilva sitting in the back seat of the church. I went to him, with little faith, but the moment I spoke to him he sprang to his feet and rushed to the altar. I said to him after the meeting, "How came you to so quickly decide?" He replied, "When I saw you go forth through the deep snow that fell last night to walk two miles to the school-house appointment, and that you had left your horse and cutter at home, so that you could stay all night with the poor, who had no accommodation for your horse; and that your business was given up for Christ, and so cheerfully, I decided that there was more in the religion of the Saviour than I imagined, and decided to come down to the meeting and seek the salvation of my soul."

CHAPTER X.

RECEPTION BY CONFERENCE.

E had some three hundred converted on the circuit that winter, and I decided to close up my business in the spring of 1856 and go to conference, which was held at Poughkeepsie, Bishop Simpson presiding. As I reached conference, my Presiding Elder, Jarvis E. Nichols, said to me, "The conference is full, and I fear you cannot be received at present." But Bishop Simpson and the Elder said, "You had better remain until conference closes, for there may be an opening at the last of the conference." And Bishop Simpson said, "If there is no room here, I am to hold conference at Redwing, Minnesota, in August, and if you will come there and join conference there, you will no doubt be in the front of that now growing young conference, and State. As I had been at Redwing, and left my youngest brother, Orlenzo, and invested some in lands for my brother in California, I decided, if not received in the New York conference, to go. But, on the last day of conference, the Presiding Elder came to me saying,

"We can receive two, you and one of two more recommended, and I want you to tell me which you believe will be the most successful as a Methodist preacher." I replied, "I dare not take the responsibility." He replied, "Some one must, and you ought to advise me." I then said, "This is difficult. One of them started with me in the way to heaven, and is a dear good brother, but I think the other may be the most successful." The brother, Sidney K. Sandford, that was not received, was given work by the Presiding Elder, but died in two years from that time, while the other, Wm. D. Feers, preached successfully many years.

Just before the appointments were all arranged, the Elder came to me saying, "I have two places, one that pays for a man of a family, and one that pays what they allow for a single man, one hundred dollars; you choose which you prefer." I replied, "I dare not, but rather that you decide." He then said, "The one that can support a married man is down on the Delaware river, and the other is Summit, and you can reside in your own house, and also have a better opportunity to settle up your business." I replied, "All right." Rev. John Davy was pastor-in-charge, and we had a glorious revival all over that large circuit; over three hundred professed conversion that year. We had ten appointments and once in four weeks, preached six times in forty-eight hours.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMP-MEETING EXPERIENCE IN BLENHEIM.



NEAR the coming conference of the year, the officials of my native circuit petitioned that I be appointed to that circuit, and the Presiding Elder gave them encouragement that it would be as they desired. In the autumn of my first year, a camp-meeting was appointed near the village, and as my house was near, the ministers that dared not stay on the ground, came with my wife to rest better and partake of breakfast, while I remained in our society tent on the ground. Brother Burr, the pastor, had said to me, "I shall depend upon your great influence to help keep order. While we were all eating supper, he came to me, saying, "We want your help at once." As I looked upon him, I saw his coat was nearly torn off, and inquired, "What is the trouble?" He said, "A drunken mob has come up from the hotel, and are determined to tear down the preachers' stand, where we are trying two of them for disturbing the meeting." I at once went with him, and he said, "You stand here at the entrance, and let no one

pass," and he went in to assist the officers in the trial. The riotous persons came surging down to where I stood, and ordered me to let them go through. I said, "No, gentlemen. Stand back!" But they pressed on, saying, "Knock him down, and drag him away." At that moment, my brother-in-law came, saying, "Your wife is crying on the other side of the ground, and wants you to come away, saying you will be killed." I said, "No. Go and tell them to pray. I will stand at the post of duty." As the mob was shouting, and about to use violence, one of the ring-leaders turned, and facing the crowd, rolled up his sleeves, and doubling up his fists, said, "He is a good fellow, and I will defend him," and one after another turned upon my side, until the number was so strong that they drove back the rioters and no one was harmed. I had, in former years, assisted some of these men when in trouble and they would not permit violence to my person.

Brother Burr frequently came up to my house, while on my first circuit, to inquire how we were succeeding, and at one time, as about to leave, said, "What time is it?" I took out my watch and gave the time. He then said, "Have you been trading watches?" I said "Yes." "Why did you do that? That watch was such a good one." I said to him, "I found, when gathering money for the preachers, some who said to me, 'We are not able to dress in the style that our preachers and their families do, wearing gold watches and other

fine apparel, and why do you ask us to give, who are compelled to economise to meet our restricted expenses?' and I decided to trade it for a silver and a cheaper one, that I might do more good." The tears came into his eyes, and he said to me, "Go on, my brother, that way, and you cannot fail to do good." Some time after, he came to inquire how I was succeeding in the revival meetings, and as he, looking at his watch, said, "I must go," I saw that he had a very homely "bull's-eye" watch. I said to him, "Have you also been trading watches? Why have you traded?" As though amused at my question, he replied, "I decided, after your explanation for trading watches, that I could not afford to let you, a young beginner in the work of a self-denying ministry, outstrip me in the race for crowns."

CHAPTER XII.

LEAVING HOME.

Y wife, who almost idolized our fine house and good friends in the village, was delighted with the prospect of my being appointed to the circuit as the pastor, which, if we remained the two years, would thus relieve her from moving. When at conference, the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. B. Beach, said to me, "We want you to go to Bloomville, Delaware County, to rebuild the church edifice and also build them up spiritually." I at once wrote to my wife to prepare to move, as we were to go to Bloomville. She, with her friends in Blenheim were much disappointed, and especially as that place at that time was called the "Devil's half-acre" from the irreligious state of the community.

The first Sabbath after conference, I entered the dilapidated church of the village, nearly filled to hear the new pastor. We also attended the afternoon and evening appointments at school-houses. On Monday I went to the house in the village where we were to reside. It was in an unpleasant condition. I said to the owner of the

house, Mr. Peters, "My wife is much afflicted with my going into the ministry, and leaving her very fine house. Now if you will please have this thoroughly cleaned, painted and papered by the time we arrive, the last of this week, if the society here will not pay you, I will." He promised to do it. The first question as I returned was, "What kind of a house are we to live in?" I replied, "You cannot expect Methodist preachers to have such homes as ours, but it will be comfortable." She said no more, but I could see she was anticipating the change. As we reached the place, Mrs. Morehouse at once went in the house, and after going through, came out smiling, saying, "The house is so much better than I feared that I am pleased." And the great change in the appearance, after painting, papering and cleaning, made it appear a cozy home.

As the man who moved us was unpacking he said, "Your good friends in Blenheim say you are a fool for leaving your fine house and good business to go out in this way." I replied, "I presume they think so." The people were kind, but when I placed before the official board the subject of reconstructing the church building, they said, "We have just been set off from the old Kortright Circuit, and fear we cannot support the preacher; you wait until next year." I replied, "I have been sent from conference to rebuild your old church, because of my experience in church building, and you put my salary as low as your conscience will permit, and let me go out with a

subscription book to see what I can get pledged." After quite a little urging, Brother Barker said, "Brethren, I am remodeling my house, and if need be, I will leave off the paint, and my wife will do without a new dress this year for the sake of the church. Do not let us give God what is an old rickety barn while you all have fine houses," and this turned the tide in my favor. And the people all subscribed generously. And we soon commenced the work.

Having but the three appointments on Sunday, we said to the brethren, "We can preach some week nights," and an appointment was made at the school-house of Brother Luther Butts, on Wednesday evening. Deep feeling was manifested while I was preaching, and at the close of the sermon, I invited all who desired to be Christians to remain in the class-meeting. A number remained to seek the Lord, and among them three daughters of Brother Butts. As I was leaving the next morning, the eldest came to me saying, "Our brother Nehemiah is working at Mr. Kenyon's, and we want you to go that way on your return home, and ask him to come up to meeting next Wednesday night and seek the Lord, that he may go with us in the way to heaven." They were at breakfast, and after inviting them all to come, we prayed with them, and on the next Wednesday evening, Mr. Kenyon, his wife, and Nehemiah, sought and found the Saviour, and a good revival followed.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVERAL CONVERSIONS.



WE also held extra meetings at the Sunday evening appointment at Rose Brook, where a great work was accomplished, and among the number converted was a drinking, fighting man, David Thompson. He was convicted for two weeks before he surrendered, and then was so happy that he could hardly eat or sleep, and the sleepless nights of conviction previous to his conversion in a measure unbalanced his mind. In his zeal for Christ, he went down to Hobart and went into the rum shops that he had formerly frequented and forbid them to sell; and, as they refused to obey, he undertook to stop them, tearing down their bars, and they resisted, and by united forces overpowered him and bound him and then sent him down to Delhi to the insane asylum. On Thursday morning, coming from the meeting at the Butts' school-house, I met Dr. Firman, who said, "Have you heard that Dave Thompson is crazy?" I replied, "No." "Yes," he replied, "You Methodists have so excited him, that he went to Hobart

to stop rum-selling, and the rummies knocked him down and bound him, and I saw him this morning, raving mad, as they were carrying him to Delhi." I was astonished and said to the doctor, "I saw him yesterday morning, and he was then one of the most happy Christians that I have ever seen. This is a sad and mysterious affair, but I can trust God in the dark and mysterious with His own cause." The Doctor, seeing my perplexed condition, said in sympathy, "If I could only have given him something to quiet his nervousness, it, no doubt, would not have been so serious."

When I reached home, my wife said to me, "There is no use of our trying to do good here." I inquired "Why?" "They have carried Dave Thompson through here, and he is a raving maniac; and if you could hear what I did this morning about Morehouse setting the people crazy, you would say we had better leave at once." I replied, "We can trust God to manage His own cause." She replied, "I think the devil has something to do with this." "Perhaps so," I replied, "but God restricted the devil in the case of Job, and God will in the end vindicate us."

We also had a good revival at the afternoon appointment at the Thomas' school-house, and at another school-house where a number had been converted, and a very rough young man, hearing that the power of God came upon the people, he decided to sit near the door, so that, if he began to feel it, he could leave quickly; but when we were

inviting sinners to remain, as we dismissed the congregation, he was afraid to arise and go, for fear he would fall upon the floor before he could get out. He was mightily wrought upon, and when converted was one of the most devoted and yet singular-acting persons I had then seen. He would become so happy that he would fall from his seat shouting at the top of his voice, and sometimes roll upon the floor laughing and shouting. Some of the members were sorely tried, and requested me to talk with him, and have him restrain himself, which after we had done and he acquiesced, we all could see that Robert was not as happy as before. One afternoon, while preaching from the text, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," Robert, being present, began to weep, and in suppressed tones, would say, "I will, Jesus, I will," and the big tears falling like rain. In the class-meeting that followed he said, "My dear brethren and sisters, I have tried to please you, but we are differently constructed, and I cannot be anybody else but Bob White, and please let me glorify God in my way." And we all were glad to "Loose him and let him go." No one ever questioned his piety, for, as he once put it, "We want to be pickled in prayer."

He enlisted in the war, and was one of the most courageous in battle as a gunner in the artillery, and when once ordered to retreat, he replied, "That is too bad, let us give them one more volley," which for a moment checked the rebels, and then,

hastily retreating; he saw a young man who sought religion where he was converted and who was shot through the neck, and left for dead. As Robert saw him, he seized him and threw him over the cannon, saying, "William Gemmel is too good to leave with the rebels," and the young man revived and recovered.

We dedicated the church in the autumn, our Presiding Elder, Rev. J. B. Beach, preaching in the audience room, and Wm. Gorse in the lecture and Sunday-school room beneath, for the congregation filled both rooms.

In my pastoral visiting I called at a house and invited the lady of the house to seek the Saviour. She replied, "I often, as I teach my children to pray, turn from them to weep as I think I am not praying for myself and family. But I cannot live a Christian life. My husband will not go to church with me, and I was not permitted to go to school, as my parents were poor; and therefore cannot read the Bible." I replied, "If you will seek the Saviour, and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, you will be instructed, and your husband will soon be convicted by your holy living, and will go with you in the heavenly way." She then replied, "I will at once commence; but you go into the field where my husband is ploughing and get him to promise to come to church with me."

I went to see him; and, stopping his team, we sat down on the plough beam, and I said to him, "Mr. Firman, I have not seen you at the church."

He replied that he worked so hard through the week, that he needed rest on Sunday (his wife had informed me that he would go to the village with her on Sunday, but would go to the hotel to hear the news instead of going with her to church). I then said to him, "Do you not sometimes go to the village on Sunday?" He replied in the affirmative. I then said to him, "As you are a carpenter and also a farmer, come to hear me, and if you think I ought to give up preaching and go back to business, be honest and tell me so." He replied, "I will come next Sunday." He came, and was so affected that, on his return home, he said to his wife, "I am not going to church again, for I kept weeping and knew not why."

The next Sunday was Love Feast before preaching, and instead of going to church with his wife, he went out with his son and daughter to help milk the cows. But, as he commenced, the new bell rang its first "Sabbath call," and he seemed to feel every stroke upon his heart. He then said to Frank and Fannie, "You finish milking; I am going to church," and to the surprise of his wife, went with her to Love Feast.

As the Presiding Elder opened the meeting for testimony and I witnessed to what my Saviour had done for me, Martin Firman arose and, with streaming eyes, stated that he was a great sinner and had decided to seek salvation and solicited our united prayers for himself and family. It created a great sensation, and one of the merchants of the village,

though not a Christian, said to me on Monday morning, "You may expect to see a great revival when a man like Firman leads the way."

We at once commenced revival meetings in the church, and in seven weeks 270 persons were converted, making in all upon the circuit over 300. While the meeting was in progress, an infidel's wife became convicted and was some three nights seeking, but had not obtained light. I called, but found some visitors and her husband in. I conversed with the visitors first, and then with Mr. Maxim, and lastly with his wife. He had not known till then that she was seeking, and at once the evil spirit was manifested in him. But I said, "As you have company now, we will have a word of prayer, and some other time discuss this," and for fear he might object, kneeled down and and prayed, and bidding them good-bye, inviting them to the meeting.

The next day, as I entered Colonel Jaques' store, he, being present, commenced at once to accuse me of disturbing the quiet of families by persuading some to do what others of the family disbelieved to be right. I said to him, "When I visit a family, I try to have parents train up their children in the teachings of the Holy Bible, and the children to obey their parents, and to all to do what is right with God and man, and if all in the community would do as I teach and practice, we would have a happy community." I soon left, and he said to the colonel, "I shall feel better now I have freed my

mind to him." Colonel Jaques said to him, "I thought he had the best of the argument." He soon left, and on his way home (as he informed me after) he decided to say to his wife, "If you will stay away from the week-night meetings, I will go with you on Sunday." As he entered his house he felt a faintness come over him, and hastened to the bed, fearing he would die. As he meditated there, he thought, "What can all this mean? I am so moved at the Methodists, and why should I have such a bitter spirit? Perhaps I am wrong. My intelligent neighbors, John Peters, Hiram Avery, and many more; who I would believe in anything else, why not believe them in this? It may be that this is conviction, and I will go to meeting to-night, and see if I can obtain light upon this subject." When the sermon (by Brother Robert Kerr, of Delhi, on these words of the Saviour—"I am the way, the truth, and the life") was finished, and the invitation was given, among the many that came was Maxim, and he seemed to be in great earnestness, groaning and praying. After the season of prayer, we invited mourners to testify, and he arose, groaning, and also saying, "May I speak first?" We assented. He then said, "Oh, I wish I could tell you how I feel!" and sat down, still groaning. As the meeting was progressing he reached forth towards me, groaning and saying, "Give me the Bible that tells of Jesus Christ and the way to heaven!" I hesitated and after a little time he, amid unearthly groans, said,

“Bring me the Bible that I have denied, that tells us the way to heaven.” As the unbelievers had said so much about the excitement, I hesitated. My wife whispered to me, “Don’t you understand? He wants the Bible.” I said, “Yes,” but still hesitated. He, again groaning, arose and reaching over the breastwork with both arms and falling upon it exclaimed, “Why don’t you bring me the Bible that I have denied, and that teaches us the way to heaven?” At this point the whole congregation was in tears, and I thought, “I wish every sinner could listen to these groans,” that seemed to me as from the lost spirits in hell. And I feared he would die unless I carried him the Bible, and quickly taking it from the pulpit carried it to him. The moment my hands were placed upon the book, I at once saw by the Holy Spirit, that God was then destroying infidelity. As I handed the Bible to him, he arose, and kissing the book said, “Blessed book! blessed book!” and embracing it, sat down with it in his arms. Seeing that I stood waiting for it, he arose again as before, and as he thus arose, exclaiming, “Blessed book!” kissing and pressing it in his arms to his breast and again sat down, I left it with him, and returned to the altar platform.

When we returned to the parsonage, Rev. D. O. Ferris, who was assisting me in the meeting, said, “Brother Morehouse, no money would buy from me, what I saw and felt of the power of Almighty God this night.” Mrs. Morehouse said to me, “He

is, I fear, becoming insane, like Thompson." I said "Oh, no; he is all right." But she insisted upon my going to see him, saying, "I will not be able to sleep any to-night unless you go, and what an awful thing it would be to have another case like Thompson's!" I then went to see him, and, knocking, he bid me come in. As he saw me, he exclaimed, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" and as I smiled at his salutation, he said, "You look happy, but I do not believe you are as happy as I am." And he said that the groans that affected us all so deeply in the church, was the effect of the seemingly insupportable weight of love that filled his soul. After a little I said to him, "I must go home, or my wife will wonder where I stay so long." He then said, "O stay! How I love to talk with you now! The longer you stay the better." It was one of the most powerful conversions I ever saw.

Soon after this, Thompson came out all right, and a brother, Rev. Wm. Hall, on the adjoining circuit, said to me, "The circumstances and the happy result of Thompson's conviction and return to his reason, saying to all, 'I was always insane until Jesus cured me,' was a wonderful demonstration of the power of the Gospel."

As I was not ordained, Brother Ira Ferris (the young man formerly converted at Gilboa), who was then pastor on Croton Circuit, came over to baptize the converts, and at the baptism seventy-five, mostly adults, were sprinkled; and, the second year,

I could administer baptism, and nearly as many more were baptized, some twelve by immersion. Brother Barker, who so courageously stood by me at the first, and his good wife, soon experienced the blessing of perfect love, and others followed, thus encouraging the young converts to holy living. One young person who was permitted, when we called upon the family, to give us some eggs or butter, her mother saying, "We let Ophelia give something to the minister," was under deep conviction at the camp-meeting held there the year that I had been appointed to Davenport Circuit. I inquired, "Do you want to be a Christian?" With tears she replied, "Yes." "Do you want to go forward to be prayed for?" She said, "Yes." I then said, "I will go with you." When the prayer-meeting was closing, as the bell sounded for service at the stand I said to her, "Has Jesus forgiven you?" She replied, "Yes, but I want the fullness." Her father and mother had experienced this great blessing, and usually spoke of it as "the fullness," a term used by Brother Charles Palmer, who followed me on the circuit (and one of the best preachers to nurse young converts on the Prattsville District). I knew she had seen the difference before, and after their second blessing, I said, "It is for you, and give all up in consecration, and believe the promises, and you can have the blessing now."

At the close of the sermon, Brother Beach, the Elder, said, "Brother Morehouse, I want you to go and take charge of the large district tent and

hold prayer-meeting." I was entering, and we commenced singing, when I heard a succession of shouts, "Glory to Jesus!" which rang through the forest. At first I was so happy to hear that sound of victory that I was tempted to go and see who was so happy. But the thought came, "If you go it will break up your meeting, to which you was appointed by the Elder," and I said, "Sing on." Just then a person came running to me, saying, "A young lady is lying on the ground, shouting and asking for Brother Morehouse." I said to the people, "Sing on, and I will at once return." As I reached the place, I saw the most angelic expression I had ever seen, and said, "Ophelia, you have the fullness now," and all she could reply was, "Glory to Jesus!" a little faster. At that instant, her father came, and as he exclaimed, "Ophelia! Oh, Ophelia, you have the fullness!" and I saw would soon fall by her, I said, "Let us carry her up to the tent," which was done; and there we all united in praising God for converting this young person, at the age of twelve, and entirely sanctifying her in less than three hours after. She continued faithfully to witness the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, until her triumphant death some two years after.

CHAPTER XIV.

APPOINTED TO DAVENPORT CIRCUIT.

EAR the close of my two years, the Elder said to me, "We want you to go to the Davenport Circuit, and start the revival fires along that valley."

Although I would have preferred any other, as it was the extreme appointment of the Prattsville District, when he enquired of me, "Are you willing to go?" I replied, "Yes, if you believe it best."

On the first Saturday after conference, as I was nearing Fergusonville, the place where the preacher resided, I saw a man going my way, with an account book under his arm, and invited him to ride with me. I found, in conversation, that he was not a Christian, but would like to become one. I invited him to come to church the next day and and to remain in class. He came, and also brought a number of the neighbors, and they invited me to come up and preach in the private house of Brother Evans, on Wednesday night. And from that a revival at once commenced in Hoseaville,

one of the places noted for counterfeiters and horse-thieves.

Soon after conference, the preacher appointed by conference to assist me died, and, as we had ten appointments, I was compelled to use the local preachers and exhorters upon the circuit.

The Fergusonville school, instituted by Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, had passed into the hands of the Presbyterians, and old Father Sandford said to me one day, "Our Methodist people are a little afraid of being estimated too zealous by our Presbyterian brethren."

While making my pastoral visits, I found the wife of one of my stewards desiring to be a Christian, but, having been brought up in the old Scotch Presbyterian faith, believed that we would have almost overwhelming conviction before we could be converted. I quoted the Scripture to prove that God, in the atonement of Jesus Christ, was now waiting to save all that would seek His favor; and after prayer, secured a promise that she would come with her husband to the prayer-meeting on Thursday night at the church, and arise for prayers. At that meeting she arose, and united prayer was offered for her conversion. As the meeting closed, and her husband had gone out to get the horse, we went to her, as she stood weeping, and found that though not converted she was willing to do all she could to be saved. I then said to Brother Hearn, the sexton, "Do not put out the lights," and to her husband, who had come to say, "The horse is at

the door," "Brother Van Deusen, your wife can be saved now. Just hitch your horse and come in, and we will have a little prayer-meeting." We then knelt down, and as Sister Van Deusen prayed for herself, she was converted and happy.

I had said to my wife, a short time previous, "I think I am not adapted to these people, from what I can see of their appearance at Fergusonville." In the morning, calling in Brother Henry's store, I saw, as I entered, that he and Brother Sanford I. Ferguson were a little embarrassed, as though I had been the subject of their conversation. After a little, Brother Henry, who was a superannuate of the Troy Conference, said, "I wonder who made so much noise at the church last evening." Brother Ferguson, who was present at the first meeting, said, smiling, "I guess Brother Morehouse was about as earnest as anyone." I thought, "Now is my time to explain," and said, "Brother Ferguson, when you wrote me that pressing invitation to to come and assist your preacher in a revival meeting last year, I thought, 'If I go over there and God assists me, as in the past, the brethren will ask the Presiding Elder for me, and as it is the border circuit of the New York Conference, and so far from my friends, I would not be pleased to go,' but excused myself to you by saying (which was really true) that the excessive toil connected with the care of many converts required my constant attention. And perhaps, if I had come, you would have suggested to the Elder, that I would not suit

you here." I then gave a brief account of how I came to preach, and also said to them, "That seeker last night was so happily converted, that if you will come to class next Sunday, you will hear a testimony that will make you happy." And also said to them, "A marvellous work is begun at Hoseaville, and also in other places on the circuit, and if you will only stand by me this year, and do not want me to return the second year, please speak to the Elder and it will be all right on my part." Old Brother Henry at once said, "Go on, Brother Morehouse, and we will stand by you." And they all fell into line.

CHAPTER XV.

WONDERFUL LOVE FEAST.



THE first quarterly meeting which was held in that place, at the Sabbath morning Love Feast the church was completely filled, not only below, but the three galleries; and the school, some one hundred teachers and scholars, came marching up, as was their custom. I said to the principal, Mr. Oliver, "Will your young friends be quiet if we seat them on the breastwork of the gallery, facing the congregation? For we have no other place." He replied, "Yes," and thus they sat quiet through all of the services. The Tuesday following, Brother Ferguson, who was practicing law, said to me, "I was at East Davenport yesterday, trying a case with Esquire Hitchcock, and though it was what might be called a Christian lawsuit, yet I must say there is a great difference between that and the wonderful Love Feast on Sunday."

As Brother Ferguson had occasionally preached before I came to the circuit, and on account of the death of Brother Davis, who was to have assisted

me (and I needed his help), I said to the brethren, "Give him a license," and they acquiesced, and he and Brother Henry and others assisted, until the Elder sent a young married man, by the name of James P. Burger. His first Sunday service was at Fergusonville in the morning and at Davenport Centre in the afternoon; and on Monday morning, Brother Miller and Brother Hibbard saw him, as he was inquiring where to reside there, and said to him, "We have nothing against you, my brother, only that you are inexperienced; and, as Brother Morehouse resides at Fergusonville, it will be inconvenient for us here. This discouraged the young brother, and he came up at once and said to me, "I am going back to-day. I cannot suit the people," stating what they said to him. I replied, "Those brethren are better than they appear to you, and I must have help, and my wife told me you preached well for a beginner. You stay, and go out with me visiting the people, and help in the revival meetings, and all will be right soon with those good brethren." He consented, and from that time until conference was an efficient helper. Brother Beach, the Presiding Elder, said to him as he was going to his appointment as pastor-in-charge the next year, "It was worth a great deal to you to commence under Brother Morehouse." Brother Ferguson preached, also, in our revival meeting almost every week.

One day, as I entered Brother Henry's store, he said to me. "Have you a little time of leisure for

me?" I replied, "Yes," and at once imagined what he wanted. Walking toward his home, he said, "I want advice what to do, to continue in the law or give it up and go in the ministry." I replied, "I believe you will be more useful and better satisfied as you retrospect your life, if you go into the work of soul-saving." He replied, "I believe I can do good in the law. I think the standard of the law ought to be higher than it is." I replied, "You are right; but, to become a great and successful lawyer, you have often to contend with what is questionable in your mind: for you are sworn to be true to your client, and you are so conscientious that it will often be unpleasant. I have no doubt that you are called to preach, and the people also think the same, but they often say to me, 'How can Brother Ferguson plead law and preach?' I reply, 'Every lawyer ought to be good enough and able to preach,' but you have this prejudice to overcome. You have the theology, the language, and the religion, and all of the books and papers of your brother, Samuel D., and my advice is to arrange at once for it." He then said to me, "See Mr. Sperry, and ask him what he will charge me to go no farther with the office," (for the foundation was laid), and I did so, and he sent back the books that he had purchased of Lawyer Becker, paying for the use of them, and the second year preached with me on the Davenport Circuit. Years after, as I went, at his earnest request, from conference to spend the

Conference Sunday with him at Peekskill, I inquired of him, if he was not satisfied that I gave him the right advice, and he, smiling, said, "Most assuredly so." Over three hundred were converted in the two years, and 135 were baptized.

CHAPTER XVI.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.



THE school where some one hundred children from the city of New York were sent to be trained, away from the city influences, were some very mischievous ones. Quite often they would run away, and usually go towards Albany or Catskill. Nine of the boys had left, and the principals, Messrs. Olivers, were searching for them and could hear nothing of them for two weeks. One day, as Brothers Ferguson and Wilbur stood with me at the gate of the parsonage, we saw two boys at play-spell going up toward the forest, and on an eminence saw some others waiting for them. Brother Ferguson said, "I believe they are the runaways." I said to them, "Go down to the school and inform them." As they left, I thought, "I have always been on good terms with the scholars, often addressing and preaching to them. I will go and persuade them to return." But when I drew near, they fled; and my calling upon them to wait and hear me had no effect.

They continued to flee into the forest. I followed

on until I heard them talking in the distance, and perceiving they were approaching, secreted myself until they had passed toward the open field. As they reached it, I called to them, and they fled at once. I said to them, "Boys, they have found out that you are here, and soon will be here with a force to take you; and, if you will now surrender, I will do my best to save you from severe punishment." But they continued to flee from me. I then decided to chase one down, and selected one I thought might be the leader. When he saw that I would catch him, he ran under some shrubs, crying, "Oh, don't kill me!" I said to him, "No, I will defend you, if you will do as I say." He promised he would. I called to the others, but they continued to flee. I said to the one I caught, "I will catch another and then you come to me." He said he would, and I caught another and he cried for fear like the first. I then said to them, "You call upon the seven to come down." But they refused.

The two who now had confidence in me promised that if I would let them go to the others, they would try to persuade them to surrender and come to me. They could not persuade them to come, but said the boys would wait for me to come and talk with them. I then went to them and said, "Boys, they have found out where you are, and will soon come and surround you, and no doubt will then punish you severely. If you now go with me, I will do what I can to have you pardoned." They

at once consented. On the way, I said to them, "I have a very difficult work to perform, and I want you all to kneel down with me, and I will pray that God may forgive you, and that He will help me to appease the wrath of the professors." They consented, and when I finished praying responded "Amen" heartily.

As we marched down from the grove, in view of the school (for it was noonspell) the whole school began to shout and wave handkerchiefs; and, as we approached in Indian file, they formed in ranks of two to let us pass to the academy. I went at once to see Mr. Redfield, and stated what I had promised. He said that as soon as the professors returned from searching, they would call the school together and have a trial. As I was leaving, the boys said to me, "Now you must stand by us, or we will be punished awfully." I replied, "Only be good boys, and I will."

In a few days, I was summoned to appear at the trial. We had a regular trial. I was the attorney for the boys, and pleaded that, while they had done very wickedly, yet when we were truly penitent for our sins, and would go to God for mercy, He, for Jesus' sake, would have mercy, on condition that we sin no more. "These boys are ready to confess that they have done very wrong; and are now sorry for it, and will pledge themselves to be dutiful hereafter; and if you will suspend punishment now, if disobedient hereafter, they are willing to receive double punishment."

The faculty then retired; and after a little time returned, saying, "For your sake, Mr. Morehouse, who succeeded in persuading them to surrender; and as they have here before all the school promised to be obedient hereafter, we will suspend punishment during good behavior; but, if disobedient hereafter, will inflict double punishment." And I afterward learned that the boys were obedient.

Some weeks after, I was passing through that forest, and found the place where they had built a little hut of bark that had been peeled that summer, near a spring of water; and, with tin pails, had cooked green corn, potatoes, and eggs (stolen from the farmers). They had also picked berries, and some of their chums at the school had brought them bread and cake from the table, so that they had, as they imagined at first, a good time. But the novelty wore away, and they were glad to return to school again.

At another time, a messenger came from the tannery and store of Mr. Simpson, saying, "John McIntire wants you to come up at once and bring one or two with you." Brother Bugar was in, and I hitched on to my buggy, and with another person, went up to where they were moving a house along the road and then on to a high bank with a ravine beneath. As we reached the place, I said to Mr. McIntire, "What do you want us to do?" He replied, "I want you to boss the moving of this house." I said, "Oh, no; that is not my business." "Yes," he said, "I

have seen you with your men, in former years, do this kind of work, and I want you to take charge." Looking at the men, I inquired, "Will these men obey me?" He replied, "Yes." I examined the arrangements, and saw that all appeared right. I then placed Mr. Simpson, who was a large, stout man, in the most responsible position, saying as I did so, "You are the owner," and placing the men, gave the orders as in former years, and in a short time put the building where they wanted it. I found that a few hours with my coat off gave me an open road to hearts unaffected before. Driving to his water-trough in front of his store-room after, he came out saying, "I will uncheck the horse." Then saying, "You are working too hard in revival meetings," I replied, "You can help me by giving your heart to the Saviour, with all your influence, and that would benefit yourself, and this valley as I or no other one could." But though liberal and kind to me, I fear he continued to neglect his soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONVERSION OF A FATHER THROUGH THE PLEA OF HIS DAUGHTER.

HILE hitching up my horse, at the revival meeting held at Davenport Centre, Brother Ezekiel Miller inquired where were we going to call that afternoon. I replied, "Joseph Barnard's." He said, "I am fearful that it will do no good. The preachers, for many years past, have been trying to win him to Christ; but all their earnest efforts have failed, and I am fearful he will lose his soul." I replied, "His wife came to me in tears last night and secured a promise that I would come and take tea with them; and, though my faith for him is weak, I must go." He treated us kindly, admitting the necessity of a change of heart to prepare us for heaven, but it was impossible to persuade him to seek now. After praying with the family, he promised to come that evening to the meeting.

At the close of the sermon, we went to him, and, though he was under conviction, he would not yield. Among those who came for prayers was his two little girls: Mary, some twelve years of age, and Maria, ten years. After-prayer, we invited

the mourners to testify. Mary arose and said, "I came here to seek the Saviour, and he has forgiven me and blessed me, and I am going with mother to heaven." Little Maria then arose, saying, "I came to Jesus, and he has blessed me, and I am going with mother and Mary to heaven." Instead of sitting down, she went down the aisle to her father, and taking hold of his hand, said, "Pa, mother, Mary and I are going to heaven, and we want you to go with us." He shook his head, but she held on to his hand, and with weeping, said, "O yes, Pa, you must go with us!" At that moment his chin began to quiver, the tears streamed from his eyes, and, arising, was led to the altar and was soon converted.

Another instance of a faithful wife, whose husband was generally kind-hearted, but quick-tempered, and often profane. Ploughing in a very rough and stony field, his wife coming unexpectedly heard him swearing bitterly, and wishing God would sink the field out of sight. She reproved him, and he replied, "You think your minister is a good man. He would swear at these roots and stones if he was ploughing here." At one time they were erecting sheds for the benefit of the farmers, and Brother Miller invited him to subscribe, as they were to be free. He replied, "No; I can drive to the hotel sheds," not far off. After the sheds were erected, one very stormy morning, he drove under the church sheds. Brother Miller, coming up as he came out after tying his horses,

said to him, "Ira, the sheds come good to-day," and he at once went and drove up through the rain to the hotel, and refused to speak to Brother Miller afterward. Staying in class-meeting to wait for his wife, Brother Hebbard, the leader, came to him as he sat by the stove, saying, "Well, Ira, what have you to say about religion?" He indignantly replied, "You know, without asking," and was mortally offended and refused to stay again.

His little daughter had been on a few days' visit to her grandpa's, who prayed and asked a blessing at the table. As she returned, and her father began to pass the food, she said, "Oh, how I wish we had a God at our house, as they have at grandpa's!" He was deeply agitated, but resisted the Spirit.

His wife came, weeping, one evening, saying, "Ira has consented to have an afternoon prayer-meeting at our house to-morrow. Please come with your wife and take dinner with us." We consented. At the sumptuous dinner, I said, "My friend Smith, while we do much enjoy this, our richest pleasure will be to see you become a happy Christian." He replied, "I do not want to hear any more of this. I am disgusted." His wife and Mrs. Morehouse commenced weeping, and he arose from his dinner, and went to his potato-field and did not return to the prayer-meeting. It was a solemn meeting. But earnest prayer was offered for Ira Smith.

After we left for the evening meeting, Mrs.

Smith found that my wife had left her work bag, and in it the key to the parsonage, and hearing us say that we were going home that night, some four miles away, she persuaded her husband to go to meeting, and give it to Mrs. Morehouse. On our way home, I said to my wife, "I saw Smith at the meeting, but I have no faith for his conversion." She replied, "I have." I inquired, "How can that be possible?" She then informed me that when he handed her the reticule he very kindly said, "We want you to come and see us again." "Well, I am glad if you have faith; for I confess I have not any faith."

He came to almost all the evening meetings for two weeks, and when inviting them in the congregation, I would often feel that I could hardly pass him without speaking to him; but he had so decidedly charged me never to speak to him again, that I hesitated. But one evening, as I was inviting one who came from the same seat, I said to him, "Mr. Smith, you will not be offended, will you, if I speak once more to you about your soul?" He at once said, "Elder, I insulted you at my house, and you have been so mad at me that you have not spoken to me since. You will forgive me, wont you, for insulting you?" I replied, "I do not get mad over insults, and I have nothing against you or anyone." But won't you forgive me?" he inquired. "My dear sir, I have not the least thing against you, and it seems like mocking to say it." "I want you to forgive me." I replied, "Yes, I do

now, and at the time you said it. And now do go with me, and God for Christ's sake will forgive you, and also give you a new nature."

Just at that moment his nearest neighbor, who had just been converted, put his hand upon his shoulder, saying, "Come Ira, go with us and seek the Lord." Turning quickly, he replied, with indications of anger, "Don't you push me, there!" I at once said to him, "Brother Rowe is a young convert, and enthusiastic, and only expresses his earnest feeling for your happiness. Do not be offended, but go with us and God will surely bless you." He then went with us, and when the opportunity for testimony was given, he arose and said, "You all know me; and I have some supposed grievances, but I find to-night it is all here" (as he put his hand upon his breast). "Yes, my neighbors, here is the place of trouble. Brother Miller, it is all right about the sheds; Brother Hebbard, it is all right about the class-meeting, now." The change was so radical that he appeared like one brought from death to life.

My two years having nearly expired, the church at Maryland Hill wanted a Sunday-school celebration, and as my time was limited, they appointed it in the evening, and with martial music and singing, in the light of the bonfires, marched from the church to the grove near by. It was an impressive and inspiring sight, though not equal to the one the summer before, when we united the Sunday-schools of all that county, numbering some three

thousand officers, teachers, pupils and friends, and were addressed by Dr. Lucius H. King, of New York City, who had formerly been pastor of this circuit. This was the largest gathering of Sunday-schools that had ever assembled together in that county.

The great revival along the Charlotte and Davenport valley, had so permeated the communities of the five villages—Davenport Centre, East Davenport, West Davenport, Fergusonville and South Worcester—that I said to the brethren, “We can by seeing the excise commissioners, at their meeting in May (to grant licenses), persuade them not to grant any to persons in these five villages, or anywhere on this circuit.” And though some of the brethren were weak in their faith, when we, as citizens of these villages, went over to Delhi, the county seat, and represented the views of eight-tenths of the citizens, they refused to grant any license to sell intoxicants upon that large circuit that year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRATTSVILLE.

EAR the closing of the next conference, Brother Paul R. Brown, then Elder, sent for me and said to me, "I am a little perplexed to know where to place you. I have two places on my mind. One is Prattsville and the other is Andes and Bovina." I replied, "I dare not decide." I inquired, "Have they petitioned for me at Prattsville?" He said, "No." "Have they from Andes and Bovina?" He replied, "Yes?" "Would it not be better to send a man where he is wanted?" He said, "I know what they need at Prattsville, and I believe you could do us great good there." I said, "What you decide I will be pleased with." When the preacher at Prattsville found he was to move (for he had been there only one year), he was much displeased, for only the officials knew that there would be a change, and as I saw the feeling manifested, I said to Brother Brown, "I fear you have made a mistake." He replied, "I think not."

I at once commenced meeting in the school-

houses on week-nights, and where I could see the people through the week at their homes, and at the extreme appointment, Blenheim Ridge, in the vicinity of where I had formerly built many houses. A deep religious feeling was seen in the congregation the first night.

We soon commenced extra meetings, and the influence of the Holy Spirit spread through that community; and as the trustees of the school-house were not in sympathy with the Methodists, they soon objected to our holding meetings there. We then moved them to the school-house near one of our stewards, Brother Ely Smith, and the house was crowded; and they assembled all around the door and windows in such numbers that we decided to go down to the church at Moresville (now Grand Gorge), and on the first night the altar was crowded with penitents.

The interest continued to increase, and extended to the Roxbury Circuit, where Wm. Powell and his wife, and other now prominent officials, were converted.

One hot day, we saw Brother P. R. Brown, the Elder, gathering hay, and said to Brother Groat, one of our officials at Prattsville, "Let us go and help him." As we finished, about noon, Brother Brown said to us, "You must stay and take dinner. Mrs. Brown has prepared for you." I replied, "My wife will expect me home." He at once replied, "I have sent word to her that you are to take dinner with us, and you must stay," and I

consented. While sitting at the table, the tears came from his eyes as he said, "Brother Morehouse, you thought I had made a mistake when I appointed you here; but I have never thought so, and I believe you now think I was right."

We also visited in the vicinity of the different school-houses around the village of Prattsville, preaching in them evenings; inviting serious-minded people and seekers to publicly express their desire for salvation; and when we commenced our revival meeting at Prattsville, on Watch Night the altar was crowded with seekers. One of the brethren came to me at the close of the meeting, saying, "We never saw it like this before."

It required two weeks of earnest labor before we had any move among the unconverted. At our last revival meeting—this is perfectly astonishing—over three hundred professed conversion and were reclaimed on the circuit; and others attained to the great experience of entire sanctification. As I presented this doctrine as not only the privilege but duty of believers to seek it, the Presbyterian minister preached against the idea of living in the enjoyment of that blessing; and some of his best members came to us and joined the church. One of our brethren, my nearest neighbor, experienced the blessing at family prayer, and after his experience, stated that when he heard me preach so high a standard of holy living, he decided to watch the life and see if it corresponded; and after months of close watching, he was con-

vinced that the minister lived it, and then resolved to seek with all his power for it.

At nearly the close of my second year, Brother Brown, the Elder, said to me, "Your wife's health is failing, and the labor of moving will wear upon her. Why not take a superannuatery relation? I will leave Prattsville to be supplied, and appoint you here. I have one more year to be Elder, and I and my family would be delighted to have you remain another year, and the people will also be highly pleased." I replied, "I have an aversion to taking any step that appears to take the appointment in my own hands, and if, as you say, I go to Roxbury Circuit, it is so near, and Mrs. Morehouse is quite able to ride that distance, and also is doing quite an amount of work yet, with the assistance of Hattie" (who had resided with us from a child). "I believe it will be pleasant and right to move." For a little time the change appeared to be beneficial, but I could soon see that the asthma consumption was rapidly bringing her very useful life to a close.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROXBURY.



SOON after I commenced at Roxbury, we made an appointment at a school-house on the lower part of the circuit, and commenced revival meetings, where there was but one person to assist us in prayer and testimony. But, as they became converted, we urged them to pray and speak in the meetings, and soon had a good working force from the new recruits.

We began our meetings in the village of Roxbury early that season and with blessed results. Among the number converted was Dr. Cartright, who attended Mrs. Morehouse all through her last illness, and his wife, and whose great kindness will endear them to us forever. I had often conversed with the doctor, and one day, in his office, so pressed home the subject of religion that he said, "If you were an Episcopalian, I would be willing to join your church to-day." I replied, "Is it best to join a church before conversion?" He said to me, "Do you not believe that if I should join the church, and try and live up to its teachings, I

would become a Christian ? ” I said, “ You might ; but if you should find that it failed, and then as a member of the church, had to take up the cross of a humble seeker in a public manner, it would be heavier than to do it at first. The words of Jesus are, ‘ Except ye become converted, ye cannot see the kingdom of God,’ and ‘ If ye are ashamed to confess me before men, I will be ashamed to confess you before my father in heaven.’ ” He finally promised to come that night and go forward for prayers.

Meeting some friends that afternoon, he said, “ Let us go to the revival meeting to-night and go forward for prayer.” They said to him, “ Doctor, do you mean that ? ” He replied, “ Yes, I mean it.” “ All right,” they replied, “ we will go.” On their way, one of them said, “ This is a difficult work for us. Let us go into Corb Bouton’s for a stiffener,” and as the doctor did not want to release them, he went in with them.

When the invitation was given, and the doctor and six others came forward, it was an astonishment to the congregation. While we were praying for and trying to instruct them, one of their number was so impressed with the awful condition that he was in, that he arose quickly, and as he was passing down the aisle, one of his wicked associates in the congregation, near the aisle, put out his foot before him, causing him to stumble and nearly fall.

As the meeting closed, Brother John Simmons came to me, saying, “ Do you think they were in

earnest ? I have heard that they had been drinking." I said at once, "If they hear that this is said by church members, it will at once be used by the devil to discourage them. The doctor, I know, is meaning it for good ; and let us pray that God may counteract the work of Satan and his emissaries."

The next day, I called upon the doctor to inquire how he was succeeding ; and he said, "I am not going forward again. I have heard some of the church members said we were intoxicated, for one came near falling as he went out." I replied, "This was first circulated by the wicked, and some of the members asked me if it was true ; I said, 'No ; not one of them were intoxicated. They had, perhaps, had one drink ; but one thing I do know is that Dr. Cartright meant business for his soul, for I had conversed with him that afternoon.' And now, doctor, if you stop you will give character to what they have been saying ; but, if you will persevere you will surely be converted, and prove that you at least was meaning it for good ; and if you do continue on, you may yet reach your friends." He said, "Dominy, you are right ; and, with the help of God, I will persevere."

Soon after his conversion, as he had passed from the sick room into the dining-room, my wife said to me, "Call the doctor in to pray with us." I went out and said, "Doctor, Mrs. Morehouse wants you to come and pray with her." He came in and said, "My prayers are so weak that they can do no

good." She replied, "I can hear something of what is going on in the revival from my husband; but how I love to hear the prayers and testimony of young converts!" I said, "Doctor, please do pray." He then knelt down with us by the side of her bed and prayed, and then, arising, said, "There, I told you my prayers were so weak they would do you no good." "Oh, doctor, your prayer has done me more good than medicine. May God bless you, my dear brother!"

Dr. Cartright is one of the strong members of the Church, and represented Delaware County in the legislature of the state at Albany.

Mrs. Morehouse died just before conference, and her experience of the blessedness of the religion of Christ to sustain the Christian in the hour of dissolution was a glorious fulfillment of the promise of the Saviour—"Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

The members of the church, and others, were so sympathizing in this the greatest affliction of all the many that we had yet passed through, that we shall ever cherish their remembrance.

As we stood weeping by the parsonage, Brother Richard Mere, the nearest neighbor, came to us saying, "I deeply sympathize with you, and what can I do for you?" I replied, "I thank you, but hardly know what." He said, "Do you not want some one to go to your friends in Blenheim, to inform them, and make arrangements for the funeral?" I replied, "Yes, that is necessary."

He said, "I will go." A little after, Hiram Meeker came in and offered to go. I said, "Brother More has promised to go." He then said, "I will go with him."

A large company went with us; and as we placed the precious one in the village cemetery, and returned to our now lonely home, the promises of Almighty God shed rays of heavenly light upon our way.

The second year, we commenced revival meetings at our afternoon appointment; and, though at first it appeared discouraging, by persevering God gave us a glorious victory in the salvation of souls that extended along the valley and over into the adjoining circuit.

The next conference was the first after the restricted rule was extended to three years, and we were appointed the third year. The Presiding Elder, Wm. Gorse, called on his way to quarterly conference at Margaretsville, and said, "The preachers of the district want you to have the camp-meeting on your circuit." I replied, "We have no lumber; ask them to have it in Blenheim." He said to me, "We offered it to them and they said you must care for it." I then replied, "Say to Brother George Decker of Margaretsville; they have the lumber and there is a good place."

On the Sabbath, at the church, I said to the official brethren, "If we had lumber here, we might have had the camp-meeting this year." They at once said, "If you had consented, we

would have drawn the lumber free of charge, and would like to have it here." Brother Gorse, on his return, said, " Brother Decker wants you to have it at your circuit." And we consented.

We at once went to Margarettsville and purchased a large pile of seasoned lumber, at a reduced price, selected the grove, and farmers drew all the lumber for seats and tents, and assisted in preparing the ground and putting up tents. It was a very successful meeting in conversions and the entire sanctification of believers.

Brother Charles Palmer followed me as pastor, and the camp-meeting was held there the second year, and the income from the rent of tents and sale of the lumber was three hundred dollars above cost.

At the close of my third year, March 29th, 1866, I was married to Miss Hattie E. Smith, who was born in Durham, Greene County, New York. The marriage service was performed by Rev. Wm. Gorse, the Presiding Elder, in the church at Roxbury, in the presence of the church officials and congregation.

CHAPTER XX.

WINDHAM.

N April we were appointed to Windham Circuit. The three societies were in a good spiritual state, but there was a debt on the parsonage of a one thousand dollars. The church edifice in the village was in great need of repairs; but the first year we held revival meetings in the two churches and in school-houses, and and some two hundred professed conversion.

In the spring of the first year, the Elder said to me, "You ought to repair the church." I replied, "If you will let me use all that I can raise under the influence of this the centennial year of Methodism, I will try." "All right; go ahead," he replied. On the centennial Sunday, we secured eleven hundred dollars, which was pledged for debt and repairs.

We received a letter from Bishop C. Kingsley, requesting that we consent to be transferred to the Montana Conference, to take charge of the work in that (then) Territory. We wrote him that we had commenced to arrange for paying off the

mortgage and repairing the church; and also had some two-hundred young converts to be cared for; and it appeared to me that I was needed in Windham. He wrote that they could secure hundreds of men to do that work in the East, but he wanted a man in Montana that could be preacher, presiding elder, class leader, steward, and trustee; who could build houses and churches, and take a hand in molding that young Territory into a good Republican State, and from what he knew of me I was his man.

I consulted the Elder and he could not decide what I ought to do. At that point, Mrs. Morehouse was taken severely ill; as she recovered, I was also taken sick. I went to the physician to be examined, fearing it might be consumption; but he said, "You are all sound." I then wrote, "I will go." While my letter was on the way to Cleveland a letter from him passed mine saying that he presumed I declined to go, which he regretted much. As he received mine, consenting to go, he wrote again, "If you can be at Omaha, Nebraska, in ten days, telegraph, 'I go'; if not, 'I go not.'" I at once went down to Catskill, the nearest point, and telegraphed, "If twenty days will do, I go."

Waiting all day, and receiving no reply, I went by boat to New York City, and to Bishop Janes, who that morning opened the conference session, and stated the case to him. He directed me to go to the general office and telegraph again. As I returned to my room from conference that evening,

a telegram came, and it was to decide my destiny. East or West ? I opened it, and it read, "Twenty days will be too late."

At that time there was no railway beyond Omaha, and it required six days to go there, which would give me no time to close up my affairs in the East. And we were to take no furniture and only a few choice books, go up the Missouri to Fort Brenton by boat, and cross overland, on mules, to Helena.

The next morning after I received the telegram, at the close of the early prayer-meeting, a gentleman accosted me with "How do you do, Brother Morehouse ?" I replied, "I cannot recall your name." "McCullough," he replied. "What, formerly sheriff of Schoharie County ?" I inquired. "Yes." I then said, "Where are you from now ?" "Montana," was the answer. "My dear brother, I was within ten days of there yesterday." "How is that ?" he inquired. As I informed him, he said, "What a pity that you did not go ! The bishop, with whom I am intimately acquainted, was fearful that you would not be safe unless you went up the Missouri with the Government troops ; but the Indian outbreak is suppressed and you could go up a month later. How significantly strange that, while I knew nothing of the mind of the bishop, I have thought a hundred times, while there, that you would be just the man for that great work !" I replied, "It is all settled now."

Had I left Windham at that time, the project of rebuilding and paying off the debt would have failed; for, after my return the second year, some of the principal givers were opposed to going on with it. Brother John White, one of the most active in securing the salary of the preacher, came to me saying, "Brother Morehouse, if you go on with this, we shall not be able to pay you your salary. The people say that they have subscribed so much for the improvements and debt that they cannot afford to give more. If you will relinquish the project, I will make you a present of the hundred dollars I have pledged, and you will also get your salary." I replied, "I did not go into the ministry for money—only duty to God and my fellow man led me into the ministry, and I feel it my duty to proceed." He then replied, "You will get us so in debt that none of the old people will see the deliverance, and I will not pay my hundred until the last." I said "All right; but do not talk against it; and I will, with the help of God, pay it all up, if I remain two years more."

The building committee gave me unlimited power, saying, "You know just what to do." We invited the brethren to help quarry out the stone, and worked early and late cutting stone to raise the church some four feet, and also for an addition for Sunday-school and prayer-meeting rooms. I secured carpenters from my native place, some whom I had instructed, in former years; and secured a fresco painter, a friend of mine, from

Albany ; so that, before we had finished, Brother White came with his subscription of a hundred dollars, saying, "I see you are right."

He came soon after saying, "We want a bell, and a good one. I will give fifty dollars and Brother Childs will also give the same. Now, you go to the people of the village and secure enough to purchase one that we farmers can all hear." I corresponded with the manufacturers of different cities, and decided that we could do best with Jones, of Troy. I called upon them and tested their four and five hundred dollar bells; but as I saw a larger one, I inquired what it was worth. "Six hundred and eighty dollars," was the reply. Upon testing it, I said, "That is the one I want, but I am not authorized to pay but four hundred dollars. If you will let me have that, I will pay five hundred dollars; and, if the people will not pay it, I will." They replied, "That will leave us no margin." I replied, "Your good father was a class-leader, and you should help us call the people to come and serve God; and you have, I see, used my name in your testimonials; and, as I was once the church builder of Schoharie, Delaware and Greene Counties, you can make it pay in the future." They acceded, and the bell could be heard eight miles when the wind was favorable.

After the bell was put up, Brother John White came again, saying, "I have been talking with Brother Childs, and we want you to get a clock. We will each give fifty dollars, and you secure a

subscription for the balance." After corresponding with different manufacturers, I decided to go to Boston. I examined the different kinds and purchased one for four hundred dollars. I inquired what it would cost to have a man go to Windham and put it up. They replied "One hundred dollars." I then inquired if an expert clock-repairer could put it up. They thought so. The firm then sent a man to instruct me, by one of the kind in a Catholic church in that city, and said to me, "If you cannot succeed, send word and we will come."

Brother Reynolds, though an expert in all kinds of house clocks, after a few days of trial, decided he could not succeed. We then continued to work at it at times until we would be discouraged, and go into our study or visiting the people, deciding to send for a man from Boston; but, after a few days, would try again, for we wanted to save that hundred dollars to the people. After a number of efforts we succeeded in putting the clock together, but found it one of the most difficult mechanical problems we ever undertook to solve.

We secured the service of Dr. John Miley to preach at the reopening of the Church, and his morning and evening sermons were discourses of great power and greatly impressed the people.



MRS. MAGGIE N. VAN COTT.

CHAPTER XXI.

MRS. VAN COTT'S CALL.

ER call to the evangelistic work was remarkable. Brought up under the influence of the Episcopal Church, and a member of the same, she, upon her union in marriage with Mr. Peter Van Cott, united with the Dutch Reformed, of which he was a member. But her religion was formal. Naturally of a happy temperament, she sought for happiness in the gay and questionable pleasures of the world. Being an excellent singer, she was invited to attend a class-meeting by the class-leader. But she had formed the idea that it was a sort of confessional, and so expressed herself; but consented to go and help sing, if not called upon to speak. During the exercises, as one and another testified to their love to Christ and his cause, and their happy experiences in the service of the Redeemer, she would sing appropriately to the testimony. As they had all testified but her, the leader, Mr. Watts, said to her, "I promised you I would not call upon you to speak; but may God bless you abundantly for your precious singing, which has been such a

blessing to us all." At the instant, she found herself on her feet, praising God for the privilege being present, and testified to her determination to hereafter live a Christian life.

She found the class-meeting a source of great spiritual benefit to her; but the request of the brother that she take charge of a mission of poor colored people was at first repulsive to her nature, and she could hardly consent to what appeared to her almost degrading in its character. But the Holy Spirit led her to assent. That summer she was invited to go up with a friend to spend a few days with his people in the Catskills, and while there was interested in the meetings. Returning to New York she continued to assist in the mission work near the Five Points, and God gave her great success in winning souls to Christ.

Attending the conference in 1867, in Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and while listening to the solemn words of Bishop Janes, as he was ordaining the young preachers, and as he put his hands upon them and prayed that they might be annointed of God by the Holy Spirit, her longing soul inquired, "O God, why could I not have been a man, that I could be ordained for this great work of preaching the blessed gospel of my dear Redeemer?" At that instant, bursting into a flood of tears, and overwhelmed with the divine presence, as she prayed, "O God, as I may never be ordained by an earthly hand, lay thy holy hand upon my soul and ordain me for the work of the Christian

ministry," she was lost to all the surroundings; and, when consciousness returned, found that the services had ended, and she alone remained of the congregation. And was not this a fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel, and quoted by Peter on the day of Pentecost? (Acts ii. 17-18.)

Again invited to go up to the Catskills to visit at the Rev. Father Battersby's, he informed her that an appointment had been made for her to preach that evening; and, carrying the Bible to her, said, "You must select some portion of Scripture and talk to the people to-night." She replied, "I have never preached and cannot do that." He insisted, and as she yielded to his entreaties and endeavored to seek, amid her blinding tears for what God would have her say, the Holy Spirit comforted her soul. The school-house was crowded; and the people, at the close of the service, insisted that she continue the service the next evening; and the crowded state of the house led them to appoint the meeting at a Baptist Church near that place, where no service had been held for a long time. The interest continued to increase, and as the pews were old fashioned, and the speaker could not see the congregation from the floor, Brother Battersby and the janitor said, "Go into the pulpit; everybody does," and as she entered, feeling the solemnity of the occasion and place, silently prayed, "If this step is right, O Lord, give me to see souls seeking thee this night." As she arose from silent prayer, a sweet consciousness of the presence of Christ

filled her soul, and as soon as she commenced to speak her embarrassment disappeared; and in closing with an invitation to sinners to "flee the wrath to come," found herself part way down the aisle. Eight persons came forward for prayers, in deep anguish of spirit; and in the six weeks that followed seventy-five professed conversion.

Some two weeks before conference, of my second year at Windham, the Presiding Elder, Wm. Goss, called on his way from quarterly meeting at Hunter, saying, "I want you to go over to help Bro. Harris in his revival meetings." I replied, "Conference is near, and as our quarterly meeting is next Sunday and my affairs are not all ready for the change, if I should be appointed to another circuit." He replied, "You will, no doubt, return the third year." I complied with his request, and God so blessed our efforts that when I left the preacher at Hunter, we decided that we arrange with the Elder for Bro. Harris to remain to carry on the revival meetings, while I went to the conference part of the time, and and then return to carry on the meeting, and he go to conference. On Sunday, at dinner, as Elder Goss said to us, "I am going over to Cornwallsville, to stay with Bro. Newcomb, a local preacher, to-night," I said to him, "I hear an evangelist lady is doing a great work there, and some of my young converts have been over to hear her, and speak highly of her work. Now, if you will go and hear her to-night, and if she is what is represented, you can perhaps persuade her to go to Hunter, and then

Bro. Harris and myself can go to conference." He then said to us, "I had intended to go to hear her, and if I think well of it, will do as you request."

Supplying my pulpit at Windham, I went to Hunter to preach, and stated to Brother Harris, the pastor, the arrangement with Elder Goss. When I returned, I found that some of my people had gone over to hear the woman, and the elder sent word that Mrs. Van Cott would be at Hunter on Wednesday, and I so wrote Brother Harris. But on Monday night Brother Harris closed the meeting until his return from conference, and when she arrived at Hunter from New York City, where she had been to attend to her business and family, the meeting at Hunter had been closed. But, though late, the word was circulated and a congregation gathered; but only one person could be persuaded to seek pardon of sin. On Monday, she returned to Cornwallsville, continuing the meetings there.

On our return from conference the third year, we found that some of the young converts who had been to hear Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, at Cornwallsville, where she had been holding revival meetings with remarkable success, had invited her to come and preach in our church the first Sabbath of our return. We were not in sympathy with women preaching, but submitted to it as cheerfully as possible. The Sunday morning, having a funeral, I was relieved from the embarrassment of sitting in the pulpit

with her. Leaving for my afternoon and evening appointments, I said to her, "If, this evening, you have seeking souls at the altar, and think it best to continue the meetings, do so."

When I returned from my evening appointment, the meeting in the church had not closed, and the multitude of horses and carriages that filled the sheds, the large barn, and all the spaces around the church, resembled a camp-meeting service. While pressing through with my horse, a local preacher from another circuit came to me saying, "You are in for it now, brother; a number went forward for prayers, and the meetings are to be continued." I replied, "I expected it," for a number had promised me to seek the Lord at the first revival-meeting I should hold.

The curiosity elicited by a woman preaching drew the people; and her earnest and impressive manner, attended by the power of the Holy Ghost, brought deep conviction to sinners; and people that heretofore had resisted the Gospel were now converted.

While the meetings were in progress, I went out one evening to see two men who had promised their friends (who had been converted the year previous) that, if we would hold another revival meeting, they would seek the salvation of their souls. I found them in the store, with their cousin, the lawyer, and Dr. Barnet, who was amusing them by imitating Mrs. Van Cott, and the three were laughing uproariously at the doctor's performance. As I entered,

they appeared ashamed, and I said to them, "I am astonished to find you thus, while God is blessing the people around you." The doctor retreated at once; he, with the others, had supposed that I was at the meeting in the church, and was extremely mortified. The two merchants, George and Wm. Peck, and Cicero, the lawyer, promised to come to church and give their hearts to the Saviour, which promise they faithfully performed a few nights after.

As this was a new phase of our work, and many were inquiring if persons without a license were allowed to preach (and as we would have no remedy if we allowed anyone to enter our pulpits without authority from the church where they were members, which church, if they did not continue worthy, could withdraw that authority), after consulting with the Presiding Elder, T. W. Chadwick, we decided to give Mrs. Van Cott a license to exhort, telling her that if she continued to preach, and God continued to bless her labors, after a little time we would give her a local preacher's license, if the quarterly conference so decided.

She went from Windham to Prattsville, and the same great results followed her labors there.

After we had given her a license, many of the preachers criticised our course. But while we were wondering what would come of this, I received a letter from Brother Charles Palmer, of Stone Ridge, on the Ellenville District, inquiring if I thought Sister Van Cott could do good work there.

I wrote, "The people come, are convicted and are converted, and she will help on your work." After she had been there a little time, he wrote me, "I have conferred with my Presiding Elder, A. H. Ferguson, and he and I think she ought to have a license to preach; and, if you will send me her church letter, we will, in our quarterly conference, give her a preacher's license."

This at once relieved me, and also committed another Presiding Elder and district to the question that, from what I could see, would come before the next annual conference. And many of us who expected it to then come up for discussion, were preparing ourselves, from the Bible and John Wesley's Course, to defend the course we had taken. It came before the conference, and a committee was appointed, to report at the next conference; but, before that came, Mrs. Van Cott had been instrumental in the conversion of many thousand souls in the cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the opponents weakened and no report was ever made to the conference.

I have never regretted that (though like John Wesley, who was at first prejudiced against laymen preaching, but, as he saw their fruitful results, yielded his opinions to the evidences of their call to the work of God in the salvation of souls) I did not antagonize Sister Van Cott.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLOSE OF THE THIRD YEAR.



AT the close of the third year, I said to Brother John White, "I owe Brother Childs one hundred and fifty dollars, that I have borrowed to pay the debts; tell him that if he will give me one hundred of that toward paying up, I will promise to pay off all the debts by conference." He returned, saying, "Childs says that you have saved us over a thousand dollars by your work and management, and he is going to make you a present of one hundred dollars, and will give fifty dollars towards the debt." I then said to Brother John, "You offered me one hundred dollars to stop repairing the Church, and also said that I would get but little of my salary, but I received all my salary and four hundred dollars donation. And now I am to have one hundred dollars for going ahead, and, I presume, my salary; and with Child's present, it will make four hundred dollars donation this year." The tears came into his eyes, as he said, "You was right in going on, my dear brother."

At our donation, the winter of that year, we received four hundred dollars, the largest we had ever received, and all our salary besides.

We paid up all of the indebtedness, and the trustees gave me a note for what was not collected, some two hundred and sixty-three dollars ; but the next year an old friend of the church, who died, left them six hundred dollars, so that they were free.

Toward the close of my third year, the Presbyterians came to see me, saying, "Our church is now so much behind the times, since yours is repaired ! Will you not help us raise money to repair our church ?" "Why not have your preacher help you ?" They replied, "We have asked him, and he said he could not do it, as it would destroy all his usefulness to do so. But we told him that no man had ever done so much of that as Mr. Morehouse, and no one stands so high in the estimation of this community as he." I then said, "My dear friends, I have not the courage to do that for you ; but you have stood by us nobly in our great work, and I will say to the Methodist people, 'You must give dollar for dollar for all that our good Presbyterian brethren have given,' and will not that be all you ought to ask of me ?" They said, "Yes." And they did as I requested ; and when they repaired their church building, the Methodist brethren invited them to come with their preacher and worship in our church, alternating in the services,

Some three months before conference, the Presiding Elder came along, saying, "Your appointment is fixed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and is unalterable—you are to go to Catskill." But after a few days at conference, he came to me, saying, "I am fearful the cabinet will take you from me unless you object. They pressed hard to have you go to Highland, to do difficult work for an embarrassed church and I stoutly protested, saying that you had been doing so much hard work that it would be cruel to send you there. And now another church, much worse than that, is before us, and they all say that, unless you object to be transferred to another district, you are the person to go. It is Wappinger's Falls, on the Poughkeepsie District." I said, "My dear brother, I like my district, and I like my Elder and preachers; but I have never dared to say, 'I object to go here or there.'" He then put his arms around my neck and with tears said, "I do not want you to leave us. Please do protest." I replied, "I will pray over it," and we parted.

As I entered the Love Feast on Sunday morning, he asked me if I had decided. I replied, "Yes; to have nothing to say." He then said, "I am sorry to loose you from my district."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAPPINGER'S FALLS.

E found that what the elder said was all true. They had commenced building a brick church, but were so involved that, to pay the contractors, they were compelled to borrow most of the money needed, and to do this it was necessary to personally sign bonds for the payment of the mortgage. As I saw no other way to save the property, I consented to unite with them. But the day before I was to go to Poughkeepsie to get the six thousand dollar loan, a good brother came to me, saying, "I want my name off from the bond; it will ruin me, soul and body." I said, "Brother Smith, we cannot do that without seeing the other trustees." He then said, "I will assume one thousand of the six, and you can go without my name for the five thousand dollars." I said to him, "You go and see the trustees; and, if they will consent to do so, we will try and get the money." Some of them consented but others hesitated.

That night I could not sleep; but as some of my friends among the preachers had cautioned me

against signing the bonds, I decided to go to my Presiding Elder, Dr. A. M. Osborn, and say to him, "It is much worse than represented; and I see no way to save the church from disaster." But, after praying for direction and then meditating over it, I came to this conclusion: As I had not dared to object to coming, one of two things was to come, either my great success in the past had so exalted me that God was taking this way to humble me; or, if not, that God would in some way help, if I would stand by His cause; for, if we failed now, Methodism would be damaged for a generation to come. And, before morning, I decided to stand by it to the last, and at once a peaceful quiet came over me, and I fell asleep.

The next morning, I went to the savings-bank at Poughkeepsie, to get the five thousand dollars; and when Mr. Varric, the president, saw my name upon the bond, he said to me, "You ought not to have signed this. I will take your name off, and let you have the money just the same." I replied, "I have promised to stand with them, and I must be true." He said, "You, I am afraid, will be hurt in the end."

There was no basement (for Sunday-school, prayer and class rooms) called for in the contract, nor any lights in the roof, and we negotiated for them at an additional expense.

We secured the services of Bishop Simpson to preach the dedicatory sermon, and Dr. L. H. King preached in the evening. The congregation was

immense, and the bishop's sermon was one that swayed his audience like a field of grain when moved by the restless summer wind, and gave to Methodism a prestige in that community that it never possessed before. The sermon of Dr. L. H. King was one of his great sermons, that often at camp-meetings swept over the congregation like a tornado, and was a fitting close to this "red-letter day" for Wappinger's Falls. The collections and subscriptions materially assisted us.

A good sister, Miss Anna Suydam, also one of our members, whose property was in a very precarious condition, requested me to try and save it; and proposed, if I succeeded, to lend it to the church, and, in her will, give to the church some six thousand dollars. The attorney we employed, J. P. Tallman, a Methodist, said to me, "I do not believe you will succeed." I replied, "I believe God wants us to succeed, and we will." And God honored our faith, and when we secured the money, some seven thousand dollars, for Aunt Anna, she let us have it to pay off the loan from the savings-bank, and we gave her a mortgage on the property, to remain in force until her decease.

At this time, the trustees said to me, "We wish you could buy the lot adjoining our church, but presume Mr. Mesier would ask a thousand dollars." One day, Mr. Mesier said to me, as we stood near the lot, "You ought to have this lot for a parsonage." I replied, "Yes; but we are so much in debt that we dare not purchase now." He then

said, "You buy it for yourself, and build upon it." I then said, "What will you sell it to the church for?" He replied, "Five hundred dollars." I said to him, "By building this church on Mesier Avenue, we have greatly enhanced the value of your lots; and, if you will give us a subscription of one hundred dollars toward a parsonage, I will buy." He said, "I will do it, if you will pay me what you owe me on the other lots," which was four hundred dollars. I replied, "We will do it," and handed him five dollars to bind the bargain.

It astonished the trustees to hear of the favorable terms I had secured. We at once commenced securing subscriptions and material for a parsonage.

One morning I arose at three o'clock, fed the horse, ate breakfast, and drove down to Fishkill, and crossed the ferry to Newburgh. As I passed to the heights, at sunrise, I inquired the way to Mr. Terwilliger's. The gentleman said, "Do you want lime?" I replied, "Yes." He said, "Why do you not purchase of Mr. Brown? It is two miles nearer." I replied, "Mr. Terwilliger furnished lime for the church, and I want him to donate some for a parsonage." He then said, "Mr. Brown is benevolent; ask him," and pointing to a person opening the shutters of his office, said, "Go and ask him to help you."

I turned my horse, and thought to myself, "This is of the Lord," and, as I stated to Mr. Brown how I came to him, he smiled and said, "I will give you two as large loads of lime as two horses

can draw; if you will send for them." I then said to him, "May God bless you, and pay it back in Scripture measure." I then went to Mr. Terwilliger, and he promised to send two loads.

Mr. Goring, who owned a lot on the opposite corner, said to me, "You ought to have a brick parsonage, to correspond with the brick church, and also with my house, that I intend to build of brick. You go down to Fishkill, and ask Mr. Aldrich, the president of the bank, to give you a good donation of brick; then go to his son Willie, who also has a brickyard, and tell them that I sent you to them, to give you a start; and then go to all the rest, and they will all give you some; and you can charter a sloop, and call for them, and thus freight them up to New Hamburg."

I drove down to Brother Aldrich, and stated my case, and he said, "I will give you three thousand brick." I said to him, "I want you and your son to put the subscription in one, 'Aldrich & Son, eight thousand brick.'" He laughed and said, "Well, you know how to ask largely." I replied, "The Saviour said, 'Ask largely that your joy may be full.'" He then said, "Go and see Willie, and whatever he says we will do."

Willie smiled when I informed him, and put down in the subscription book "eight thousand." I then called upon others, and they each subscribed three thousand.

One brother said to me, "Do not call upon the next one; he will treat you roughly; he does not

like Christians." As I came to his place of business, I concluded to call and give him a chance; and, as I stated my case, he took the book and put down "three thousand," like the others. I then said, "Are you a Christian?" He replied, "No." "Do you believe in religion?" "Yes, the right kind; but there are so many hypocrites that I am disgusted with them." I then said to him, "You know where they fail. If you go to God in the name of the blessed Jesus, you can get the the right kind, and profit by what you see of their many mistakes, and also set an example for them." He said, "Your advice is good; but I am afraid I might not do better than they." I replied, "It is worthy of a trial, and if you are regenerated—becoming a new creature in Christ—you will have new power to resist sin and to obey God." He thanked me for my advice, and I was blessed in the way of duty.

I secured the promise of twenty-five thousand brick that day at Haverstraw, New Windsor, Cornwall and the various places of manufacturing. When I had nearly enough pledged, Mr. Goring said, "You ought to have Croton fronts for three sides. Go down to Mr. Barlow, at Croton, and ask him to start the subscription, and then go to the five others and ask them all to contribute." I called upon Mr. Barlow and stated why I came, and he said, "I will give you one thousand." I replied, "If you give but one thousand, the other five will give but one; and, as I need twelve

thousand, I will have but one-half. If you put down two thousand, and they all do as well, we will have the amount needed." He at once said, "All right; I will subscribe two thousand," and each of the others gave two thousand, so that we had the amount needed.

Mr. Goring again came to me, saying, "The rear of your parsonage will be seen from the street below, and ought to be as good as the other sides. You go to Mr. Loomis, and ask him to give you four thousand of his pressed bricks." I called, and stated what my friend Goring had said, stating also the circumstances of the church, and he at once gave the four thousand. A few days after, Mr. Goring said to me, "Our friend Loomis said to me, 'I made a subscription the other day to a stranger. After I had done it, I was surprised at myself. If you sent him, it is all right.'" Mr. Goring replied to him, "Yes; and you are helping to accomplish a great work for our village and for the Methodist Church."

We had eighty thousand brick, enough to build a large cistern and out-buildings for church and parsonage.

Changing from wood to brick, would require double the amount of lime; and, as Mr. Brown was nearest, we called upon him to know how cheap he would let us have the rest. He said, "You left a blessing for me when here before, and that week a party came that gave me a contract for a large quantity of lime, and I thought, 'The

blessing has come so quick that if the minister ever comes again, I will give him two more loads,' and if you will send you shall have them." And Mr. Terwilliger gave us two more, if we would send for them.

We then built a fine brick parsonage, with Mansard roof, slated, so that the water for the cistern was pure. We also secured a large portion of the material in donations, and working through the winter on the inside, by spring had one of the finest parsonage properties on the district.

In our great revivals, Mr. Henry Cole, the livery man, was converted, and he said to me, "Any time you need any teaming, let me know, and I will help you freely." One misty but warm morning in spring, I said to him, "I want to go to Poughkeepsie, to get ornamental trees and shrubs for the church and parsonage grounds." He sent a man and team, and we secured and set out fifty of them that day, and not one of them died.

I preached at New Hamburg Depot and village at 2 P. M. on Sunday, some two miles away, and attended their prayer meeting weekly; and I also preached in a school-house some three miles up in the interior, where we had also a good revival.

Mr. James Donaldson, a most excellent Presbyterian, whose gardener had been converted, and whose country seat was one of the finest on the Hudson, sending ten dollars to my donation, and coming up to his country seat in the spring, I went up to thank him for his kindness in not only

that, but in sending fruits from his conservatory. He said to me, "I hear that all you get you give to the church, and fear you will yet lose your church and the Catholics will get it." I replied, "No; I am lending the church what I can, and I believe God will help us through." "I hear also that you do not get enough to live on comfortably." I inquired. "How much do you hear I have?" He replied, "Six hundred dollars." I replied, "I get that at the Falls; and I go to New Hamburg twice in a week, and have two hundred there; and they unite in a donation which nets some two hundred dollars, making one thousand dollars, upon which I can live comfortably and give something to the Lord besides." He said, "Here is twenty-five dollars; put me down for that every year you remain." I said, "For the church?" He replied, "No; for you personally, for you will know better than anyone what to do with it." He also payed into the Bible society one hundred and fifty dollars, making me a life director, by which I draw two dollars and fifty cents' worth of Bibles to distribute, which, together with and my wife's membership, makes in all four dollars and fifty cents' worth to distribute annually. He was one of the best Christians I have ever known.

On the last Sabbath of the second year, we had sacramental service at New Hamburg, and though we had a number of conversions, there were many in the congregation that were unconverted. As we arose to close, by singing the Doxology and pro-

nouncing the Benediction, I thought that this was the last Sabbath of the two past years, and perhaps the last of my pastorate, and I was impressed that I should invite those who desired our prayers to arise; and, stating my impressions, I invited them to arise, and one after another arose until eight stood up to be prayed for. "Now," I said, "I am going to do another thing I have never done before at the close of the sacrament—invite mourners forward for prayers," and then I said, "Sing the invitation hymn," and they came at once, and the whole congregation was moved by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

We supplied our service at the Falls that night and remained at New Hamburg, and I also announced that I would come up from the conference in New York City every night to attend the revival meetings. It was a glorious revival, and continued for weeks after our return the third year, indicating how important it is to know and follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INCIDENTS AT SING SING CAMP-MEETING.

N 1869, my first year at Wappinger's Falls, I persuaded the society to make a tent and go as a family to the Sing Sing camp-meeting. As we reached the ground, the morning of the opening day, and I was busy in putting up the tent and preparing for the comfort of all who might come, Rev. Wm. C. Smith came to me saying, "Dr. Wm. H. Ferris, the Presiding Elder, wants you to preach the opening sermon." I replied, "I cannot, for I am not ready for my people, who are coming to-day." A few hours after, he came again, saying, "We expect you to preach, and it is near the time."

As they would not excuse me, I hurriedly adjusted my clothing, not knowing from what text to preach. While the opening exercises were being held, I decided on Isaiah lxii. 1, and as the invitation was given for seekers to come forward for prayers, eight at once manifested their desire for salvation.

At the commencement, Dr. Ferris came to me saying, "Rev. A. McLean, pastor of the Duane

Church, has gone to the national camp meeting for holiness, and requests that you take charge of their new tent, by dedicating it and conducting meetings through the week." I replied, "I cannot, as I want to see what I can secure in subscriptions for the relief of our church at the Falls." A short time after, he came again, saying, "If you will take charge of the meetings in the new tent, I will introduce you to the wealthy men and women of New York City, and the trustees will let you state your cause to the camp-meeting, and take a public collection at the stand." We consented, and the meetings in that tent were attended with great manifestations of the power of God, not only in the conversion of sinners, but also in the entire sanctification of believers.

After making my statement from the preacher's stand to the congregation, we found the money and pledges amounted to eight hundred dollars, one dear lady from Monticello, Mrs. Hammond, subscribing three hundred dollars of the amount.

The deep religious influence that prevailed at the camp-meeting prepared those of our people for more effective work at Wappinger's Falls, and that fall and winter we had a gracious revival there.

At the camp-meeting, the second year, quite an opposition arose against holding meetings expressly for the purpose of presenting the doctrine of holiness, and two of the most prominent brethren in the control of the meeting came to me, saying, "You have great influence with the people; try

and persuade them not to hold meetings of that kind." I replied, "I am here to do all the good I can; and you pray, and so will I, that God may guide you and I in this and all of the meetings for His glory and the greatest good to the people."

Dr. Wm. H. Ferris, the presiding officer, said to me, "You preached the first sermon last year; now I am going to give you one of our best days for a good congregation, and I want you to preach to sinners." I accordingly was preparing in my mind to do so, but a storm of rain commenced just before the afternoon service, and we were compelled to have services in three of the tents. I was appointed to preach in the tent of Daniel Drew. As this was the tent in which they had been holding meetings for holiness, it appeared to me to be significant, and that I ought to preach upon that subject.

As we gathered in for services, I saw one of the two that had requested me to use my influence against an exclusive meeting; and I was perplexed to know what was best to do under the circumstances. But, calling upon a good brother to pray and then announcing the hymn, "Oh, for a heart to praise my God, a heart from sin set free," while singing I decided to preach from Luke xxiv. 49, "And behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." As soon as I had uttered my text, I felt the blessed presence of the Holy Spirit and that my Saviour was with me according to promise.

As I commenced, Amanda Smith came in, her first appearance on the ground, and unknown to most of the people; but, as the congregation was invited to testify, she related her most wonderful conversion, and also her experience of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the tent appeared to be filled with the glory of God, as in His ancient tabernacle. The president of the Camp-meeting Association, John McLean, arose and said, "Preachers, Elders, or Bishops to the contrary, as for me I stand up for holiness every and all the time."

Many of the brethren and sisters said to me, "We are so restricted here; we will go where there is more freedom." But we said to them, "We will, if faithful, yet succeed in having the right of way here for holiness as a distinctive personal experience. And for years a meeting has been held each morning on the ground at 8 o'clock; and Brother Samuel E. Tompkins built a tabernacle expressly for these meetings and gave it to the Association, and over the pulpit, in large illuminated letters, are the words, "Holiness unto the Lord."

CHAPTER XXV.

APPOINTMENT AT SING SING.

EAR the close of my third year at Wappinger's Falls, I received invitations to come to several different churches, but I invariably referred them to the proper authorities, saying, "Where I am appointed I will do the best I can for God and the people." I received two letters from the Elder, A. M. Osborn, saying, "Be sure you do not commit yourself before conference." I replied, "No; I never do more than to say, 'I am ready to go anywhere.'"

While at conference, a brother came and sat down by my side, saying, "If you should be sent to our place, come and stay with us until we can secure a good parsonage." Inquiring his name and residence, I found him to be S. E. Tompkins, of Sing Sing, which gave me an idea as to where I might be sent. We were so appointed, and Brother and Sister Tompkins were exceedingly kind to us during the few weeks we remained with them; and we shall ever remember with

gratitude their cordial Christian character as it was exhibited toward us.

Our appointment, North Sing Sing, was an afternoon and evening service, and we made an appointment at the brick school-house at Croton, some two miles from North Sing Sing. We had a good revival at that place and also at North Sing Sing, and the influence extended to adjoining circuits.

We found that the trustees, in having the church building erected, had put a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars upon the property, and I suggested to them that we should endeavor to pay off the mortgage and, at the same time, reconstruct an old building for a parsonage; and Brother Tompkins, the president of the board of trustees, said, "Let the mortgage stand now, but build a parsonage." I said to him, "We can pay the debt in connection with the improvements more easily than afterward, and all will be about three thousand dollars; what part will you undertake to pay, if I do it?" He replied, "One tenth." I replied, "That is a good start," and then went to Mr. Youngs, who was a good Presbyterian, and he subscribed another tenth. I then went to Henry J. Baker, and he promised three hundred dollars. Dr. Brandreth gave one hundred and fifty dollars, and said that if we could not succeed he would give more. And, with pledges of one hundred dollars and less, we saw our way clear to pay off the debts and put the church in a good condition, and in

connection with the Croton Society, make a good appointment.

With the co-operation of Dr. G. H. Gregory, the pastor of Spring Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the members of the two churches, we united in the effort to make the camp-meeting at the Heights a benefit to our people, and a goodly number were converted, also preparing the way for a gracious work of grace in each of the churches in Sing Sing.

A disastrous fire occurred while I was at Sing Sing, in which a large part of the business portion of the city was consumed. While the firemen were upon the roof of a building, guiding the stream of water from the hose, one of them said, "I fear that the wall of that building opposite may fall upon us." Another replied, "I think the weight of the timbers, as they burn in two, will pull it inside." But to their horror, and the horror of all the people, the wall fell on the building upon which the firemen were standing, and the three men went down in the flames. One ran out, another came out limping; but one called for help. As one and another ran and looked down into the burning furnace beneath, they turned away; but an associate of the poor unfortunate in the ruins, who worked in Dr. Brandreth's factory, came, and as the burning man saw him, he said, in deep anguish, "Norman, you will not leave me to perish, will you?" He replied, "No John, I will not," and, springing

down into the cellar, shouted, "Turn on the water," but the fire converted the water into scalding steam, and he again shouted, "Turn it off; but throw me an ax, for he is fast," and then again shouted, "Throw a rope," and, as they drew John Wheeler, burnt and scarred, though yet alive, they shouted, "Thank God, he is saved." He survived but a few weeks, in which time he repented and found peace in believing in Jesus, who came down to seek and to save that which was lost—"A brand plucked from the burning."

CHAPTER XXVI.

HISTORY OF SING SING CAMP-MEETING.

HE first camp-meeting this side of the Hudson was held at Carmel, in 1804, under the supervision of Wm. Thatcher; the next in 1805, at Croton, where, at different intervals, like meetings occurred till 1831. Camp-meetings were also held during this period at Haverstraw, Musketo Cove, and other places, on Long Island. It was felt to be important that some permanent site for an annual meeting near New York should be secured. A committee visited many places on both sides of the Hudson, and chose the magnificent grove at Sing Sing in 1831.

Under an act of incorporation passed by the legislature of New York, the Sing Sing pastor called a meeting of the male members of the church (which built its first house of worship in 1830), on the camp ground on Monday, April 21st, 1834, for the purpose of forming a Methodist Episcopal Camp-meeting Society, and nine trustees were elected, viz., Andrew C. Wheeler, Isaac Smith, Robert Knowlton, John Urmy, Joseph Smith,

Nicholas Scureman, David Coope, David Keyes and Peter McNamara. It was then and there determined that the name of their organization should be "The Incorporation of the Mount Pleasant Methodist Episcopal Camp-meeting Society." The place was then in the town of Mount Pleasant, now Ossining.

The document setting forth the action of the incorporators was duly signed and sealed; and was recorded on April 26, 1834.

Robert Knowlton and Margaret, his wife, on May 1st, 1834, deeded eight acres of ground to the said trustees for twelve hundred dollars. Years afterwards, David McCord, Jr., and Wm. McCord, deeded to the trustees the ground containing the generous spring which supplies the meeting with water, and from which General Washington and his staff once drank, on their way from White Plains.

April 19th, a second act of incorporation passed the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, uniting "The Mount Pleasant Methodist Episcopal Camp-meeting Society," and "The Camp-meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the City of New York," the latter an unincorporated body. By this act, John Sudlow, Joel Sammis, Ebenezer H. Brown, George J. Hamilton, Daniel H. Roberts, Wm. B. Corning, John McLean, Ch. H. Applegate, James Little, Wm. Ryer, Laban C. Styles, Stephen Merritt, John Pearsall, E. E. Lapham, and John Falconer, and their successors

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in office, were created a body corporate by the name of "The Camp-meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the City of New York." They were authorized to hold and sell real estate, but not to hold at any time over three hundred thousand dollars in value, and their annual income must not exceed fifty thousand dollars.

It would be impossible to give here a history of the great meetings held on this ground. The first was in September, 1831. The weather was beautiful; the evenings brilliant with moonlight. Rev. Samuel Merwin, a dignified presiding officer and admirable preacher, was Presiding Elder of the New York District, and thus president of the camp-meeting. He preached the first sermon at this and the two subsequent meetings, from the words, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you"; and intended to preach from the same words at the opening of the fourth, but being late in arriving, found another on the stand. Ebenezer Washburn preached at the first meeting from Deut. xxxii. 3; and among others, Daniel Ostrander, James Covell, Jr., P. Chamberlain, John Tackaberry, and Bradley Selleck.

The Sing Sing Camp-meeting suggests to the memory of men hardly yet numbered among the fathers the happiest pulpit efforts of the bishops, secretaries, and editors of the Church, of Bezaleel and Samuel Howe, Noble W. Thomas, Theodocius Clark, Luman and Loyal B. Andrus, Laban Clark,

John Reynolds, Elijah Woolsey, Elijah Hibbard, Elijah Crawford, Isaac Lent, John C. Lyon, Tobias Spicer, Smith Arnold, Samuel D. Ferguson, Stephen L. Stillman, Thomas Burch, W. F. Collins, James Sewell, Ch. B. Tibbett, T. F. R. Mercein, Lewis Pease, Stephen Remington, John C. Greene, John L. Lenhart, John Clark, John Seys, Jason Lee, Cyrus Foss and his sons, Daniel, Gad N. and F. W. Smith, Dayton F. Reed, Ira Ferris, Buel Goodsell, John B. Stratton, William Thatcher, William Jewett, P. P. Sandford, Elisha Andrews, W. K. Stopford, Bartholomew Creagh, Salmon C. and James H. Perry, Richard Wymond, Robert Seney, Thomas E. Bond, Benjamin Griffin, James Floy, Noah Levings, James Horne, Samuel Luckey, J. J. Matthias, Stephen Martindale, John Kennedy, Henry Chase, Hirman Mattison, Joseph Lamb, Davis W. Stocking, John B. Hagany, George Coles, Charles Pitman, Nathan and Heman Bangs, W. McAlister, B. M. Adams, O. G. Headstrom, Alfred Cookman, and J. B. Wakeley, many of them illustrious and venerable names; and multitudes of younger men. Among the colored men who have preached at Sing Sing were George Brown, from Africa, the venerable Bishop Rush, and Wm. Seymour.

Sing Sing Camp-meetings have witnessed powerful preaching, powerful singing, and powerful praying; and many souls have been saved there. Mighty men among the laity have labored there, notable among whom were Brother Dungey, who

used always to pray for "Sweeping power," Andrew C. Wheeler, Nicholas Scureman, James Horton, Henry Hobly, John Sudlow, Scureman and Samuel Halsted, Peter D. Myers. Moses Odell, John McLean, and many others, under Samuel Halsted, whose leadership of the Halsted Praying Band has, with his men of power in prayer and exhortation, led thousands of sinners to Christ. While singing, and with tears entreating them to come to the Saviour, his face would fairly glisten with the brightness of his soul, like that of Stephen at his trial; or Moses when he came down from the immediate presence of God. He gave up a lucrative business to enter solely upon this great work; and to their consecrated lives, powerful exhortations, prayers and singing, can be traced the beginning of the great revival that swept through this city and country, until the theatres were opened for revival meetings, as the actors would be so convicted that they would not go upon the stage, only to say, "Othello's occupation is gone." And the accounts of the wonderful meetings, as published by the daily papers, was the means of the conviction and conversion of sinners. May the Almighty Holy Spirit, in pentecostal power, come down upon the people in this our time of need, that the great problem may be solved of how to reach the multitude that throng the broad way to eternal death.

Godly mothers in Israel are worthy of honorable mention. Space will permit the record only of the

names of Elizabeth Urmey, Miriam Wandal, Elizabeth Pease, Mrs. Thomas Truslow, and Mrs. Dr. Barrett.

Sing Sing has witnessed wonderful love-feasts. Of what testimonies, what songs, what joys, what sympathies, what victories have these meetings been the scene?

A few years ago, the trustees purchased five acres of adjoining ground, and from year to year have made various improvements for the comfort of the thousands who annually attend the meeting.

In 1872, J. B. Wakeley preached a historical discourse at Sing Sing, the text Job. viii. 8-10, the manuscript of which has furnished many of the facts here presented. He loved Sing Sing, was one of the early pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church there, and was almost always at the camp-meeting. We remember his buoyant and triumphant tones, as he would preach, recite our sweet hymns, exhort, and seem almost to be lost in delightful foretastes of heaven.

Sing Sing! What conquests have been achieved on the old camp ground! May the venerable woods resound with old-fashioned Methodist prayers and songs and shouts; and may the same power which attended the preaching of the fathers, characterize the proclamation of the truth there and throughout our Zion to the latest day of earthly history!

The officers of the Camp-meeting Association are now: president, A. H. Brummell; vice-president, Samuel E. Tompkins; treasurer, A. C. Morehouse;

secretary, Wm. H. Ely. C. N. Crittenton, Wm. Leonard, John S. Huyler, A. M. Parker, Chas. E. Baker, J. D. Sherwood, Samuel C. Haight, and J. L. Henning, are also trustees.

For many years, the Presiding Elders of New York City were the superintendents of the Camp-meetings; but, as some of them preferred not to take charge, and have the responsibility of securing preachers, the association has selected men who have conducted the meetings, and among the number are, Dr. Lucius H. King, Jas. Porter, Wm. Reddy, A. C. Morehouse, Stephen Merritt, W. C. Willing, and Dr. Chas. E. Miller, who, in his winning, smiling manner, and power of song, is a success, as the trustees, like Aaron and Hur, are holding up his hands in the heat of battle.

At the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, two young ladies (Sweedish), who had been earnestly seeking for a number of days, with others, came forward for prayers in front of the preachers' stand. As the meeting closed, they continued in deep distress. The congregation then sung, "Only trust Him, only trust Him," and while singing we said to them, "That is all. Only trust Him." One of them, with streaming eyes said, with earnest inquiry, "Is that all?" We replied, "Yes, that is all. Only trust Him." A moment of thought, and she shouted, "Oh! I am saved; I am saved!" Her friend, who now appeared to be in greater agony, cried out, "O God, I want to be saved! Oh, I must be saved!" Her now happy friend said to her, "Only

trust Him, only trust Him." A few moments, and then, embracing her, she, with a shout of triumph, exclaimed, "I am saved! Glory to God! I am saved!"

A young lady, a member of the Church, but dressed in the fashionable style, attended the meetings at Sing Sing, and being deeply convicted, commenced to earnestly seek a clean heart. For nearly a week she was struggling, and some of the good sisters inquired, "Why don't she surrender?" and others inquired, "Do you think she will succeed?" We replied, "Yes," and encouraged her to consecrate and believe. Daily we observed she was disrobing herself of her jewelry, and one afternoon, as weeping at the altar, she was removing a precious ring from her finger, and the last of her gold, she shouted the victory, and from that time has been called "Shouting Laura," living in continual sunshine of glory.

The Ladies' Semi-centennial Camp-meeting Association, organized for the purpose of reconstructing the preachers' stand, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of this old historic ground on Sing Sing Heights, in August, 1881, by holding anniversary services. The welcome speech, by Miss Lottie Coffin, referring to the wonderful manifestations of God's power to His people on the mountain and in the wilderness along the ages of the past, and here at the annual gathering, was of the most impressive and intellectual character. The lecture, by Dr. J. H. Carrol of Newburgh, "From the Blarney Stone to

Vesuvius," was in the best mood of this celebrated lecturer. The reading, by Miss Lulu Raymond, and singing by Miss Grace Sours, were superior in their artistic presentation.

The children's day, with the vocal and instrumental music, attended by the music of the Canary birds, whose cages were suspended from the branches of this leafy temple of God, was perfectly enchanting. The speech by Miss Emily McElroy, and the address by the Rev. Duncan McGregor, were appropriate and wonderfully suggestive. The organist, Mr. Deo, and the cornetist, Mr. Doresch, and the efficient choir, conducted by the Rev. C. H. Travis, were deserving of the highest praise.

The officers of the society were: president, Mrs. Sarah E. Voorhis; vice president, Mrs. Wm. H. Ely; treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Henning; secretary, Mrs. Hunter; executive committee, Mrs. Joseph See, Mrs. C. R. Lockwood, Mrs. J. D. Sherwood, Mrs. W. J. Bogardus, Mrs. A. G. Sherwood, Mrs. C. M. Peck, Mrs. E. E. Acker, Mrs. A. C. Morehouse, Mrs. J. McKinney, Mrs. J. A. Heusted, and Miss Josephine Lyon.

This organization has rebuilt the preachers' stand, by enlarging and beautifying it; putting in fine rooms, furnished and all finished in light wood color. "One of the finest 'Preachers' Rests,' for camp-meeting purposes," said Dr. Lucius H. King, "that was ever occupied, free to the preachers." And these ladies, and their successors in office (for some of them have gone over to the heavenly rest)

care for all the preachers who come to assist in this annual camp-meeting, thus greatly relieving the trustees from all care and responsibility in that direction.

The officers of the Ladies' Camp-meeting Association are now: president, Mrs. A. C. Morehouse; vice-president, Mrs. H. Plant; second vice-president, Mrs. A. M. Parker; treasurer, Mrs. J. L. Henning; secretary, Mrs. A. Josephine Barwick; corresponding secretary, Miss Libbie Smith.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMORIAL ORATION BY THE REV. A. C. MOREHOUSE, AT THE REQUEST OF OSSINING POST G. A. R., IN 1872, WHILE PASTOR OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT NORTH SING SING.



WE meet to-day in memory of the nation's fallen heroes. It is well that we, the inheritors of the rich and inestimable blessings of peace, civil and religious liberty, in its deepest, broadest, highest, and most ennobling sense, should yearly acknowledge the patriotism, fidelity, and love of the dear ones who went forth to the terrific scenes of conflict, toilsome march, inhuman, pestilent prison, and, if needful, to die, far away from home and friends, for the love of country; to save it from tyranny and oppression, a beacon light to a foundering world. And this is the ordained work of every individual of this wonderful nation.

The history of the past is but an index to this. It will be three hundred and eighty years, next October, since Christopher Columbus, with his little company of adventurers, after a voyage of two months and nine days, first trod the soil of one

of the islands of this western continent. In 1502, ten years after, the effort was made to establish a colony, within the limits of the United States, by Gaspard de Coligni, an eminent admiral of France; it was within the State of North Carolina, but failed of success. How remarkable, however, that so soon after the discovery of this continent, the eyes of the oppressed should turn this way for relief! For they came to seek civil and religious liberty.

In the century following, efforts were made to colonize, but not for the great purpose of liberty, in its broadest sense, until, in the year 1620, on the 11th of December, a party of colonists landed on Plymouth Rock. Their object was to seek an asylum from religious persecution. Before leaving the ship, the heads of families, forty-one in number, signed a solemn covenant, combining themselves into a body politic, for the purpose of making equal laws for the general good. They ordained that a governor and an assistant should be elected annually, but the sovereign power remained in the whole body of the freemen. John Carver was elected the first governor, and to this can be traced the first germ of our great republic.

And now, my hearers, as upon this solemn occasion, we take our stand upon the margin of the stream of time, and review the current of events for the past two hundred and fifty-two years, how wonderful and great have been the results! The severe trials of the early settlers, as they contended with destitution, the rigor of the climate, and the

wily savage, was a constant discipline for their greater and more glorious work, the contest for human liberty, not only for themselves, their children, and generations yet to come, but for all the nations who are struggling for their liberty and man's highest development. And, as we survey the terrible scenes of strife, of blood and death, and at times more than Egyptian darkness, that gathered around the suffering armies of the States, as contending with the most powerful nation of the age; and, to human view, at times, the utter hopelessness of their cause, and yet their final triumph, it is ours to remember and render thanksgiving to God.

Again, in the great struggle of the rebellion, when patriotic hearts were faint and fearful as, tearfully gazing upon the gory fields of deadly strife, they saw trembling in the balances of success or reverse the great question of human liberty, and its final triumph, we have great reason to say with the Psalmist, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory.

And now, one great truth is written, in living characters of light, to be read by all the world, and remembered in all coming time, that a government of the people, based upon equal rights to all, in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness, is the strongest and most successful that can be arranged for the good of humanity. No monarchical form of government could have endured the tremendous strain that we have passed through, without being rent asunder.

Again, the wonderful demonstration of the sovereign power and will of a free people to correct official corruption, as expressed by the citizens of our great metropolis. The ring was entrenched behind rum and cupidity, and with the full control of the millions of the city finance. Tyrants and Continental journals pointed sneeringly to our corruptions; patriots sighed; Christianity wept; and honest Democrats and Republicans, said, "Something must be done!" The ring said, "What are you going to do about it?" But the voice of the honest freemen of each political party, blending together (and "whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"), in its sovereign power, through the ballot-box, has been heard, speaking in answer to their question, saying, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." And, in this connection, we must remember, as we stand by the graves of our loved ones, and survey the indications of the oncoming contest between Christianity and infidelity, that we need no spirit of prophecy to foretell, as in all the political evolutions of Europe, when the great question has been, "Intelligence, freedom, and Christianity; or ignorance, tyranny, and infidelity?" the first has uniformly triumphed. God grant that it may be a bloodless victory here!

But let us return, to rear up the proud marble monuments, and inscribe upon them, in sculptured verse, their heroic deeds, and gather the most beauteous flowers, fragrant with the perfume of

love, decked with the dew of falling tears, and arranged by fair hands, so gently upon the consecrated graves. But a tribute richer and more enduring is theirs to-day, and in all the coming future. It is the meed of a great and exalted nation's gratitude, and heart's best affections, to continue, when Parian pillars shall crumble and fall, and flowers fade away.

Methinks, if we here could call them back to life, and they, with us, were to wear the chains that were being forged for us as a nation, in the loss of constitutional liberty, in its broadest meaning, to see this great and glorious nation of States dismembered, and its peace forever disturbed with petty rival interests, and the rich behest of our patriot fathers lost, and lost forever, they would respond, and that emphatically, "Nay!"

But let us rest here from our tedious march, secure from the foe, until our beloved nation has become the great and glorious exponent of the true condition of man in his relation to his fellow, and his exalted relationship to his God. And then, when the blessed Master shall come, the victorious Conqueror of death; with you that have enjoyed the rich inheritance, watered with our tears, enriched with our blood, and purchased with our lives, we shall, in the new creation, with the triumphant host of God, sing the victor's song, where all is peace forever.

And to you, soldiers of the republic, heaven has graciously protected, and lenthened out your days,

that you may, with us, enjoy the fruits of victory—a permanent and, I trust, a heaven-approved peace. No more, I pray, will your now happy country call you to arms; to bid adieu to weeping, loving friends; and suffer in the long and weary march; or, side by side with your falling comrades, press on in the impetuous charge, the steady repulse, the repeated assault; your bosoms freely and fearlessly bared to whatever there may be of terror in war or in death.

The booming cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shrieking shell, the whizzing Minie, the shout of the oncoming foe; the wail of the wounded and dying, and the smoke of the terrific battle, have all passed away. But you live to enjoy the fruits of your great and glorious work, and to see, with us, this great and mighty nation moving grandly on to its manifest destiny, providing an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, and shedding forth the light and glory of republican institutions, to permeate, and mold, like the leaven of the Gospel, the civil, moral, and spiritual condition of the world. Long may you live to enjoy the privileges and blessings of our grateful and happy country! Yearly may you be permitted to assemble, with those you have so bravely defended; and, as you look upon the “Stars and Stripes,” that glorious old flag (long may it wave!), around which our patriot fathers once rallied, and under its waving folds marched forth, led on by the immortal Washington, like you to victory and freedom; may

you consecrate yourselves more fully to the great work of life, the good of mankind ! and the glory of God !

And, fellow citizens, as we contemplate the mighty work of the past, the excessive toil, the millions of treasure, the pain, the blood and death, from our martyred President, along the line of fallen heroes (counting in a full quota from Ossining), until one million heroes have fallen, and every hearth is made desolate, and every heart is filled with grief, let us resolve that, as we return to the great responsibilities of active life, we will sink all of the partisan in the patriot ; and go forth like those, we mourn to-day, bravely, perseveringly, that we may fully accomplish the measure of our usefulness and be worthy of the rich and exalted blessings, bequeathed us by the illustrious dead.



John B. Cornell

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENT TO NEW YORK CITY.

N the spring of 1872, while at the conference at Hudson, New York, the Presiding Elder, S. D. Brown, came to me and said, "Would you like to go to New York City?" I replied, "I cannot say that I would. I have never dared to choose, when my Elders have requested me to do so." He came again the next day, and said to me, "Then you cannot say you would be pleased to go to New York." I replied, "If you can tell me where God wants me, there I want to go; and only then can I decide."

On Saturday, I returned from conference to preach on Sunday for my people at Sing Sing, and to assist in moving a house to reconstruct for a parsonage. As I knew the people of my charge at Sing Sing would feel afflicted if I was removed, I thought I ought to say to them, "Unless you go up to conference and protest, they may take me from you." But then I thought, "That may be interfering," and so I said nothing to them.

As the brother who was moving the building

needed my help on Monday, I did not reach conference until Tuesday morning, and found conference ready to close; and I was put down for New York City, to superintend the City Mission Circuit, including Mott, Franklin, Thirty-fifth and Sixty-eighth Streets and Broadway, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum.

As I had commenced to raise money to pay off the mortgage debt on the church at Sing Sing, and also to build a parsonage, the people at Sing Sing were much disappointed; and especially the preacher who followed me there, Rev. John F. Richmond, who had expected to go to a good place with a good parsonage; and, coming with a family of children, and no place for them, it was a disappointment. But, as I promised to come up from New York City and assist him in raising the money needed, he became more reconciled.

Brother J. B. Cornell said to me, soon after my appointment, "Brother Henry J. Baker, of Sing Sing, has called upon me, and said he was much displeased that Brother Cornell and others had taken Brother Morehouse." Brother Cornell had replied, "I wrote to you to come and see me about it, and you did not call to consult, and, therefore, I supposed it would be right." Brother Baker then replied, "You have got him; now keep him as long as you can."

At the close of the first year, some three hundred had sought and found pardon in the four churches and missions; but, as I was on the executive

committee, and found that the current expenses of the churches and missions far exceeded our income, advised that the expenses be so reduced, if possible, as not to exceed our income.

As the financial committee made their report, I found that in every case a reduction of salaries had been made with the exception of my own. I arose and said, "Brethren, you ought to reduce mine also." Dr. Wm. H. Ferris at once arose and said, "This is the first instance of my acquaintance where a Methodist Preacher has said he wants less salary." Dr. S. D. Brown, the Presiding Elder, arose and said, "Yes, that is so; but I protest against reducing it. He is economical in his living, and every dollar above what he needs to carry on the work, will find its way into the treasury of the church." And they refused to reduce it. The next year, I insisted again that my salary be reduced, and it was reduced to \$2250.

The second year, the congregation at Thirty-fifth Street became so large that Brother Cornell requested me to seek some location nearby, where we could build a larger church; but, after searching, we found that to buy and build would involve us in an additional debt of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars above what we could get for the Thirty-fifth Street property; and, as the City Church Extension Society was already paying interest on some \$110,000, we decided we had better keep the Thirty-fifth Street property as a recruiting station for the other churches.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

THE second year, our Sunday-school was too large for the Sunday school room ; and we were permitted to build an addition in the rear of the Thirty-fifth Street church, if we incurred no extra expense to the City Church Extension Society. We had secured the brick from friends in Haverstraw, lime, lumber and material, as donations for the work ; and we now needed a door for the rear, with glass panels, to give additional light to the room. After family prayer, I went out and walked down Eighth Avenue to find some place upon which we had not called for aid ; and, seeing a sign, "Sash, Doors, and Blinds," which I had not observed before, I entered the office and inquired for the proprietor.

As the owner of the establishment was not in, the foreman received me, and inquired what I wanted. After making my wants known, he replied, "We have one that was made for a party who failed to take it, and we will let you have it

cheap for that use." I inquired, "Can you send it up soon?" He replied, "Yes."

I then said to the foreman, "Are you a Christian?" He replied, "No; and I do not believe in the supernatural. When we die, that is the end of us." I inquired, "Do you not believe in a God?" He said, "No; I have just returned from California, where I lived for nearly twenty years. I became acquainted with all the different nations and religions of the world; and Chinese, Moham-medans and others, are praying more than you Christians; and many of them worshipping little gods the size of your finger." I replied, "We have an experience that comes to the soul, that they do not find; and if you will take the advice we can give, you will surely become a changed man, and have an experience that will make you more happy than you can be in any other way." He said to me, "I have seen preachers in California, and also here; but they all like to be supported by us working men—live high on fat chickens and turkeys,—and I do not propose to support them in that way." I replied, "I was once engaged in house and church building and I am, therefore, a brother mechanic," and, handing him my card, I invited him to come and hear me preach; and then be honest enough to tell me if I ought to leave the ministry and go into house and church building again.

As the man returned from delivering the door, the foreman inquired whether the preacher had

been present; and, if so, what he had said. The man replied, "The preacher was present, and at once carried the door to its place, and commenced to hang it. He evidently is not one of the kid-glove kind; for I knew him when he lived in Prattsville, and in Windham, Greene County, New York, and he is not above hard work."

When my acquaintance, the foreman, went home that evening, he said to his wife, "A preacher has been to the office to-day." She inquired, "What did he say to you?" He replied, "He talked about the same as the rest of them; but he is in earnest, and really believes what he says to be true," and presenting the card to his wife, "This gives his name and where he preaches." As she received it, she said, "He has preached in our church; and will you not go and hear him?" He made no reply then; but, on the following Sunday morning, when she requested him to go with her to her church, where she had been converted, while he was so long absent from home (the Free Tabernacle, in Thirty-fourth Street), he refused, but consented to go with her to the Thirty-fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, to hear the "carpenter."

I was about to commence the services as he entered. He presented the lady with him to us as his wife, and we made them welcome, and led them up to the second seat in front, where thereafter, as punctual as the Sabbath services of morning and evening came, he was present.

As our revival meetings were progressing, we and others occasionally would invite him to go to the altar for prayers, but all in vain.

When, at the close of that conference year, we were transferred to the East Side, as his good wife urged him to go with her to the tabernacle, he refused, saying, "They are paying some six thousand dollars to support the church and pastor, and I will not go with you there; but, if you will go with me over to the East Side, to hear Morehouse, I will go." And, as she had found in the past that if she went to the tabernacle, he was pretty sure to go to the saloons and other unsuitable resorts, she assented. But, as she rode past her church in the Thirty-fourth Street cars, she wept to think that the dear place where she found pardon of sin and joy in believing, must be passed by her.

As they came into the church at Eleventh Street, we made them welcome, and again led them up to the second seat from the front of the pulpit.

A short time after, his wife said to me, "I will ask for my letter from the pastor of my church, and join your church here." I replied, "I had hoped that your husband would have been converted ere this, and then he would have gone with you; but, as he has not, you explain to the Rev. John Johns, your pastor, and tell him that if Mr. Dennison becomes a Christian, and then will go with you, we will give you both letters to your old church home."

At the the next communion, she, with others, was received in full connection; and, as I came to her, I said, "My dear sister, some of us know why you have come over here in this difficult field, to work for the Saviour, leaving the beautiful church where you were converted, and the good pastor and people who wept and prayed with you in the past; but, be assured, no sacrifice for Christ will go unrewarded; you cannot toil in vain." And her husband at once began to weep, and continued to do so all through the services.

I had often seen him affected to tears before; but when I would tell him that the Holy Spirit was striving with him, and that he ought to yield, he would say, "Oh, no; it is the way you tell your little stories. I go to the theatre sometimes, and am so tender-hearted I often weep there." But, as I went to him at the close of the meeting, saying, "Mr. Dennison, you are deeply convicted, and I beg of you not to deny it and drive the Spirit away from you this time." He made no reply, but turned away weeping. He said to me, afterward, "While you were speaking of her sacrifice for Christ, I remembered the many times I had seen her weep, as on Sabbath mornings and evenings we passed her old church home." And the Holy Spirit had used that to melt his stubborn will.

That Sabbath evening, he came trembling like the Philipian jailor, or Saul of Tarsus; but was not converted.

On the first of that week we were at Wesley

Chapel; and he, hearing that Mrs. Van Cott was at Sixty-first Street, went up there; and, at the invitations for mourners to come forward, he at once went; and Mrs. Van Cott, who was with us the year before at Thirty-fifth Street, and had there conversed with him, as she saw him coming, said, "Oh, here comes a wicked man! Do pray for him!" But no relief came.

On Tuesday night, he was there seeking; but someone who was trying to instruct him, inquired, "Have you given up all?" He replied, "Yes." "Have you fully decided to do all that you can to serve God?" He again replied, "I have." That person then said to him, "Then you are converted." He replied, "I am not converted; and there is, as I supposed, nothing in it. He arose at once from the altar; and, on the way home, he said to his wife, "I have done with seeking, for there is nothing in it."

The next night, they came to our Wednesday evening-prayer meeting; and, after a number had prayed, I said, "Brother Dennison, you pray," but he made no response. I again said, "Brother Dennison, pray," but he was silent. I then went to his side (for he was kneeling by his wife); and, as I knelt by him, whispered, "Brother, pray," but he arose and went to another part of the room.

At the close of the services, I at once went to him; and he then related what the person at the altar had said to him, and ending his recital by

saying, "There is nothing in it." His wife, weeping, said, "Brother Morehouse, I am in great distress over this. He, if possible, is harder than before. This, I believe, will kill me." I replied, "Sister, we must not let the devil triumph now. We must pray mightily to God for help, and God will most assuredly help us."

As they arrived at home that evening, his wife said to him, "You pray now for forgiveness, and God will surely answer our prayers." He replied, "It is all a farce," and retired to his room to sleep. As he was leaving, she exclaimed, "Then I will pray until God brings me deliverance." And, retiring to another room, resolved that she would wrestle with God in prayer until deliverance came.

At about midnight, the Holy Spirit came to her in power, and also gave her the abiding evidence that her prayers for the conversion of her husband would be answered. And she came from that scene of conflict happier than she had ever been in her life.

Her husband, while she was praying, was so convicted that he felt it his duty to arise and pray for mercy; but was too stubborn to do so at the time; but, as his wife went out to prepare breakfast in the morning, he again knelt in secret prayer, and as the bed-room door was ajar, she saw him kneeling, and felt like praising God for the sight.

He continued to seek in great earnestness, and,

on the Wednesday following, after retiring many times into the storage-room of the establishment (as he put it, "behind the doors"), he was thoroughly converted, and became an efficient worker for his loving Saviour.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONVERSION OF A POLICEMAN.



ANOTHER instance, among the many that occurred, was the awakening and conversion of a policeman. A lady and her family, having been converted, said to me, "I want you to go and see my niece, and ask her to seek salvation." I called upon her, and she admitted she had promised God, if He would spare her sick and (as she feared) dying boy, she would seek and serve the Lord. And, as she returned from prayer, she was astonished to see a sudden change for the better; and, from that time, she would daily feel (as she saw her boy, a reminder of her solemn promise) that she ought to become a Christian. She came to church, and sought and found the Saviour.

She then became deeply concerned for her husband, who was on the mounted police force. He finally, after having a prayer-meeting at his house, consented to come to church, if the people who were active in inviting them forward for prayers would not come to him. We told his wife to tell him

that we would try not to disturb him, if he would come.

For some two months he would occasionally come to the meetings; and one evening, as many were seeking, we were deeply impressed that we ought to invite him to go to the altar for prayers. He refused, and stated afterward that, if it had not been for leaving his wife to go home alone, he would have left the meeting.

We then invited all who desired a clean heart, and those who had any friend they desired converted, to come and pray at the altar, consecrating themselves fully to the Lord and His service. His wife and most of the professors came; and we went to him again, and after a little more urging, he said, "You go to the altar and make room for me, and I will go." We at once went to his wife, whispering to her, "He has promised to come. Pray mightily to God now." He made an effort to arise, but failed; he made the second, and sank back; but, the third time, springing to his feet and throwing off his overcoat, he came to the altar, and kneeling by the side of his wife, began to pray for mercy.

As we closed the meeting, he grasped my hand, saying, "God bless you for sticking to me! Oh, how glad I am that you persisted! God bless you for persevering."

Shortly after, he arose in the meeting, saying, "Your united prayers for me were answered; and now I want you to pray for my father. I want him

to be converted before he dies." I invited all who would pray daily for his father to arise, and most of the congregation responded. Some two months after, he arose saying, "I have some good news. My father is converted."

A few weeks after, he came, near midnight, to my residence, saying, "My friend Picket is very sick, and wants you to come and see him." On our way, he apologized for the lateness of the hour in calling me out, but I replied, "I am glad to go any time." I called upon McMillian to pray first for the sick man, and then followed in prayer myself; the invalid, joining in penitential prayer, found some light.

The next day, the sister of the sick policeman was sitting by his bedside; and, after explaining the way of faith and praying, as I arose and secured a promise from her to seek and serve the Lord, he exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! I never was so happy in my life!" and soon after passed over the river of death triumphantly.

Policeman McMillian is one of the many God-fearing men that I have known in that department, and an honored member of the official board of one of the uptown Methodist Episcopal Churches, and an active worker in the meetings held under the auspices of the religious members of the police force.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONVERSION OF A DRUNKARD.

TILL another instance of successful perseverance was the conversion of Wm. Archer, who, by his intemperance, had impoverished his fine little wife and children. We succeeded in persuading him to attend church and seek salvation, but he fell. I then said to Brother Haight and Sister Krum, "Let us try him again, giving them some help for the family." He promised to come and try again, and again fell. They saw him again, and he promised to come that night ; but he did not put in an appearance.

As the revivial meeting progressed, they went out ; and, as they were going up the stairs to his family, William went hastily into the bed-room, and got into bed, saying to his wife, "Tell them that I am sick and in bed." As they came in, and inquired of his wife, "Where is William ?" she replied, "He has just gone to bed, saying, 'I am sick,' " but intimated by her looks that it was a pretense. They at once entered the room ; and

saw, as they removed the blanket, that he had jumped into bed with his boots and all of his clothing on ; and, being ashamed of his action, he arose and went with them to the church.

As Sister Krum was entering the church, William hesitated ; but she turned, and seizing him by the hand, pulled ; and Brother Haight, in the rear, pushing, they succeeded in bringing him to Jesus ; and he broke down in penitence and prayer.

A few nights after, his sister arose and said, " I am, I believe, one of the happiest persons here, as I see my Brother William with his family on the way to heaven." As she sat down William arose saying, " There is one who I believe will be happier still—my dear father, when the letter reaches him, conveying the glorious news of the conversion of his prodigal son, so far away from his God and his early happy Christian home in England."

While making my pastoral visits, I left a tract at a house ; and the the man of the house being absent, I asked his wife to give him an invitation, from me, to come to church. When he returned to his home, and read the tract, he decided to come. That evening, some children were baptized, and he was impressed that he ought to have his children christened also ; and, as he and his wife, the next Sabbath evening, stood at the altar, assuming the solemn vows, they were convicted ; and, as at the next Sunday evening service we preached from the " Prodigal Son," he imagined that every part of it

was meant for him, as he thought of his praying parents in Ireland, and at once decided to return to his heavenly Father, and then write and tell his Christian father of his return home to God and the family prayer of his earlier days.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRANSFERRED TO NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE.

BEFORE my three years expired, Brother J. B. Cornell, president of the City Church Extension Society, requested me to consent to be transferred to the New York East Conference, for the purpose of helping to save, if possible, the churches and Methodism from becoming extinct in the downtown portion of the city. It said to him, "I will be like going from friends and home, to leave the New York Conference, in which I was born; and where for years, when in business, Methodist preachers found a welcome at my home; and when the church insisted that I preach, they all have ever treated me so kindly." But he replied, "The two conferences are only divided by an imaginary line drawn by Third Avenue; and Dr. Crawford, your Presiding Elder, says that if, after one year, you desire to be re-transferred, he will see that it is done and that you have a good place." I replied, "As I have never dared to say, 'I want to go there or here,' I shall leave it all with the authorities."

At the conference, soon after opening, Bishop Foster, who presided, said to me, "Brother Morehouse, have you decided about the transfer?" I replied, "Yes." He then inquired, "What is your decision?" I again replied, "To have nothing to do with it. Let the authorities take all the responsibility." He then said (and with seeming appreciation of the situation, the future of a servant of Jesus Christ, in hand), "We will see." And, at the close of the conference I was handed a note which read, "You have been transferred to the New York East Conference, and your connection with the New York Conference now ceases."

As I read the note, a shadow of solemn separation, as at the death of a dear friend, came over me; and I did not fully realize, until that time, how I loved the old conference.

Soon after our transfer, a meeting was called at Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, by the bishop, Jesse T. Peck, to see what could be done to give relief to the work on the East Side. At that meeting, the disastrous condition of Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church was considered; and a committee of three, of which I was one, was appointed to go to Forsyth Street and examine the property, and report if there was any equity remaining for the church above the debts.

I was not able to be present at the meeting of the committee; but, on the next day, I made a

thorough investigation, and reported that the debts amounted to more than the property was worth; but that—as the floating debts (some nine thousand dollars) were considered worthless, and the two second mortgages (aggregating over eighteen thousand dollars) were offered at fifty per cent. of their face value—from ten to twenty thousand dollars could be saved from the wreck, if the church would make the effort. And, to make the effort, I drew up a subscription book for the purpose of raising sufficient money to pay off the second mortgages and floating debts, at fifty cents to the dollar; and, heading the list of subscribers with one hundred dollars, to show my faith in the enterprise, I then gave the book to Hiram Merritt, who was the agent of Smith & Germond, the holders of the second mortgages, to get them to sign away one-half of their claim.

I found, after conversing with Brothers Cornell, Hoyt, Barker, Seney, and others, that they had no faith in trying to save the property, saying, “Let it go; it will serve as a monument of laymen’s folly.” When I called for the book at Brother Hiram Merritt’s, he said to me, “Smith and Germond complained that the trustees, who had given the mortgage, had never paid interest; and treated them so badly altogether that they would not sign away half of their claims.” And I was discouraged then from doing more.

When requested to go to Eleventh Street and Wesley Chapel, Brother Cornell said, “You will

see what can be done for them one year, and if there is no improvement, we will sell the entire property and abandon the whole field. We painted and frescoed the church, and put in new carpets; and secured a German lady and gentleman to assist us in gathering the children and people, and we soon filled up the Sunday-school and congregation; and God gave us a good revival at each of the Churches.

The second year, the Wesley Chapel congregation was removed to the Attorney Street Church, which had been thoroughly reconstructed, by cutting down the galleries, painting and frescoing; and also reconstructing the Sunday-school room, putting in stained glass in the audience room, and carpeting the whole church. And when, on the re-opening, Brother Cornell asked me how much we needed to raise, and was informed, he replied, as he surveyed what had been done, "You have saved us at least a thousand dollars, in securing material, and by what you have done yourself."

We had, at this church, a laymen's meeting, commenced by Brother Bowles Colgate, in the Wesley Chapel every Sunday afternoon, which became a source of great spiritual power to the church. Strong laymen were selected to alternate in conducting the meetings each Sabbath of the month.

A good revival occurred in each of these churches each year; and, while many who were then converted have gone home to their reward,

many of them are still on the way to the better country.

The second year, a number of the churches inquired if I would be willing to come to them. I replied that I was willing to go anywhere conference decided to send me.

Brother Cornell said to me, "I do not want you to think I am in the way of your having better appointments. They have been to me and inquired if I would let you be relieved from the city mission work ; and I have thought that perhaps you might think me in your way of securing a better position." I replied, " My dear brother, when I consider how much you are interested for the souls and the cause of our Redeemer in this city ; and your princely benevolence, and your valuable time consecrated to this work, I consider myself at the service of the church to go where you and those in authority may direct." He replied, " You have relieved me greatly, and I thank you for it."

Of all the great and good men with whom I have been acquainted (and they are many), I consider that John B. Cornell excelled them all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SEA CLIFF CAMP-MEETINGS.

N July, 1875, we, at the request of four Presiding Elders (Dr. M. D. C. Crawford, of New York District, New York Conference; G. F. Krettell, of New York District, New York East Conference; C. B. Sing, of the North Long Island District; and Chas Fletcher, of the South Long Island District, who combined to make Sea Cliff Camp-meeting a success), consented to superintend the meetings, they each promising to co-operate with me.

We found it one of the most difficult camp-meetings to secure the conversion of souls we had ever conducted, from the fact that many of the people came for the pleasure of boating, bathing, fishing, and other amusements. Only some thirty were converted. We also superintended the camp-meeting at Sing Sing, in August following, and found a great difference between that place, where the great and supreme object of most of those who attended was soul-saving, and one where the attraction was so divided.

At the meeting at Sea Cliff, we appointed Miss Sarah Aston, the daughter of Rev. Henry Aston, to have charge of the children's meeting, and, complimenting her upon her success, she said, "I hear you are to have the charge of the meeting at Sing Sing next month, and I hope to be there." I then replied, "I now appoint you to superintend the children's meeting there." She was peculiarly adapted for that work.

Soon after my appointment to the East Side, she wrote to me, saying that she would like to help me in the mission work. I replied that I would be most happy to have her assistance, but that our financial state was such that I did not dare to encourage her to come. She replied, "If I have my board, it is all that I require." I then wrote her to come, saying that I would be responsible for that. She was a grand success in that peculiar work, often finding people who were on the verge of despair and about to commit suicide.

Some of my friends said to me, "How dare you permit that little lady to go among the slums all alone?" I replied, "She is like the sunbeam, that cannot be soiled, but sheds light wherever it goes."

Some two years after, she became the wife of John W. Butler, now superintendent of the mission in the City of Mexico, where a marvellous work has been accomplished by our church.

We also were requested by the trustees of Sea Cliff, to superintend three camp-meetings, one the

next year, when Mrs. Maggie N. Van Cott was there, the next a Temperance Camp-meeting conducted by W. C. Steele ; and also when Thomas Harrison was there.

While conducting the camp-meeting, and while Mrs. Van Cott was preaching, one evening, a terrible storm swept over the island ; and the large tabernacle swayed to and fro, creaking as if uttering its death cry, that, with the howling cyclone and terrific thunder, threatened destruction to all.

But Mrs. Van Cott continued preaching until the large chandelier, that lit the platform, fell ; and the burning oil on the platform jeopardized the safety of everyone present. Mrs. Van Cott shouted, " Sing ! " and, combining to put out the fire, it was extinguished, and then, with only the lightning flashes, could be seen the difference between the joyful, trusting Christians and the terrified, weeping sinners.

At this instant, a young lady, teacher of one of the public schools of New York City, who had resisted the invitations of the Holy Spirit and our entreaties to seek the Saviour, crying aloud, caught hold of Mrs. Van Cott's hand, saying, " Pray for me ! " And we then all united in prayer. While we were praying, Miss Sarah J. Duncan was converted, and has been a successful worker in the salvation of precious souls.

How grateful to Almighty God we all were as the storm ceased ! The next morning we repaired the shattered tabernacle, and saw round us the

wreck of tents and trees, indicating that only our Heavenly Father had shielded us from the storm ; and that our loving Saviour, who saved the disciples in the storm on the sea of Galilee, rescued us in that awful hour.



Chauncey Shaffer

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FORSYTH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ISHOP FOSTER came to me soon after, saying, "The Germans have sold their Pearl Street property, and have \$23,400 on hand. Ask them to take the Forsyth Street property and make a German church of it. If they will do so, we will give them the property." They called a meeting of their trustees, requesting Bishop Foster, Bishop Harris, Chauncey Shaffer, and myself, to be present. After a discussion, in which we tried to convince them of the feasibility of this course, as all of the second mortgages and floating debts could be settled for fifty cents on the dollar, they, after retiring for consultation, returned, saying that they would not take the property as a gift from the English-speaking Methodist Episcopal Church, considering it worthless.

As we left the place, Bishop Foster said to me, "This is one of the most unpleasant subjects with which I have ever been connected, financially, in our church work. This old, historic church, that at one time was the richest in its landed property

(having been purchased of the government as confiscated property of those who were called Tories in the time of the Revolutionary war), and having the largest membership of any church in the United States, is to be completely lost, not a dollar left, and the congregation scattered; with no future for this once magnificent church property and people. It is indeed horrible for me to contemplate." I replied, "It certainly appears so now."

Some two years after this, a brother came to me at conference and said, "The Presiding Elder would like you to go to Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, but he says you do not want to go." I replied, "I have never said so. When the Elder asked me what I thought of Forsyth Street Church, I inquired, 'Do you think anything can be done for them?' And as he made no reply, but walked away; I presumed he thought not. He then asked me if I was willing to go there. I replied that wherever I was appointed I would go and do the best I could."

As I left conference—to come to New York City to preach, and attend to a dying man, and return on Monday,—Brother R. C. Putney came to me and said, "A committee is appointed to see what can be done for Forsyth Street Church. Yourself, L. S. Weed, and myself, are the committee. Do you not think we ought to have some laymen?" I replied, "Yes." "Who?" he inquired. I mentioned J. B. Cornell and Oliver Hoyt. He

said, "Brother Cornell is opposed to saving it." I replied, "He has been, and so has Oliver Hoyt, but if appointed by the conference, to do what they can for it, perhaps they will act." He then said, "I would like Cornelius Waldron, one of my church officials" (Second Street). I replied, "All right," and they were appointed.

As I was read off to go to Forsyth Street some preachers and laymen said to me, "It is all wrong to send you to that sinking affair." My reply was, "They had to send some one there or abandon the field, and I presume they thought I would bear it best."

At the meeting of the Committee, at 72 Gold Street, the unanimous opinion of those present was that the property was not worth more than the first mortgage (\$45,000) and the arrearages of taxes (nearly \$5000 more). As we were about to part, I said to the committee, "You have put me in a difficult place. You have put up the bars; and, instead of being a help to me, you are the reverse."

As we left with the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. W. Beach, he said to me, "You feel bad, I see, Brother Morehouse." I replied, "Yes; I would have been better off without the Committee." He inquired, "Do you think there is the least chance of saving the property?" I replied, "I believe it possible." He then said, "I have known of your great success before you came to New York City; and, if you think there is the least chance, go ahead; I will

stand by you." I thanked him and said, "That gives me a ray of light."

At the first meeting of the official board, I requested them to pass two resolutions: one, that the rentals from the four tenement buildings be appropriated for the payment of debts and no part used for current expenses, and that the pastor be entirely supported by the church and congregation; and the second, that I be permitted to go to Albany and have the legislature pass and act by which the New York East Conference, at its annual session, could elect the trustees to manage this vast property in the future. The first they readily passed; and, though I presumed my salary would not be more than six hundred dollars (and there was no parsonage), I meant, if possible, to plan for success. The second they refused to pass.

I at once drew up a subscription to raise \$23,500, to be payable when that amount of bonafide subscriptions was pledged, and so advertised in our church papers:

SHALL AN OLD HISTORIC METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY BE SOLD, OR
SHALL IT BE SAVED?

The old Forsyth Street Church property is in imminent peril. When real estate was at its height, and tenement house property rented readily, this church property was so reconstructed as to furnish ample accommodations for worship, with added building on the front lots for rental.

Times changed, and the Society, being unable to meet the interest on \$68,500, are now threatened with the loss of everything. As the last chance of saving the property, Rev. A. C. Morehouse was, at the late session of the New York East Conference, assigned to this special field as pastor. If \$23,500 can be provided, the rentals can be so arranged as to create a sinking fund for the remaining \$45,000 indebtedness; and it is believed that not many years need elapse before the whole debt can be paid out of income from the property, and a handsome revenue be realized for general mission work in the lower parts of the city.

If the above sum (\$23,500) cannot be realized within a reasonable time, the entire property must be lost to the church.

Brother Morehouse has undertaken this great work, trusting in God and the people to help him. The plan is to obtain subscriptions of \$1000, \$500, \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1, until the aggregate reaches \$23,500—no subscription payable till the whole amount is pledged.

Brother Morehouse has already secured five shares of \$1000 each, four of \$500 each, eight of \$100 each, two of \$50 each, and a number of smaller sums. The case is an urgent one. Let those Societies all over the country who have been aided in their need from New York City now help this old and important church in its distress; and let everyone to whom Brother Morehouse may apply give something to save a church property,

which, with a little aid now, will in the future not only be self-supporting, but have a revenue for mission work where it is most pressingl needed.

Brother Morehouse can be addressed at 99 East Broadway, New York City.

Bishop WM. L. HARRIS, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop JESSE T. PECK, D.D.

Bishop R. S. FOSTER, D.D.

Bishop GILBERT HAVEN, D.D.

Rev. Dr. M. S. TERRY, *P. E. New York District, New York Conference.*

By order and in behalf of a committee of the New York East Conference,

Rev. J. W. BEACH, P. E., *Chairman.*

Rev. R. C. PUTNEY, *Secretary.*

New York, November 12, 1879.

But all the subscriptions were only payable when the legislative enactment was obtained.

On the 1st Monday in March, at the regular meeting of the trustees, I again requested the privilege of obtaining the passage of the act, but it failed by a vote of seven against to two in favor. I then said to the trustees, "Your church cannot be saved unless this is done. I have pleaded with the holder of the second mortgages to delay until I get this law passed, and I shall have to inform him if I cannot get your consent. If I so inform him, you will be sold out in less than two months. And he says he gets no interest; and the mortgages, interest, floating debts, and taxes, now amount to over

eighteen thousand dollars, and the subscribers say that trustees who have allowed one of the richest properties in the Methodist Church to become so involved, cannot be trusted to manage it, if cleared of debt." They then moved a reconsideration, and all but one voted in favor. But he arose and made an exciting speech, saying, "It had come to a pretty state of things if they could not be permitted to manage their own affairs, and he would go to Albany and oppose it."

During the next week, on the 10th of March, only twenty-three days before conference, the vote of the congregation was taken. And, though those opposed to the law came out in force to vote it down, by the assistance of Chauncey Shaffer (who, with his good wife, at the request of Bishop Peck, had come down and united with us to help save the church), we obtained such a majority that the opposition did not vote, and the secretary declared the vote unanimous.

As we left, Brother Shaffer and his wife said to me, "We will not come here again, after this treatment. We came here to do the people good, but they are not worthy of help." I replied, "I expect to save the church now. I am going to Albany to-night." He replied, it is ten o'clock; wait till morning." I said, "No; I am going on the eleven o'clock train, so that in the morning I can see my many friends and former acquaintances in the legislature, and get the bill (which had been previously drawn up by an eminent church lawyer,

Lemuel Skidmore, Esq.), started in the Senate and Assembly at one time; and I hope to get it passed, and the governor to sign it, before conference in April."

By securing the co-operation of Republicans and Democrats to assist, and also the lieutenant-governor, speaker of the Senate, and General Husted, speaker of the Assembly, and John W. Vroman, clerk of the Assembly, and also the governor, to whom I presented the law, as required, and he promising to sign it at once, I saw my way clear to get the bill passed.

I telegraphed seven times to my friends in Albany, on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, (as the quarterly conference had been summoned to hold its meeting that night), to nominate suitable persons to be elected by the conference. The opponents to the law supposed that, as we had had our four quarterly conferences, such nomination would be illegal; but we anticipated this by saying, "the last quarterly conference before the annual conference."

Again the trustees were bitterly opposed to J. B. Cornell, because, as president of the City Church Extension Society, he had refused to take the property, with its enormous debts. And, as I could not get Geo. I. Seney, Francis A. Palmer, Oliver Hoyt, and Stephen Barker, to act unless Brother Cornell would act as a trustee, I so worded the law that it was not obligatory for the conference to elect those nominated by the local conference.

And, if I had presented the name of J. B. Cornell at the quarterly conference on Tuesday evening, they would have certainly voted against him. And when at conference, in Brooklyn, his name was presented with the others, three of the trustees were there and had persuaded some preachers to oppose him as trustee.

A brother came to me and said, "Do not press the election of the trustees until you explain to them the necessity of having Brother Cornell in the board of trustees." I then went to the trustees who were at the conference to oppose the election of Cornell, and tried to explain why we must have Brother Cornell, but it availed nothing, and they said, "If you insist upon his being in the board, and come back to us, we will make it so hot for you that you will not take any comfort." I replied, "Hot or cold, I shall do my duty to my God and to you." The next day, after explaining to the brethren whom they had so biased, there was no opposition to the men I wanted; and, when elected, we had five of the strongest men in New York City in our board of trustees.

At the first meeting of the new board they that expressed themselves thought it a foolish thing to try and save the church property. But Brother Cornell, who was in the chair said, "Brother Morehouse has a statement to make. Let him read it." I then stated the amount of the subscriptions I had secured, and how much of the taxes and floating debts had been paid. When I had

finished speaking, Brother F. A. Palmer, president of the Broadway Bank, said, "It is not often that we can find a man with the faith and energy of this brother. Let us stand by him, and see what he will do." Brother George I. Seney said, "Let us loose him, and let him go."

When the meeting adjourned, I said to the local trustees, who had previously opposed Brother Cornell, "You can see, now, that he was necessary; for, as chairman, his sympathy saved us." And the good brother who was so bitter at my insisting on having Brother Cornell, came to me afterward, saying, "I told the Presiding Elder that you had done a work for us that, I believed, no other man living could have done. And, as our names were on the bonds, we were in danger of losing all we had if the mortgages had been foreclosed. I also told Brother Seely that I did not see how you lived on the small salary you received from us." I replied, "God sent the ravens to feed his prophet, and will always care for his faithful and obedient children." And from that time Brother Anderson has been one of my warmest friends.

The holder of the second mortgages, being interested in my success, had subscribed two thousand dollars, and also the use of the steamer "Plymouth Rock" for one day's excursion up to West Point on the Hudson, in the autumn; and, by advertising the trip extensively, we made a financial success for the church.

As Mr. Seofield, the holder of the second mort-

gages, became embarrassed in business and was seeking to dispose of the mortgages for \$10,000, I said to him, "Let us have them for \$10,000." He replied, "If you will cancel my subscription of \$2000, I will." I at once called a meeting of the trustees, at Brother F. A. Palmer's bank, and said to them, "We have so improved the property, and the depression of real estate is passed, and it is now increasing in value. Unless we now purchase, we may soon be sold out by the second mortgages, and by purchasing now we save \$6500, principal and interest." Brother Seney said, "That will be as good as a subscription of \$6500; and I will advance \$2500." Brother Cornell smilingly said, "Then I will advance \$2500." Brother Seney then said, "You go to Brother Oliver Hoyt, and ask him and William to either advance the \$5000 or to give you a note for three months, and I will discount it at my bank."

I at once went to Brother Hoyt, and he said, "You urged me to accept the trusteeship, and now ask me to obligate myself for five thousand dollars. I will not do it." William, who was present, as he saw my embarrassment, said, "We will help you, brother. If you will save that property, I will give you one thousand dollars, and Oliver will give you another thousand." I then handed them the subscription book, and they each put down "one thousand dollars."

I then went to Brother Cornell, informing him that I could not get the note, and told him what

Oliver had said. He replied, "You do have great trouble in your work of saving the Forsyth Street Church property! Now, go to Stephen Barker, and ask him to go with you to Wm. Hoyt, and get them to make a note for three months of \$5000, payable to your order to Seney's Bank, and get the money and buy the mortgages," which they consented to do. We at once purchased the mortgages.

One week previous to the maturity of the note, I was taken severely ill, and I then lacked seven hundred of the \$23,500, on the subscription book, and thus was not able to commence collecting the whole amount. I wrote to Bishop Harris and Stephen Barker to come the next day, at ten o'clock, to see me, as I was very sick. They came, and I then stated that I wanted them to be responsible for the balance so that we could collect the subscriptions and pay the note. Bishop Harris said, "I am poor, and I cannot." Brother Barker said, I have subscribed all I feel able to pay." I then said to them, "You see that I am down at the different anniversaries as responsible for \$350; and then the \$1000 subscription by 'An old-fashioned Methodist,' over which more questions have been asked than all of the rest—'Is he responsible? Will he pay?'—is my own. Not long ago, as I reflected upon this great work, so nearly accomplished, and that this vast property could be saved for the city work if only \$1700 more could be secured, I decided, if needed, to give \$1000 more; and now, brethren, if I, a poor Methodist preacher,

am responsible for \$1350, you, Bishop Harris, with your position and many rich friends, and you, Brother Barker, with your wealth, can afford to be responsible for \$350 each," and they at once decided to do as I requested.

I then said, "Bishop Harris, kindly take the book and go to A. V. Stout, and get his subscription; and, Brother Barker, you go to E. Ridley, H. B. Claffin, and others; and when you get it all, please go and redeem the note for me," which they accomplished before the note was due.

When the floating debts were being paid off, as I paid Brother Hallock \$1000 (one-half of his claim), he said to me, "That is as good as found; for I, though the agent for the buildings, had never expected that a dollar's worth of the floating debts would be paid."

When we had reduced the indebtedness to the first mortgage of \$45,000, we advertised that we could get our rate of interest reduced from six to five per cent., if we could reduce the mortgage to \$40,000. At our anniversary I succeeded in obtaining pledges of \$4400; and, as A. V. Stout, who had promised to be present, was not there, I said to Bishop Harris, "If you will put down \$500 to A. V. Stout, Brother Chauncey Shaffer will subscribe the balance. The bishop replied, "I dare not do it; it would offend Stout." I replied, "J. B. Cornell, Oliver Hoyt, Wm. Hoyt, and George I. Seney, have each given that; and you can tell him that, as he was not present, you ventured to

subscribe the same amount in his name." The bishop said, "Will you help me get it somewhere else, if he does not pay it?" I replied, "Yes." He then said, "A. V. Stout, \$500," and Brother Shaffer assumed the remaining one hundred.

At the close of the meeting, Bishop Harris came to me and said, "You have persuaded me to do what, I fear, will displease Brother Stout." I replied, "Do not fear, bishop; go to Brother Stout to-morrow morning and tell him all about it, and it will be all right." He went to his bank and said to Brother Stout, "I have done something that, I fear, you will never forgive me for." "What is it, bishop?" "You do not know how reluctantly I tell you; I feel so mean over it." Brother Stout said, "Do tell me, bishop; what is it?" Bishop Harris then stated what a strait they were in and; how, as Cornell, Seney, and the Hoyts, had each given \$500, he had ventured to put A. V. Stout down for the same amount; and if he had done wrong, he asked for his forgiveness. Brother Stout replied, "You did just right," and at once wrote out his check for the amount.

When the three years (the time limit, then) had expired, I reported at conference what had been accomplished; and, at the close of the report, the Rev. Daniel A. Goodsell (now Bishop) moved that I be returned the fourth year. Dr. J. A. Roche arose and said that, though it certainly ought to be done, the restrictive rule was in the way. Bishop Simpson, who presided, said, "Our rules permit

professors of colleges, editors, missionaries, and supplies for neglected portions of our work, to be re-appointed; and, if the conference so votes, I shall feel at liberty to appoint him the fourth year." The question was then put on its passage, and the affirmative vote was unanimous.

Dr. Roche then arose and moved that there be spread upon the minutes a resolution of thanks for the wonderful achievements, self-abnegation, and marvelous work, accomplished by the Rev. A. C. Morehouse. I at once protested, saying, "I have only been doing my duty, as I believe every Methodist preacher has, as he understood it—each from his conviction of duty." I then said, "I am now at liberty to present the resolution of the board of trustees, and ask this conference to pass the same, and spread it upon the minutes of the conference, that all the money from the rentals of the buildings be appropriated for the payment of the debt upon the property, and that no portion of it be used for current expenses of the church, until the debts are paid. This, if faithfully adhered to, as in the past three years, will soon put the church in an endowed condition." The conference then so voted.

Bishop Warren appointed me the fifth year, and at its close, the indebtedness had been reduced to \$28,000, making over \$56,000 (principal, interest, taxes, and floating debts) paid off during the five years.

When I had commenced, the congregation and

Sunday-school were small ; and the Sunday evening prayer-meeting, previous to preaching, was held in a class-room. As the interest increased in the meetings, I suggested that the Wednesday and Sunday evening prayer-meetings be held in the large Sunday-school room, but the brethren said that the interest would die out if we met in so large a room. I replied, "If we cannot succeed there, it ought to die out." But God honored our faith and works, and almost every Sunday night some were seeking deliverance from sin and sinful habits, especially intemperance.

To encourage and help these, we held a Gospel Temperance Meeting one evening each week ; and almost every Sunday evening some were saved.

One Sunday evening, at the close of the service, a man who had been on probation some three months, came to me, saying, "Thank God I was here this evening ! I have reached a place in my experience to-night that I have long desired. Oh, how glad I am that I am now fully satisfied !"

On the Tuesday following, the great fire occurred in the Potter Building, on Nassau and Beekman Streets, and this man, a printer, in an upper story, was driven by the fire to the window ; and the people shouted, "Jump, and we will catch you in a mattress," but, as he sprang from the window, he struck a telegraph wire, and thus was thrown on the pavement. He was taken up insensible and carried to the Chambers Street Hospital. I was sent for, but he remained insensible. Later,

he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he died.

His class-leader came to me and said, "Let us bury him decently. If we do not, they will take him to the dissecting-room; and, when they have done with him, they will bury him in the potters' field." I at once assented, and drew up a subscription, subscribed, and said to the leader, "Go down among the printers and ask them to help us." He went to the foreman, who replied, "Of course we will. We had noticed a great change in Richard for the few months past, and it has been the subject of conversation here, but we did not know of his joining the church."

Many of the printers made contributions toward paying the expenses, and I inserted a notice of the funeral in the daily papers. The *Telegram* sent a reporter to learn the particulars of his conversion; and he made inquiries concerning the text and heads of the sermon; and, although I had not previously decided to preach a sermon, at that instant these words of the Saviour's came to me, "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh" (Matt. xxiv. 44), and I decided to preach. At that funeral we had more printers attending, than were present at any other during our nineteen years of city work. We gave a mahogany coffin; and he was buried, in a lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery, that belonged to the church.

A short time after, I received a letter from his

brother (of high position in England), making inquiries concerning his conversion and death; stating that this brother had been roving all over the world; but that he was so rejoiced to know that Richard had been converted and that church people had given him a respectable burial; and requested that we put up a fine monument and enclose the plot, and report the expense to him; and he also sent us fifty dollars for our church work.

Richard Davy was the great-grandson of Sir Humphry Davy, who was knighted for his great discoveries in science.

Near the close of the fifth year, Presiding Elder Adams came to me and said, "Can you be spared from Forsyth Street?" I inquired, "Why?" He replied, "That is a very important and difficult work." I said, "Yes; but it is now like a clock—only keep it going, as in the past five years, and they will soon be out of debt and in receipt of a good income. He then said, "I have a very difficult work to be done; and, unless earnest, persevering means are employed, one of my churches must go out of existence." I surmised the one which he meant; for, a short time before, a meeting had been called to consider the propriety of selling the church property and going farther up town. But J. B. Cornell requested me to attend the meeting, and, if possible, persuade them to remain. Bishop Harris was present and opposed their removal. But one of the official members

opposed the plan ; and I shall ever honor John S. Ross for his earnest plea for the life of the church, then nearly one hundred years old from its first organization in the then " Two Mile-stone Appointment " (being two miles from the City Hall and the Battery).

At the close of the fifth year, my Presiding Elder, as he represented his district in conference, stated that the pastor of Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. A. C. Morehouse, had accomplished a work in the salvation of souls, and rescuing that vast property, that no other person living could ; and there never was or would be such another.

And yet how fickle and transitory is human applause ! When, at the failure of the church and congregation to meet the current expenses of the church (some three years after I had left Forsyth Street), Brother Adams came to me, inquiring if it would not be best to appropriate a portion of the income from the rentals to meet the current expenses, I replied, " It would be wrong, as the greater number of the subscribers pledged to give with that understanding ; and the annual conference spread upon its minutes a resolution to that effect, in 1882." He replied, " We can reconsider that, and rescind it." I replied, " If you undertake to do that, I shall oppose it in the conference, and, after I state what I know of that transaction, you will surely fail." He then replied, with some spirit, " It is, then, a feast or a famine." I replied, " Six

wealthy trustees are there to supplement the balance of the unpaid expenses, and will do so if the pastor and people do what they can." But, from that time, I noticed a coldness of manner when we met.

As the Presiding Elder who followed him, a few years after, in making a report of his district in the *Christian Advocate*, indicated that it might be well to apply some of the income from the buildings to meet the current expenses, I made a reply to him, stating that we were morally bound to pursue the course we had followed in the past, and that the appointing power should appoint men there who would reside in the community, near the church; and by energetic and continual work, they would succeed; and again others were displeased. And when the pastor, Dr. J. A. Roche, in an annual conference, after presenting his desire to have the conference empower the trustees to appropriate a portion of the rentals toward the current expenses, and in his vigorous and eloquent manner urged that it be done, I, in opposition, reminded the conference of his wonderful eulogy of my great achievement, in former years in saving the property; and called attention to the fact that, only in that way could we succeed in endowing this old historic church in the down-town and destitute portion of our work in New York City. And the conference sustained me in my position.

At the conference of 1890, the Rev. W. H. Lawrence came to me saying, "When I saw the

article which you wrote for the *Christian Advocate*, concerning the Forsyth Street Church, I told my wife that I should like to go there, and I believe I can succeed." I said to him, "You will, if you go and live with them there, and do faithful, energetic work, seeking the co-operation of the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." He requested me to see the Elder and Bishop, giving me clippings of two Charleston, S. C., papers of his work in that city. He also stated that the daughter of General C. B. Fisk was at Charleston at the time, and knew of his work. As General C. B. Fisk was president of the Board of Trustees at Forsyth Street, I sent the clippings to him and wrote to him, telling him that, if he thought well of it, perhaps he had better come over to Brooklyn and see the authorities himself. He replied that he would come, if possible to leave; but if not, asking me to "push it for Lawrence." I handed the letter to the Presiding Elder, who, after reading it, requested me to let him retain it to show to the Bishop.

As the appointments were read off by the Bishop, Brother Lawrence was appointed to Forsyth Street Church; and on March the 12th, 1893, I was invited to participate in the burning of the last remaining of the three mortgages, and celebrate the jubilee of its freedom from debt, fourteen years from the time of my appointment to the work of delivering the church from financial bondage; and, as they presented me with a superb gold-mounted ebony cane, beautifully engraved, I, from my

heart, could with them sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"—having lived to see one Methodist Episcopal Church, in the midst of the teeming multitude of the poorer and needy population of New York City, so endowed that, as Dr. Daniel Curry prayed in the opening prayer of our first anniversary, "This church may here continue in its existence and usefulness, until the fires of the Judgment Day shall kindle upon this world," and to which all present heartily joined in the "Amen."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SEVENTH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



AT the close of my fifth year at Forsyth Street, I was appointed, as I had anticipated I should be, to the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church. I found that the former pastor, Rev. H. Lightbourn, with the assistance of Brother Cornell and other benevolent friends, had paid off the floating debts ; but the church and parsonage buildings needed repairs, which we at once commenced. I also began to secure subscriptions towards paying off the mortgage.

I here insert the statement for the third quarterly conference of the third year :

“We have thoroughly repaired the church and parsonage roofs ; repainted them ; rebuilt the chimneys ; rebuilt and repainted the veranda ; refurnished the parlor, and recarpeted it ; repainted and papered the dining-room ; reflagged and recurbed the walks in the rear of the parsonage ; rebuilt the fence ; painted, frescoed and carpeted the Sunday-school room and class-room ; rebronzed

the gas fixtures, furnishing them with globes; also putting in the Sunday-school room a good pipe organ; also reconstructed the audience-room, with new pulpit, choral platform, and altar-rail; purchasing large pipe-organ and decorating it; renovating cushions; new shades for windows; carpeting the altar platform and the choir platform; furnishing chairs and hymn-books for choir and congregation; paying off mortgage; meeting all current expenses for the three years, in all some \$17,000; 181 professed conversions, of whom 126 joined in full connection; 56 letters given, mostly to up-town churches; 13 of our members have died, and I have attended 58 funerals not our own members; 56 persons have been baptised, and 105 marriage ceremonies performed."

During our pastorate, we had the assistance of Joseph Hillman, leader of the "Troy Praying Band," with his very efficient workers, among them E. S. Johnson, the great solo singer, and who in all the past years of their evangelistic labors, have been instrumental in the conversion of some thirty-five thousand souls, and were very efficient in the work of increasing the spirituality of the church, as also in that of soul-saving. Brother Samuel Halsted, who assisted me also on the West Side, was, with his "New York City Praying Band," a great power in evangelistic labor; but they both have been translated to join

the innumerable company (many of whom they were instrumental in leading to the Saviour) who are now praising God in the City of the Lord. The local preachers were also efficient in assisting in our revivals.

At the first meeting of the official board, to estimate the preacher's salary for my third year, they reported, "We have raised your salary from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred dollars." I replied, "Brethren, you cannot afford to pay it." They said, "We can pay you that." I said to them, "You are not able; and if I should die and another preacher come, or, next year, you were to go down to twelve hundred dollars again, how would it appear? No; I shall report to conference but twelve hundred dollars." They then said, "We will make it fifteen hundred dollars." I then said to them, "If you insist upon making it fifteen hundred dollars, and we have enough at the close of the year to pay that, I will accept the three hundred dollars towards meeting the expenses of the two mission-workers that I have paid myself; but I shall not report to conference more than twelve hundred dollars, which, with the parsonage, is all you should ever pay. It is wrong for the officials to appropriate more salary than they are able to pay, and for the preacher to ask the officials to pay more than their means will permit; and to pay up at the close of the year, put a note in the bank to be a burden for the next preacher.

There was \$229.00 on hand in the bank, when I closed up the accounts of the third year, above what was necessary to pay up all the indebtedness; and I gave that amount to the treasurer, presuming they would never again talk of leaving that important field.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INCIDENTS AND SCENES OF OUR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

OON after my appointment to Seventh Street the third year, the official board unanimously requested me to take a vacation, saying, "You have a brother residing in California, and we want you to take what you have never yet had, a vacation of some two or three months."

While I was hesitating in my mind, and praying to God for direction, I called upon A. W. Middleton, as I was passing his office at the corner of Broadway and Warren Street (as he had been one of our trustees and was then the eastern agent for the Santa Fee Railroad), who, as I came in, said, "I was just going to write to you that next week the extremely low fare to California will be raised to almost double the amount it is now; and I do not believe you will ever have an opportunity to go so cheaply again." Inquiring the price, I at once decided to go. Purchasing tickets for myself and my wife, I came home that Thursday noon, saying to Mrs. Morehouse, "At once prepare to start for California on next Monday morning."

As I had for the past thirteen years been assisting my brethren in the ministry in the time of their vacations, I had no difficulty in supplying my pulpit, even at so short a notice, they all saying that they were glad I was going to have a rest from labor.

Monday, May 10th, 7:15 A. M., we started from the parsonage of the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, through Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," to Baltimore, called the "Monumental City," and there transferred ourselves and baggage to the Baltimore and Ohio road. As we entered our palace-car at 10:30, we were grateful to our friend, A. W. Middleton, who had, from his office in New York City, telegraphed for a superior section; but the contrast between a noisy, jolting sleeping-car and the quiet of the parsonage is so great, that but little sleep is secured the first night.

We arrived in Washington at 3 P. M., and remained long enough to give us a bird's-eye view of the Capitol, in which the representatives of this great nation are enacting laws, we trust, for its welfare. At 4:15, we halted a few moments at Harper's Ferry, where the building, designated "fort," once held by John Brown and his few tried friends, and where he was taken prisoner, and soon after executed by the authorities of Virginia; and also the crumbling walls of the government buildings that were burned in the late civil war

by Stonewall Jackson, at the time General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and the day previous to the skirmishing that preceded the battle of Gettysburg. The placid waters of the river (called by the aborigines the "Potomac") are flowing on as peacefully as when the dusky Indian glided upon its bosom, with his bark canoe, or when Washington dwelt upon its delightful banks at Mount Vernon; or, when, in the terrible conflict of the civil war, its bosom was so often stained with the blood of those who were defending the Union.

Our next point of interest, where, for a few moments we halted, was Martinsburg and Cumberland Valley, where General Lee marched, when preparing with the flower of the Southern army to strike a deadly blow, and thus secure an uprising of the rebel sympathizers in the North, and thus force secession. But, while man proposes, God disposes; and, in the terrible conflict at Gettysburg, the rebel army was so crippled that all the future efforts only indicated its hoplessness of final success.

As we reached Cincinnati, named after the great Roman senator and consummate general who, when he had secured peace and prosperity to Rome, returned to his humble farm, where, as his counsel was sought by the senators, they found him following his plow, as previous to his exaltation to the highest position of Rome.

As we passed along the Ohio River, we could remember when this was considered the "Far

West," and the thought that upon its waters young Abraham Lincoln once guided his little flat boat, and in the rough and severe discipline of early and future life, was being prepared for the great work of guiding the "Ship of State" through one of the most terrific storms that this (or, we might say, any) nation ever passed, to the haven of peace.

Our route led us to pass through a portion of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California—fifteen States, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, if no break in the connection, we would traverse by Saturday at 9:10 P.M., a distance of 3,300 miles; or, in other words, across the vast domain of Uncle Sam's possessions on the American continent, confirming the truth of the poetry, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm."

We crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis; and, as we contemplated the great change that had occurred in the two hundred and thirteen years since the two adventurous Frenchmen first came down its waters in their explorations; we could, with the inspired writer say, "What hath God wrought!" We here passed up the Mississippi to the Missouri, which, as its muddy waters are received by the Mississippi, appear disinclined to assimilate for many miles below, each retaining its own color, as if opposed to uniting into one. But time and distance

in their journey removes the distinction, and they become one in purpose and work.

In passing through the State of Missouri, for the first time, we find it indicating the same fertility with Iowa and Minnesota above, or the states east of the Mississippi, and with the additional benefit of coal for fuel beneath its fertile prairies. And thus, with the State of Kansas, which, as we surveyed its beautiful and extended prairies, we did not wonder that when a territory, and the irrepressible conflict was upon us, as a nation, each party should strive to secure this gem of our country as a prize. But, thank God, these scenes of violence from border ruffians melted away beneath the scorching fires of the civil war and the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. And now, in the language of the inspired writer, "the sword is beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook," and we trust "the nation shall learn war no more." Before we reached Kansas City, we saw the terrible devastation of one of those western cyclones, which had passed some sixteen hours before us, sweeping a train of cars from the track, in a complete wreck by the side of the embankment; and also trees and buildings along the way, and in the city of Kansas, killing at once fifty-eight persons. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! And were it not that we have implicit confidence that God is a wise and beneficent Being—too good to be unkind, and too wise to err—who will not permit these severities to occur unless

some great and desirable good is to be obtained, we would question His goodness.

The Western portion of Kansas, and portions of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, called "the plains," are extremely barren of trees and shrubs, with the exception of a few stunted cotton-wood or cedars, the sage-brush, cactus, prickly-pears, and plants that grow without water; with no living creature to be seen, with the exception of a few turtle doves, a rabbit occasionally, and the prairie dogs, which, at times, appear on the top of their little mounds, erect, and seem to say to the smoking engine and train, "What right have you to invade our dominions?" Or, as the engine would screech, they would reply with a bark and a dive, instantly disappear. They dwell in colonies, and the little boys and girls will often exclaim, "Here is another dog-town!" At many places, we could see the droves of cattle, sheep, horses or mules, where convenient to water; but the past winter had been so severe, that along the way on either side, we saw the bones and carcasses of hundreds of the cattle that had perished.

As we cross from Kansas into Colorado, near the town of Trinidad, we can see portions of the Rocky Mountain ranges, whose tops are covered with snow, and some of them appearing to be not more than three or four miles distant. Many of the houses are called *adobe*, or, as we would say, mud houses, composed of muddy clay, baked in the sun, in form like our brick, and plastered outside with

something like the same material. Others were made of upright poles and thus plastered; and many of them covered with poles and mud, to keep the occupants from being wet with the annual rain, which is brief in duration.

The ascent up the Rattoon Mountains, a spur of the Rocky, was accomplished by the assistance of three powerful engines, two to pull and one to push, and the ascent was slow, causing the engines to puff like the heavy farm horses fed on dusty hay. The sides of these mountains were sparsely covered with shrubs, a few yellow pines and cedars, but dwarfish in appearance. As we neared the highest point, we entered a tunnel 7,627 feet through, and considered the crest of the continent, and the ancient gateway of the trail to Santa Fe, situated in New Mexico, and the oldest town in the United States. The view of the canyons and extended valleys beyond, as we emerged from the tunnel, and passed down into New Mexico, is inspiring and deeply impressive, especially as we contrast them with the broad, extended prairies and burning plains that we have passed. Here the towering mountains stand like giant sentinels, to guard the vast expanse of prairie land, while herds of cattle and sheep are quietly grazing here and there, indicating that these lands are already occupied as ranches.

Early on Friday morning, we crossed the Rio Grande, which was now swollen by the melting snows of the mountains; and halting for water

and coal, the families of the Indians who resided near in their little mud houses all came out to sell their little wares. And though so cold that some of us wore our overcoats, many of the Indians were bare-footed, and some were partially naked (especially the little papooses), and appeared to be highly delighted to see the passing strangers. As we reached the "Continental Divide," or the elevation where the waters run to the two distant oceans, the scene was perfectly grand and majestic, above all that we had ever seen.

Mountain after mountain, towering high, and in varied and imposing forms of red sand-stone; spires of seeming obelisks and carved sphinxes, deep and lofty grottoes, and arches of entrance—supported by massive columns and colonades of pillars—to these temples of nature, built by the wisdom and power of God. We seemed to feel like Jacob, when he awoke from his dream, and could say, "God was in this place." Or, like Moses, when, on Horeb, he heard God speak from the burning bush, "This is Holy Ground." The Nauve Jo (called "Nauve Ho") Indians have a reservation near, and are successfully cultivating the soil by irrigation, raising all kinds of cereals to perfection, and also cattle, sheep, goats, horses, and donkeys; their chief owning a thousand sheep, and their rose blankets excel in market prices, bringing seventy-five dollars per pair. As we passed an Indian settlement, where whole families were sitting out on their platforms, to see the

passing trains, and manifesting their delight, a little fellow in the palace car, who for the first time saw them in their rude native dress, ran to his mother and said, with great glee, "Oh, wasn't that a good show?"

On Friday morning, we were all anxiously waiting for our breakfast; but, as we reached Coleridge, at 8:30, we found the hotel and principal buildings of the place had just been burned down, and we were compelled to telegraph beyond; and when, at 11:15, the waiting landlord saw the destruction that followed, he, no doubt, could say, "Go on, my partners in distress!"

At 6 P.M., we crossed the *Cañon Diabolus*, or, in English, "Devil's Canyon," a deep gorge of two hundred and forty-seven feet deep, and some seventy-five feet wide, caused by the floods coming down from mountain snows and annual rains. As we stood upon the platform, to get a better view, we noticed the ladies turned pale with fear; but, as we reached the opposite bank, we suggested that they should praise the bridge that had carried them safely over.

On Saturday morning, we found that a freight train had broken down, and torn up the track, and was lying upon it, and we were compelled to wait for the east-bound train from Los Angeles; and the tedious work of transferring baggage and freight, and each train reversing engine and returning, thus delaying us nine hours. But while delayed, some of us went prospecting for flowers, and we returned

with ten different varieties of prairie flowers; securing a tomato-can, we filled it with water and, inserting the bouquet, put it in the window of our section—an ornament to our part of the car.

At 2:30 P. M., crossed the Colorado River, the “divide” between Arizona and California, called the “Needles.” Here we again saw the Indians in their primitive state, armed with bows and arrows. And as the passengers would insert a five-cent piece in a stick, and stick it in the ground some four rods distant, they would shoot, and the one who hit the money claimed it as his reward. A bright lad, some sixteen years of age, excelled all the older warriors in markmanship, and thus secured the most prizes.

Again, we came to another of the cone-shaped mountains, so frequent in this country; and all along the sides, and far in the distance along the plain, the black and hardened lava was seen just in the shape it had cooled from its melted liquid state. As we approach Los Angeles, the fertility of the country increased, and the character of the shrubs and trees indicated that the climate was entirely different, and that we had reached the tropics.

On Sabbath morning, we inquired at the hotel at which we were staying for the nearest Methodist Episcopal Church, and were directed to Fort Street; and, at the close of the very able sermon, accepted the invitation of the pastor for all strangers to come and become acquainted, and he

inquired our residence and name, and we gave it. He replied, "You are not A. C. Morehouse, are you?" And we answered in the affirmative. He said, "Why, do you know that you officiated at our wedding, nearly twenty-six years ago?" And, calling upon his wife, who was in the congregation, saying, "Maria, come! Here is a surprise." And though the time and distance was long since we gathered at Brother Hebbad's (her father's happy home, and one of my official board on the Davenport Circuit), and we had not met since I pronounced them husband and wife, and introduced them to the guests as Mr. and Mrs. Brazee (as they at once went to the State of Iowa); yet the precious memories of those happy days of my early ministry came freighted with a fragrance as from Eden's bowers, or the richly perfumed zephyrs from the flowers and groves of oranges and lemons of Los Angeles.

We also found Rev. Asael M. Hough, a cherished friend of our early ministry, and with him his devoted wife; enjoyed their hospitality, and also the reminiscences of the revival scenes of our labors in the vineyard of the Lord on the Prattsville District.

We had inquired of the late Bishop Scott, after he had held a conference in Los Angeles, what was his opinion of it. He replied, "I consider it the garden of the world." And it is a most delightful climate, producing fruits and flowers as only possible in a tropical climate, when supported by

plentiful irrigation. But when, after preaching for them on Sabbath evening, as the next morning some of the official brethren said to us, "Dr. Brazee's three years are nearly expired. Would you not be pleased to come here?" Mrs. Morehouse quickly replied, "I prefer the East to even Los Angeles"—confirming the oft-repeated sentiment, "There is no place like home."

On Monday, accompanied by Dr. Brazee and his wife, we visited delightful residences where vineyards, groves of oranges, lemons, apricots, pomegranates, peach, pear, and all kinds of tropical fruits were growing, and the avenues to their residences lined with palm and other ornamental trees, and their shady walks adorned with banks of the most beautiful flowers, roses, heliotropes, and geraniums, running up to the tops of their houses, covered with the flowers, that are in perpetual bloom, filling the air with their fragrance.

On Tuesday, we, accompanied by Sister Brazee, went down to Long Beach (something after the pattern of Ocean Grove), where they have a conference camp-meeting grove, and where we, for the first time, were permitted to stand upon the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and musingly wander along its pebbled beach, listening to the whispering of its sparkling waves, saying, "God is even here!"

On Wednesday of the second week we started for San Francisco, passing through nearly a hundred miles of barren, sandy plains, partially covered

with shrubs, sage-bush, cactus of different species, with here and there a shrubby cedar, and a few cotton-woods in the valleys along the streams. But, on Thursday morning, as we entered the vicinity of the San Joaquin (pronounced San Wakeene) River, from which the lands are irrigated, we passed through the most extended wheat-fields we ever saw, stretching as far as we could see on either side of the road, and a hundred miles in length. At one P. M., we came to the Sacramento River. And as we passed along its banks, the refreshing breeze from its cooling waters was a delightful change from the heated air of the plains on the day previous.

As we halted at Oakland, some six miles from San Francisco, two young men entered the cars; and, as they discovered an aged couple, they started quickly to meet them; who, in turn recognized their two sons, whom, I presume, they had not seen for years (as they appeared to have just come from the "Fatherland.") They rushed into each other's arms, mingling their tears of joy and giving vent to expressions that suggested the great joy of those who, after a long separation, will meet with loved ones in heaven.

Crossing over from Oakland by steamer, we entered the "City of the Golden Gate," with gratitude to Almighty God for protection to the farthest city from New York to which we were destined. After going to the Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, also there wandering along the beach

of the Pacific, which, though its name indicates "peaceful," is about the same, in its restless and surging waves, as the Atlantic. We had a very pleasant interview with Dr. Crary, editor of the *California Advocate*, to whom we had letters of introduction from Brother Holmes of New York City.

San Francisco is, indeed, a marvelous city, when we consider the brief period of its growth—one of the many standing testimonies of the rapidity of Americans in their march of progress.

As we re-crossed the bay, and entered the cars to go to Grass Valley, to attain the great object of our long journey—to meet my brother, whom I had not seen for over thirty-four years,—the incidents of our boyhood days came gliding along the panorama of memory, and then the solemn truth that we two were all that remained of the family of seven, who once gathered around the family board in the happy circle. We were grateful to God that, in the great provision of the Gospel, we may all be prepared to meet in heaven.

The Central Pacific crosses the Sacramento at Porticosta on a mammoth ferry-boat, wide enough inside of the six great boilers to hold four tiers of cars, and 411 feet long, or in all 1644 feet, enough to take the longest train of the company. As we passed up the valley of the Sacramento, we found it very productive, especially where the land is irrigated.

In passing up the branch road, from Colfax to

Grass Valley, we found that this was one of the most circuitous for the distance (some sixteen miles) of all the roads we had yet traveled, but genius had triumphed over the hills and valleys of the Sierra Nevada.

Grass Valley is, as indicated by the name, beautiful and highly productive, a miniature of Los Angeles; but while its climate will not permit the growth of tropical plants—the orange and lemon, with their golden fruit—yet underneath, and in the mountains, hills, and valleys, over fifty million dollars worth of golden treasure has been found, and some twenty quartz mines are being worked. And the “Idaho,” one of the many that we visited, was once considered one of the richest gold mines of the United States. As we descended to the distance of some eighteen hundred feet, and saw extending here and there the drifts; and the great amount of timber used to support the rock and keep open these subterranean passages; and saw the men operating with their steam-drills, and with powder, pick, and hammer, breaking out the quartz rocks, to be hauled to the surface; and the crushing-mills, that are running night and day; and the process of the separation of the pure from the dross; and, one of the most effective, the retort or fire process—we could but think, “How much like the course our Heavenly Father is compelled to pursue with many of us, to prepare us for usefulness here on earth, and for the company of the pure in heaven!”

We were most heartily welcomed by our brother, who, as we met, threw his arms around me in loving embrace, kissing me as a mother would her child; and, then, turning to his wife, saying, "This is my good brother, of whom I have so often spoken." And turning to his sons, said, "This is your good uncle, and I want you all to love him for my sake." As we entered his house, he said, "This, my brother, is your home, and the longer you stay the better. These grounds, fruits and flowers are yours. This is the supreme hour of my life—an honor that to me is above all other,—to welcome you, who, when we were orphans, provided so good a home for us.

His excellent wife and children vied with him in making us welcome, their hospitality unbounded, and also those with whom we associated at the church and in the very enjoyable Sunday-school excursion to a grove of towering pines and mighty oaks, the growth of centuries, some eight miles distant by the railroad. And as we preached for Dr. Buck, an excellent preacher and Christian gentleman, we found the same warm-hearted "Amen!" and shouts of joyful victory, as in the East, indicating that the fire of our early Methodism has not ceased to burn.

We had expected to spend but two Sabbaths in Grass Valley, but, by the pressing requests of our friends, and the assurance that our remaining would be a great blessing to them in the great work of seeking a preparation for a happier meeting in the

future world with the holy, happy spirits, where there are no sad parting scenes, we were induced to stay another week. And when the parting came, they each, with many others, whom we had first known here, and that to love, promised to meet us in our Heavenly Father's family above. It afforded us great joy, even though our parting here was, no doubt, to meet no more on earth.

As we reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and passed through forty-one miles of snow-sheds, and the next morning saw the snow yet remaining on either side, and the white mantles of snow covering the mountain towering so high above us, and enjoyed the cool atmosphere, we could say, "It is good to be here."

Just before we reached the Truckee, by the persuasion of a friend, we decided to visit Lake Tahoe. Entering an open four-horse coach, in which were fourteen persons, besides baggage, we passed up the stream that flows from the lake fifteen miles distant. The morning air was pure and bracing, and the scenery was grand.

The majestic pines and cedars, in their native state; the wild plum, currant, and other shrubs and flowers peculiar to this high altitude, were blooming; and robin red-breast, and the striped chip-squirrel, appeared as much at home here as in the Eastern States. But here and there, in varied forms, the jagged rocks towering high, appeared as if some Michael Angelo, or modern imitator, had been practicing to test his genius. One was

pointed out to us by our very obliging driver as "Belva Lockwood," another the "Duke of Wellington," one, the "Devil's Blacksmith-shop," another, his "Satanic Play-ground," which at once carried us in thought to him who dwelt among the tombs, but was delivered by the blessed Saviour. Halting, when half-way, at a large stream called Squa Creek, we all drank of the sparkling water, as cold as if first running from the melting banks of snow above.

We found the lake to be one of the most beautiful sheets of water we had ever seen. It is eight and one-half miles wide, twenty-three miles long, over six thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by snow-capped mountains, from which it is supplied. The water is, therefore, cold and remarkably clear. We found Mr. Bailey, the proprietor of the hotel at which we stopped, a perfect gentleman, and everything was of the best character. Securing the services of John Hurley, an expert boatman, I, with my better half, at once proceeded to test our skill as disciples of Isaak Walton. And in connection with the most delightful sail, we had the pleasure of securing six large, beautiful lake-trout, which were served up for our dinner, and that of the guests at the Bailey Hotel, in a manner that would have been a credit to Delmonico's, suited to the most critical and epicurean taste. Wednesday morning, we caught ten fine ones (Mrs. Morehouse four of them) and expressed them to our friends in Grass Valley. At 5 P. M., we again entered the

coach for Truekee, and much enjoyed the evening ride

On Thursday morning, we again entered the cars for the East. And as we passed up the Humboldt River, we saw, in the distance beyond, what is called the "Sink," or where the river is lost in the sands of the plains.

"Battle Mountain Station," is so named from a great battle between emigrants, who were crossing the plains, and the war-like savages. And nearby was an enclosure in which were buried many persons who had also died while they were on their way to and from the "land of promise." As we thought of the sorrow that must have filled the hearts of those who had there deposited the precious forms of their loved ones, never even to look upon their graves again, we were blessed with the words of the Revelator: "And there shall be no more death."

In passing up the Humboldt, we found the river increasing in size. And along the stream, where the lands were watered by the river, herds of cattle and sheep were grazing; but the mountains and high grounds were mostly barren, with the exception of those that were irrigated. The "Palisades" is a deep cut through the mountains, by the Humboldt, quite like those on the west side of our Hudson River. And below the embankment and in the river, lay the wreck of the cars that, a few days previous, had, by a disaster, been thrown off the track, making the

fourth of the kind that had occurred previous to our passing.

On Friday morning, we came in view of Salt Lake, some forty-five miles wide, by sixty-five long. Passing around to the River Jordan, we found a great change. The fields watered by its streams were very productive, and the mountain streams were utilized for the purpose of irrigation. Ogden is an active country city, but depends much upon the business from the railroad. Salt Lake City is an evidence of what is being accomplished by irrigation, but the impress of the great exactions of the church, in its tithe system, is seen everywhere in the appearance of its people, their homes, and farms. The great Mormon Temple is now going up slowly. It is massive in its foundation and structure, but the expense of litigation, and the collapse of their un-Christian and debauching church peculiarities, so uncongenial to to American institutions, which is sure to come, will necessitate the government, or some men of business, either for commerce or Christianity, to at last finish for God and humanity what Brigham Young, moved by lust, commenced.

As we ascended the valley, and saw the deep canyons and red, rocky boulders rising in their perpendicular forms far above us, and so near at times, that we could almost touch them from the platform, and especially the "Black Canyon," where the cut is formed by the crystal stream coming down from the west, and the Gunnison

River from the east; here they meet, and, in a whirling eddy, struggle for the mastery, and, as a compromise, turn toward the north, forming another romantic gateway. The Castle Gate is one of the wonders of the many in this strange country, formed by rocks, rising over six hundred feet above the stream, in the form of the letter V, perpendicular, and some twenty feet wide, facing the railway, formed by the canyons meeting, leaving these cloud-piercing rocky posts, through which the foaming river and thundering train go rushing by, as if in a contest for a prize. This canyon is fifteen miles through, and on the rocks above, almost every form of obelisk and sculpture can be seen—the imprint of nature's God.

The difficulties in building the Rio Grande Railroad were such that one of the first miles cost one million dollars, and the great courage of the company, and engineering genius, is displayed in the construction. The Chipeta Falls, that comes down the lofty rocks, and forms in spray as it falls in its pure white robes, is extremely beautiful. And, as passing through, and surveying the lofty peaks, some of them eighteen hundred feet high, we are impressed with the greatness of our God by the grandeur of His Works.

As we continued to ascend, we reached what is called Marshal's Pass or "Continental Divide," where the waters run in opposite directions, to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and above are the snows which glisten in the sun, and drifts in the

gorges below us. On the summit, where we halted for coal and water, we gathered handfuls from the drifts that were lying by the side of the snow-sheds of the company, built to secure the road from the deep snows of winter.

Passing down the Arkansas, we come to what is called the Royal Gorge, where the river has cut its passage through the mountain, and where the company has again followed the windings of the river, blasting out the sides of the rocky mountains, to make room for the track of the road, and the rushing river seeming to foam with anger at our temerity in invading the solitude of its rights, acquired by centuries of peaceable possession. And to all who may desire to see the Pacific coast, we would say be sure to take the Santa Fe Road, visiting Southern California, and return by the Rio Grande.

As we reached Denver, we found old friends waiting for us at the depot. And as we entered their pleasant home, late Saturday night, we were glad in our hearts that the coming day would be the Sabbath, a day of rest. We attended church, and the genial pastor, Dr. de la Matyr, made us welcome, introducing us to the ministers who had come to listen to the baccalaureate sermon of Dr. More, chancellor of the Denver University. And as we listened to one of the most appropriate and masterly sermons for the occasion, and heard the hearty "Amen!" and at times the applause, the flood-tide of emotion overcame even the more reserved and

quiet ones, in floods of tears. As we saw the large company of young men and maidens, who were to go forth from this institution with the great responsibilities of time and eternity before them, we could but praise Almighty God for men who, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, could so instruct and present the truth, that all who listen must feel that, like Moses on Horeb, they have heard from God.

Denver is, indeed, beautiful for situation, and perhaps one of the most healthy places of the continent.

Just before we left, on Monday night, we were visited by a hail-storm, which covered the ground with beautiful white pebbles of ice, some of them as large as hickory nuts, but we were informed that it was no more frequent than in the Eastern States. But it is satisfactorily established that the more they irrigate the country, and make it productive of cereals, shrubs and trees, the more frequent the rains. How true, in nature as in grace, "He that watereth, himself also shall be watered." May we not find in this a sequel to the present desolation of Palestine, from the once remarkable productiveness, when even the mountain-sides were terraced with vineyards and fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, the valleys and plains covered with luxurious, waving grain and grasses, and Lebanon and the tops of the mountains covered with forests. It is written, "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread." And in the face of Nature's perspiration

is bread to be eaten; for dews and mists always seem to increase as toil increases the fruitfulness of the land.

We found the storm had extended eastward, cooling the air, watering the earth, and causing the vast, extended prairies of Nebraska to appear lovely in its dress of green, and the traveling delightful, as the dusty reminder of our earthly origin, so troublesome in the past, lay quiet, from the effects of the sprinkling clouds that had showered their blessings on the thirsty land.

Much of the rich land of Nebraska is yet occupied as ranches by those engaged in stock-raising, but these are now rapidly being divided into farms, and villages are starting up along the railroad, and the fields of wheat, corn and other cereals are growing; while here and there, cottages are seen surrounded by young trees and shrubs, indicating that one of the great necessities will soon be supplied—that of sufficient forest trees.

Omaha, on the Missouri River, is another evidence of the rapidity of the growth of the western cities. As we entered it for the first time, and in memory returned to 1867, when receiving five letters from Bishop Kingsley, requesting that we consent to be transferred to take supervision of the work in Montana. In his last note, he had said, "If you will report at Omaha in ten days, telegraph, 'I go,' if not, 'I go not.'" We telegraphed from the conference in New York City, "If twenty days will do, we will go." Which would have given us

only thirteen days to return to Windham Centre, where we were preaching, close up all affairs in the East; saying to friends, "Good-bye, for all time," as then there were no railroads to Montana, and it required seven days to get from Windham to Omaha. On Thursday night of the conference, we received a telegram from the bishop, in Cincinnati, saying, "Twenty days will be too late." We were informed, the next day, that the government troops were going up the Missouri at the time designated by the bishop, and he feared that, if delayed after, there would be danger from the hostile Indians. Such is life, especially that of a Methodist itinerant.

Crossing over into Iowa, as we proceeded East, we found the fertility increasing, forests of timber, and variety of it, multiplying—indicating the frequency of rains—and the vast fields of corn and wheat; also, large droves of cattle in fields of luxuriant grass—a great contrast, not only in the feed, but also in their fat and healthy appearance, compared with those on the Plains. As we crossed the Mississippi, on the Rock Island Railroad, and through Illinois, we found that in the thirty-one years since we first passed through the State, it had made rapid progress in the farming interests; and in the growth of the cities, especially Chicago, one of the most marvelous of American cities, and though largely destroyed by the great fire a few years since, Phoenix-like, it arose from its ashes, renewed in beauty and vigor.

Passing through Indiana on the Grand Trunk Line, we found this great State evidently keeping pace with her sister States in the march of progress. Halting at South Bend, a beautiful city, we instinctively, in thought, recurred to the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, who was one of the most affable and correct parliamentarians that ever presided over a legislative body, with perhaps, the exception of General Husted, of New York State.

As we passed through a portion of Canada, we could see a marked difference in the character of the buildings and people, though the land appears nearly, if not quite, equal in fertility, though more rolling and uneven. As we came to the Suspension Bridge, we remember with what wonder we gazed upon it some thirty-six years since; but compared to the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, it appears a dwarf. The Falls, though thundering away, as the great Niagara is pouring its mighty waters into the deep abyss below, has been somewhat shorn of its greatness, by what we have seen of mountain heights and the grand and deep canyons of the West. And yet, when we take into account the volume of water, the semi-circle in its extent, including the American and Canadian Falls, it is incomparable. The whirlpool and rapids below the Falls, where the rushing waves meet, as if in deadly conflict, and the violence of the shock sends the surging spray some forty feet high, as if to say, "This is our monument to Captain Webb," who perished here.

We were cordially greeted by Rev. Wm. Osborn, who is actively employed in preparing the beautiful International Camp-meeting Grove for the coming meetings; and if our trunk had not then been on the way to New York City, we would have yielded to his earnest solicitation to stay over the Sabbath to the first meeting of the season.

As we descended to the little "Maid of the Mist," and donned the rubber suit to pass through the surging waves and falling mists below the Falls, and steamed up to where the roar of this great body of falling water is deafening, and its mists, like the clouds of rain, was falling, we seemed to be overwhelmed with the greatness and majesty of our God, as seen through His works, and yet the precious thought comes to every true Christian

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love.
He will send down his heavenly power,
To carry us above."

Again, standing on the point above the "Cave of the Winds," we would see the beautiful rainbow reflecting its various hues in the falling spray, and faith could span with it the ages to where righteous Noah saw it as the sign of promise of good to all future generations.

Entering the New York and Erie palace car at 4 P. M., in our native State, on our favorite road, we, if possible, became more interested in thoughts of home, the work, and the friends we were now so soon to meet, and when, on Saturday morning, we

reached the parsonage, to greet the loving, precious friends (who on the night previous to our departure, had surprised us with the presentation of a purse of two hundred dollars, presented by Brother Jacob Roth, president of the board of trustees, and saying, "We have concluded to send Mrs. Morehouse with you, to take good care of you, and to be sure to bring you back with increased health and usefulness"), and from whom we had been absent just forty days and nights, and found, that while we had daily seen the manifestation of the wonderful care and love of God to us, the church and congregation had also been protected, and blessed with the same evidences of His almighty power and love.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HEDDING METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

S the time limit was three years, I was next appointed to Seventeenth Street (Hedding Methodist Episcopal) Church; and, as it was under the jurisdiction of of the City Church Extension and Missionary Society, I was informed by the president, Mr. Bowles Colgate, that if there was no better progress than the previous year, they would sell the property.

The church, Sunday-school, and parsonage roofs all leaked, which we repaired; also the gutters and leaders, painting them all; painted, frescoed, and carpeted the Sunday-school and class rooms, with some three hundred yards of carpet, the first year.

The second year, we reconstructed the audience-room, by building a choral gallery in rear of the pulpit; erecting a new pulpit and railing; securing a pipe organ; beautifully frescoing the walls and ceiling; renovating the cushions and carpets;

making altogether one of the finest audience-rooms in the city.

Our Sunday-school becoming so large, the third year, we were compelled to reconstruct the large front gallery, by putting in seats in ampitheatre form, where over four hundred infant scholars were taught by the infant-class teachers.

The repairs and improvements cost some seven thousand dollars, which, with the current expenses, were all met in the five years; and also one thousand dollars was paid upon the mortgage of seven thousand dollars, from a legacy left the church by a former member, the late Henry Wilson.

Near the close of our fifth year, an effort was made to persuade the congregations of the Seventh Street, the Eleventh Street, and the Seventeenth Street, Churches, consent to sell the three churches, and with the proceeds build a large tabernacle on Second Avenue near Twelfth Street. But as the Seventeenth Street Church was now self-supporting, and the officials and congregation were opposed to it, I with them opposed the plan: first, from the fact that the location for the new church edifice would put it within six blocks of eight churches (two of them the strongest in the city); second, as the carrying out of the plan would involve an expense of fifty thousand dollars above what we could realize from the sale of the three churches; and, third, that it would be impossible to get the greater number of

the Sunday-school scholars to come to the new church, and from these the future of the church is to be sustained.

The discussions were spirited. At the close of the third, I called attention to the many mistakes made by our churches in the nineteen years of my experience in city work, and presented the following resolutions from the officials and congregation of the Hedding Methodist Episcopal Church :

To the Board of Managers of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We, the official members of the Hedding Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seventeenth Street, New York City, at a meeting called by our pastor at the request of Rev. M. D. C. Crawford, D.D., and Rev. W. A. Layton, to ascertain our opinion of the wisdom of a plan to sell the three church buildings in Seventeenth, Seventh, and Eleventh Streets, and with the avails of said churches, build one large church in the vicinity of Twelfth Street and Second Avenue, uniting the congregations and Sunday-schools, believe that it would be a most unfortunate procedure, and would largely decrease our influence and power for soul-saving on the East Side :

First : It would be impossible to retain all of our membership of these three churches, if they are sold and removed.

Second : A large decrease in the membership of the Sunday-schools.

Third : The location unfortunate, being surrounded by eight churches, within six blocks.

Fourth : An increase of some fifty thousand dollars indebtedness to the society, for the proposed church property.

Fifth : A large increase of expenses to carry on the work.

Sixth : That one-third of the money required to carry on the new enterprise invested in missionary help to the present churches would accomplish far greater results, from the fact that we are now where the people are residing and in need of sanctuary privileges ; and to remove we will most assuredly lose our influence over the children, the only hope of the future church.

Seventh : That since the removal of St. Paul's Church, our congregations are rapidly increasing ; and we believe our present location is now one of the best and most promising fields on the East Side from Twenty-seventh Street down to the Battery. And, as it is reported that but few of our people are opposed, we, as the official board, state that, as far as we know, all of our membership and congregation are strongly against the proposition.

Again, we have heard that, as we belong to the society, we have no rights now as a church in this arrangement. We therefore ask of you to grant us the same privilege that you have heretofore accorded to the uptown churches : a restoration of our

property upon our assuming the mortgage that remains upon it now, six thousand dollars, we having paid one thousand dollars last month from money put in our hands for the use of our church by the executors of the late Henry Wilson's estate.

Yours most truly,

Signed, GEO. O. HUDSON, JAMES HENDERSON,
 BENJ. H. HOLMES, JAMES STEVENSON,
 REV. JNO. FRANCIS, PHILIP J. MATHEWS,
 E. S. JOHNSON, JNO. J. McNALLY,
 W. S. BREakey, F. T. PRATT,
 GEO. E. TUTHILL, RICHARD GROGAN,
 ROBT. H. GILLESPIE, J. L. HUGGLAND,
 E. F. DUNGAN.

March 11th, 1892.

I then moved that a vote at once be taken; and the vote was so strong in the affirmative that it was almost unanimous.

At the announcement of the result by the chairman, a prominent member of the board, and also of the Chamber of Commerce, who was sitting in front, turning, took my hand, saying, "Brother Morehouse, I congratulate you upon this marvelous victory. It is wonderful." Going down the elevator, ministers and laymen said to me, "The days of miracles have not passed.

And, though Bishops, Elders, and many of the strongest members of the Board were arrayed against me at the first discussion, I was conscious

that I was right ; and, if the time limit could have permitted my remaining another year, we could have paid off the \$6000 mortgage, and commenced the endowment of the church, thus perpetuating its usefulness for all future time.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SMITHTOWN CIRCUIT.

N the last day of the annual conference, some two weeks after, a prominent layman came to me, saying, "I am indignant. I have just been informed that a little ring is formed to send you kiting, for the hand you had in saving the Seventeenth Street Church from being sold; and now you take a superannuary relation, and go to camp-meetings, and hold revival-meeting in the cities and villages; and you will be instrumental in the salvation of more souls, and have more money, than if you are sent to some one-horse appointment." I replied, "No; if they can afford to treat me so strangely, I can better afford to be loyal to the church. I have been requested to do that for some special work the authorities desired that I perform, and I have replied, "No; reconstruct your restrictive rules so that contingences can be met.'" He then replied, "It is an outrage, after all the soul and church-saving of your nineteen years in this city and all through your ministry, to treat you in this manner;

and I think you are not wise to submit to such treatment." Some of the preachers urged me to the same course ; but my conviction of my duty, was to be firm for what I believed to be right for myself.

When I returned from conference, which had closed that evening, a perfect storm of indignation arose from my friends, as they were informed of what the cabinet had done ; and some dozen letters from ministers and laymen came to me, expressing their indignation and promising to stand faithfully by me in the future as in the past. And I did not know how many friends I had, and how true they were, until this occurred.

As my friends in the city inquired if I needed a horse, I said to them, "I presume we will." And they at once united to purchase a fine horse, carriage, harness, robes, blankèts, and whip—a complete outfit for a Methodist circuit preacher—and sent it up to us.

When we came in the parsonage, the good ladies had provided a fine dinner and gave us a splendid welcome, and seemed much pleased with the new pastor and his wife.

As we came in from the church, the first Sunday service, Mrs. Morehouse said to me, "Have you ever peached in so poor-lóoking a church as this at the Branch, in your ministry?" I replied, "Not in some thirty years." She replied, "I shall be mortified to have our many city friends, who have promised to come and see us, find such a poor-looking church as this." I replied, "We will not

let it be so long." She replied, "You are not going to work here as you have often in the past?" I replied, "We will do our duty as we see it. We will have no vacation this year," and as I enumerated the changes to be made—finishing the belfry by putting up a fine spire and a frontice outside; taking out the old smoky stove, pipe, and chimney; also taking away the large blinds, two feet four inches by ten, and making of the ten large windows, twenty memorial windows with emblems and decorated glass; and also, replastering the broken walls, finishing with fresco paper; reconstructing the altar, platform, railing; building a pulpit; putting new seating; carpeting the church, putting in a furnace, by excavating beneath the foundation; an addition in the rear to descend to the furnace room; painting and graining the church; also painting the church; parsonage, shed, barn, fences, and out-buildings—she replied, "O dear, it will be an all summer's work."

When I called the officials together, and presented my plans, they replied, "It is impossible. We could only pay our former pastor five hundred dollars; and that, with the interest on the mortgage of twelve hundred dollars, was all we could possibly pay." I replied, "I can superintend and also work with you; and, if you cannot subscribe money, you can come and work; and New York City friends have promised to stand by me, and we can pay off the mortgage and also pay for the improvements,

And our friends honored our faith, contributing fifteen hundred pounds of paint, one hundred and fifty gallons of linseed oil, thirty gallons of varnish, all of the fresco paper for church and parsonage, and some four hundred dollars in money, so that when we reopened the church, Bishop E. G. Andrews, preaching from "I will build my church," a most impressive and powerful sermon—and Rev. D. W. Couch, of Brooklyn; assisted by Rev. F. Saunders, of Northport; W. A. Layton, and other former pastors and friends—enough was pledged, with what was secured afterward, to pay off the whole indebtedness.

In February following, the Presiding Elder, assisted by Rev. F. Saunders, of Northport, and other friends, assisted in the services of burning the mortgage at the morning service; and in the afternoon service, the ladies of the Aid Society, who had been very efficient in helping financially, burnt the bond; and the whole congregation united in praising God, by singing the long-metre "Doxology," a jubilant event for the people.

We also held revival meetings at each of the churches, with some conversions, and others who experienced the rich blessing of perfect love; thus giving to them great additional power in the work of the Redeemer.

As the parsonage lot had been neglected, we, the first and second years, set out peach, pear, quince, cherry, apple, plum, grape, current, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and strawberries, which

with the fine garden of vegetables, made this a most delightful home the third year of our pastorate.

We also removed a chimney that stood in the dining-room, and put in a fine bay window on the east side, thus enlarging the small dining-room and adding greatly to the appearance and comfort of the parsonage.

The great tornado, that swept down ornamental and fruit trees, and buildings, blew our church sheds up in the air at the Branch, and as they fell demolished them. We commenced to re-erect them ; but, before they were completed, another storm, nearly as severe, threw them down again. We rebuilt, adding two more stalls to the six previous ; and, thoroughly painting and securing them, hope they will stand the tremendous storms of Long Island.

The second year, Mrs. Caroline Platt, a pious Presbyterian, whose husband and son had with her lamented the irreligious state of society at Kings Park previous to their death, conceived the idea of building a memorial church ; and, having nearly completed it, was compelled to put a mortgage of twelve hundred dollars upon the property to pay the contractor. She offered the building to the Presbyterians, if they would assume the mortgage ; but they hesitated. She then offered to give it to the Methodist Episcopal Church, if we would take it. I said to her, "Make the deed of land two acres instead of one-fourth, so that we can have sheds,

barn, parsonage, garden, and fruits and vegetables, and I will consider it." She consented; and, though it added one-third to my work, as we with her believed that the Methodist Church could do much toward counteracting the evils flowing from the five saloons where no church or Sunday-school existed, we consented to undertake that work.

We at once reconstructed the church—enlarging the platform, building a railing and pulpit, carpeting the platform, cushioning the kneeling-step of the communion rail, and furnishing lamps. A good Presbyterian lady, Mrs. Lawrence, upholstered the chairs. We put in a furnace, and built a large cistern; and our friend, W. B. Douglas, furnished a non-freezing pump; Brother Bell, of New York City, furnished timber; and others, lumber, paints, oil, and nails; and the people uniting to put up the sheds, which in front are supported by nine locust posts (the gift of Mr. Peter C. Badeau), put two feet deep, so that the wind cannot blow them over, and containing eight stalls, estimated to be the finest church sheds in Smithtown.

We reported the circumstances and indebtedness of the twelve hundred dollar mortgage to the Church Extension Society at Philadelphia; and offered, if they would give us five hundred dollars, to pay off the mortgage and interest; and they consented. We then called upon a good friend of this church enterprise, who had already secured over one thousand dollars for Mrs. Platt, and

asked him to raise us four hundred more, and we would then raise the balance to free this valuable church property from all indebtedness ; and he consented.

At the first anniversary, June 24th, 1893, the good people of Kings Park celebrated the complete deliverance of their church property from all indebtedness by burning the bond and mortgage ; and, shortly after, a devoted lady, Miss Bishop, who was on a visit to Sister Platt, gave a beautiful carpet.

When our fine Sunday-school held the Christmas entertainment for 1894, it was considered one of the greatest triumphs of faith, by a consecrated woman, in this one of the most unpropitious fields, to see such a glorious work accomplished in less than two years, and a Christian society converted by the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, where no Church or Sunday-school existed, to counteract the evils flowing from the five saloons and Sabbath-desecration of Kings Park.

As the congregation and Sunday-school much desired a church organ, I wrote to some good friends of mine who are manufacturers (Williams Co., of Chicago), and they, under the circumstances, made us a very liberal reduction in price ; and, on the first Sunday of the year 1895, the school and congregation were assisted by the music of the new organ ; and, it was suggested by Mrs. Platt, when the ladies met to put down their beautiful carpet, that we should acknowledge our gratitude

to Almighty God for the wonderful assistance He had given in the work of this church ; and with thankful hearts and voices sing, “ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ! ” on the first Sunday of the new year.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHAT IS SANCTIFICATION ?

[Prepared and read, by request, at the Preachers' Meeting at Riverhead, Long Island, in 1894.]



WEBSTER defines it: First, the act of making holy; second, the act of God's grace by which the affections of men are purified, or alienated from sin and the world, and exalted to a supreme love to God; also the state of being thus purified or sanctified. The words; "holiness," "perfection," "perfect," "love," "full assurance of faith," and "sanctification," are words which holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We have no controversy which those who declaim against the use of these words; their issue is with the Holy Ghost. These, though somewhat different in their etymology, are theologically used in Scripture, and by our standard writers, as referring to the same state of grace. It may be well, at this point, to say that the word sanctification, as found in the Scriptures, has a double meaning; and, when used to designate the state of a perfect Christian, is by

our standard writers called "entire sanctification," or, as by the apostle, "sanctified wholly." Mr. Wesley, in his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection*, teaches that it is "Loving God with all our heart, mind, soul, and strength." This implies that no wrong temper, none contrary to love, remains in the soul, and that all the thoughts, words, and actions are governed by pure love. Mr. Fletcher says, "We call Christian perfection the maturity of grace and holiness, which established adult believers attain to under the Christian dispensation; in other words, Christian perfection is a spiritual constellation, made up of these gracious stars: perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity for our visible enemies as well as for our earthly relations, and above all, perfect love for our invisible God through the explicit knowledge of our Mediator, Jesus Christ." Mr. Watson teaches, "Our complete deliverance from all spiritual pollution, all inward depravation of the heart, as well as that which, expressing itself outwardly by the indulgence of the senses, is called 'filthiness of the flesh.'" The sainted Dempster says, "Sanctification implies the propensities to sin eradicated, all the seeds of sin and roots of bitterness removed, so that you have faith without unbelief, humility without pride, devotion to God without undue love to the world. You love God with all your heart, mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself."

This truth is so distinctly stated in our doctrines, so sweetly breathed in our hymnology, so frequently referred to in our pulpits, love-feasts and class-meetings, that the whole Christian world understands that the Methodist Episcopal Church, in all its branches, believes and maintains this doctrine; and every minister admitted to minister in our pulpits, and at our altars, is required satisfactorily and unqualifiedly to answer the following questions: Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you earnestly striving after it?

Thus, as a church, we stand committed to the great work of "spreading Scriptural holiness over all the land." And it is well to state here that Wesley, Watson, Fletcher and others of our standard writers, teach that this great work is begun in regeneration. In this all the orthodox Christians generally believe. The idea is this: that when the sinner believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, he is not only justified, freely and fully forgiven and acquitted from all penalties due to his transgressions; but, at the same time, is "born again," becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, and is quickened into a new life by the power of the Holy Ghost. Then, too, are implanted in his heart, the germs of all the Christian graces which are to grow in his future experience on condition of his fidelity to God. Hence Mr. Wesley, in answer to the question, "When does the sanctification begin?" replied "In the moment when a man

is justified." Yet sin remains in him, yea, the seed of all sin, till he is sanctified throughout. Again we allow that at the very moment of justification we are "born again." In that instant, we experience that inward change from darkness to light. But are we then entirely changed? Are we wholly transformed into the image of Him who created us? Far from it; we still retain a depth of sin, and it is the consciousness of this which constrains us to groan for a full deliverance to Him who is "mighty to save." It has been maintained by some, that believers are wholly sanctified when justified and regenerated, and that all the subsequent growth is in holiness; that there is no work of grace in the soul distinct from regeneration, and consequently the idea of a witness to such a work is a misconception, and a mistake on the part of those who have professed to receive it. But though some, as in the great work of regeneration, doubtless are mistaken, yet Methodism in her teaching and the positive testimony of those who have obtained the pearl of great price is, that there is a distinct witness.

Mr. Wesley, in his *Plain Account*, says, "None ought to believe that the work is done till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification."

Mr. Watson teaches, "That a distinction exists between a regenerate state and a state of entire and perfect holiness, will be generally allowed."

Regeneration, we have seen, is concomitant with

justification ; but the apostles, in addressing the body of believers to whom they wrote their epistles, set before them, both in their prayers they offer in their behalf, and the exhortations they administer, a still higher degree of deliverance from sin, as well as a higher growth in Christian virtues. Mr. Wesley again says, "We do not know a single instance in any place of a person receiving in one and the same moment, remission of sin, the abiding witness of the spirit, of a new clean heart."

Not only did Mr. Wesley teach that persons are not sanctified wholly when justified, but he also says, "To suppose to the contrary is not, as some may think, an innocent and harmless mistake. No ; it does immense harm." It entirely blocks up the way to any further change, for it is manifest, that, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But is this sanctification instantaneous or gradual? It is both. In some respects it is one and in other respects it is the other. In a soul who does not backslide, the work of sanctification goes on gradually till it is finished, and that event is instantaneous. Mr. Wesley teaches, "A man may be some time dying, but there is an instant in which he dies." So in a Christian, sin may be some time dying, but there is an instant in which it dies, "and that event is entire sanctification."

The great question between us and other churches is, "Is it never instantaneously reached by faith?" To the latter, Methodism, as we shall see, answers

affirmatively, while the creeds and confessions of other churches reply in the negative.

Mr. Wesley says, first, "That the generality of believers whom we have hitherto known were not so sanctified till near death; second, that few of those to whom St. Paul wrote were so at that time; nor third, he himself, at the time of writing his former epistles; yet all this does not prove that we may not be so sanctified to-day."

Mr. Wesley never lost sight of the great fact that there is a period when this work of sanctification becomes complete and entire, and although in most instances the work is gradual, it may be in all cases instantaneous. The Calvinists with us admit the necessity for holiness to be fully prepared for heaven, but teach that just before the soul leaves the body the work is cut short in righteousness, and the believer is taken to the abode of infinite holiness and joy.

Two things are thus admitted: First, that this must be done before the soul has a meetness for heaven; and second, that in all cases this is done suddenly and instantaneously. And we would inquire, "What instrumentalities are more efficient at death than now? Is the blood of Christ more available? Is the Holy Spirit more powerful? Is the command any more urgent to be holy? Or the promises any greater or more precious? What, then, is it in the hour of dying which produces this wonderful transformation? Again, how long before death may this work be realized and enjoyed? A

moment, an hour, a day ? But if a moment or day, why not a week or years ? If this work of sanctification is by the blood of Christ, if the entire sanctification of the believer is by the inworking of the Holy Ghost, why, we would inquire, are they not just as available and efficacious now ? ” It may be said that the instrument in this work is faith, and that most Christians do not fully comprehend their duty and privilege until at or near the close of their career. This is doubtless true, but it by no means overthrows the doctrine taught by Methodism, that whenever this faith is exercised, this work will be wrought ? But the word of God nowhere teaches that this work cannot be performed until death. On the other hand, it presents it before us a present, an actual, living state and experience. All the commands of God to be “ holy,” “ perfect,” to “ love him with all the heart,” are present. All the promises bearing on this subject are present. The prayers offered by Christ and his Apostles for the early church, look to the present life for their answer. “ Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth.” Paul bowed his knees and prayed that the members of the Ephesian Church might be “ filled with all the fullness of God.” Also that the Thessalonian brethren might be sanctified wholly, and preserved blameless until the coming of Christ. Many other passages, equally specific, might be presented, but these are sufficient. It follows, then, with all the force of an irresistible conclusion, that if the blood of Christ has power now to cleanse

from all sin—if the Holy Spirit now and at every moment possesses the power to sanctify the believer—if the promises of the inspired word are all made, and refer to the present moment, then, when the soul trusts in that blood, asks in faith that Spirit appropriates by faith the exceeding precious promises, the work will be—it is—done. Wesley teaches “That faith, whereby we are sanctified, saved from sin, and perfected in love, is but (first) a divine evidence and conviction that God has promised it in the Holy Scriptures; (second), a divine evidence and conviction that what God hath promised He is able to perform; (third), a divine conviction and evidence that He is able to do it now.” To this confidence that God is both able and willing to sanctify us now, there needs to be added one thing, the divine evidence and conviction that he doeth it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul: “According to thy faith be it unto thee.” Then the soul is pure from every spot of sin; it is clean from all unrighteousness.

The question does not turn upon what we are, our weakness and sins under which we groan, but if truly penitent and determined to part with all sin forever, and to do the will of God in all things, then, as Mr. Wesley teaches, we may expect it by faith; expect it as we are; and expect it now. But some say, “If you are cleaned from all sin what need have you to pray, ‘Forgive us our trespasses’? What need have you any more of the atoning blood?” To this Mr. Wesley replies,

“Even these souls dwell in shattered bodies, and are so pressed down thereby that they cannot always exert themselves as they would, by thinking, speaking, and acting precisely right. For want of better bodily organs they must, at times, think, speak, or act wrongly. Not indeed, through a defect of love, but through a defect of knowledge. I believe there is no such perfection in this life as excludes these involuntary transgressions (of the perfect law), which I apprehend to be naturally consequent on the ignorance and mistakes inseparable from mortality. Therefore ‘sinless perfection’ is a phrase I never use, lest I should seem to contradict myself.”

No class of persons sing more earnestly, and with greater depth of feeling than those who have been made perfect in love :

Every moment, Lord, I heed
The merit of Thy death.

Again, it is said, “If we are wholly sanctified, and all the graces of the Spirit are perfect, what room is there for further growth and development?” We reply, “They are not perfect in degree, but only in their nature or character.” That forest tree is a perfect tree, and yet in its growth its roots stike deeper, its branches ascend higher, and its trunk grows larger. Thus the Christian is continuously growing up into Christ, the Living Head ! The plants in that garden are perfect in their nature, but noxious weeds hinder

their vigorous growth. - But remove the corrupting seed, root and branch, of those weeds, and how wonderfully you increase the vigor and growth of the plants! Thus may our souls be purified, and in the full extent of the Apostle's prayer for the Ephesians, "Be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fullness of God." Amen.

CHAPTER XL.

SENT TO SECOND STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.



STRONG petitions were sent to the Bishop from both the Branch and Kings Park Churches for our return the fourth year. There was also a petition presented to the bishop, endorsed by the business men of the board of trustees of Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, that we be appointed there; and where for five years of the most adverse and discouraging surroundings, we with the help of God, and our many benevolent friends, had accomplished the greatest financial, and considering the embarrassments, the great spiritual work of my life; but persons who had been placed under obligations to me by benefits conferred in the past, opposed my appointment.

While it appeared to me a desirable thing to have an opportunity to demonstrate, by results, what could be accomplished for God and humanity by an endowed church in the down-town portion of the city, the officials of Second Street Methodist

Episcopal Church of New York City united in a request, and so presented their claims to the cabinet, that when Bishop H. W. Warren read off the names of some three hundred preachers, and my name to the Second Street Methodist Episcopal Church, I at once believed that our Heavenly Father wanted me there, and will, as in all my past, assist in building up His cause and kingdom in that field of labor.

We were most heartily welcomed by the church and congregation, and also by many friends of the past twenty-three years' acquaintance in New York City.

As we again enter upon the work of the downtown portion of New York, we find that in the three years of our absence the character of the people has been steadily drifting toward non-observance of the Sabbath and disregard of Christian obligations.

Our congregation I found small; but we have a good Sunday-school with a superior superintendent, Rev. John R. Knox, supported by a goodly company of officers and teachers, and a splendid class of young people, who have grown up in the Sunday-school and are loyal to the church; and have also a large infant class, whose teacher, Mrs. A. C. Anderson, is one of the best I have known, and, by the efforts in the Sunday-school and faithful pastoral and missionary work, we expect, with the aid of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to see blessed results in this old historic church.

We have been holding meetings in front of the church, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, previous to the regular services in the church; and a large congregation, who, from the street and windows of the dwellings, listen; and many of them, we trust, may be brought to the Saviour in this manner.

Mrs. Maggie Van Cott has been with us, in our revival meetings, two weeks; and the results of her earnest preaching and untiring labor has been blessed in the conversion of sinners, and quickening of believers. At every appointment where I have been pastor, since 1868, at Windham Centre; she has assisted me; and is the most excessive toiler for souls that I ever knew. Her power of endurance is marvelous, and only can be accounted for by the sustaining grace of Almighty God. She is, I presume to say, the most remarkable illustration of what can be accomplished by one who is fully consecrated to the work of saving immortal souls for whom Christ has died.

And here we are solemnly impressed with the importance of what the Saviour said, "What thou doest, do quickly," from the fact that we have just received the sad news that my dear brother, in California, has passed over to the eternity beyond the river of death; and I only remain of the happy family-circle, which, sixty years ago, on Sunday evenings, would listen to our mother as she related to us the interesting

Bible stories, and sang so sweetly to us the songs of Zion.

How blessed the thought that, in the great Atonement, provision is made for families and friends to meet in heaven, where “there shall be no more death !’

CHAPTER XLI.

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS INFIDELITY, IN CONFLICT.

[PREACHED AT THE SECOND STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, JULY 28th, 1895.]

“For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.”—*Romans* i. 20.



THE Apostle, in this letter, presents the corrupt state of the Gentile world and also the apostasy of the Jewish nation, and in our text presents the conclusive evidences of the eternal power of God from what may be seen in the wonders of creation.

1. *The Omnipotence*.—The earth in its mighty movement around the sun, and yet completely controlled by the laws of motion and gravitation; and the vast wilderness of suns and systems, all moving with the same regularity and controlled by the same omnipotent power.

2. *Wisdom displayed*.—In all creatures and things, and more especially man, who can contemplate with profound and delightful pleasure the skill and wonderful adaptation of everything to its peculiar work.

3. *Benevolence*.—All have supplies. This is all written out in the book of nature. But, as the Apostles teaches, when thus—that is, by nature—instructed, they failed to glorify God; or, in other words, failed to be conformed to His image and will.

Now, all admit that we are governed in this world by natural laws, also by physical laws; and that a violation of a physical law would bring its own punishment; and if natural laws are interrupted, it would bring about a derangement, such as earthquakes, cyclones, etc.

Now, we all must admit that man is a moral being. Parental and municipal government declare the fact. Then, we maintain that it is quite reasonable that He who has given him his existence should also place him under restraint; or, in other words, under a moral law.

The atheist denies the existence of God. The infidel and deist admit there is a God, but deny the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and that God has given any revelation of His will or law. They also deny that we can know anything of a change of heart, and also of a reinstatement into the favor and spiritual family of God.

Now, you will perceive that the issue between us and the infidel is wide and deep; and one of us must, of necessity, be wrong.

We maintain :

1. *That it is consistent with the character of the infinitely wise and beneficent Being that He reveal to*

us His will and clearly proclaim to us His law; and, to make it plain, has graciously condescended to give us a knowledge of our relationship to him, and also to all things.

Rejecting revelation, the experience of Christians, and the light of the Holy Spirit, man is like the storm-tossed mariner—a dark and cloudy sky above, a vast wilderness of waves all around, no chart, no compass, impossible to decide from whence he came or whither he is bound, while borne onward by the ocean currents, drifting away to the unknown. It is, then, not only reasonable but desirable that God should reveal His will; and that will, if obeyed, should make us happy here.

2. That, in some way, God should approve us, so that we know it. That, if we have a revelation of origin and duty, that he gave us also encouragement for the obedient and true in the future.

Now, this is consistent with family and national government, also consistent with our Heavenly Father's government, as revealed in his Holy Word. This teaches that all of His commandments, if obeyed, will ensure happiness here; and that this is a state of pupilage and discipline, to prepare us for a more exalted and enlarged happiness and usefulness, where our capacities will be greatly augmented, and be perfectly secure from sin and sinful influences—safe and happy forever.

3. *Assurance of this.*—Christianity comes to all, and offers to convince us of the truth of her assertions. Her Founder, Jesus Christ, declares, “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.” And all who thus do His will, without a single exception, do know. And we here submit: Are those who have never tested and obtained this wonderful experience—in other words, who know nothing of what they disapprove—as good witnesses as they who know? For said Jesus to the caviling Jews, “We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen.”

5. *The effect upon the race.*—Jesus Christ commences with a humble appearance—thirty years in comparative obscurity, and only three years of ministry; never writing a book, and therefore never attaining a title from men; only one account of his writing at all, and then on the sand. But he established a religion that now, like the leaven in the meal, is permeating, moulding, and fashioning the individual, families, and nations of the earth.

Infidelity is degrading in its influences—tending to destroy in mankind respect for authority, pure principles, love for purity, and veneration; and is productive of anarchy and riot. Socialism and communism go hand-in-hand with infidelity; and we have, in the terrible scenes in Chicago, an example of its consumation. The French nation had an experience that ought to convince all

thoughtful and honest statesmen that the farther we drift from the teachings of the Holy Bible, the more dangerous and unhappy the individual, family, and nation becomes. Christianity, alone of all religions of the world, is (if true to her Founder) caring for the poor and unfortunate by her societies, hospitals, and benevolent institutions of mercy. And though a few individuals, like Stephen Girard, have been the few exceptions, it must be remembered that he resided in the midst of the extremely religious atmosphere of the "City of Brotherly Love," so named by its founder; and though Stephen Girard was rated an infidel, in a private conversation with an eminent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he acknowledged his and the world's indebtedness to Christianity, and especially the United States of America; at the same time giving a subscription of five hundred dollars to a church in the city of New York. Even Ethan Allen, when interrogated by the commander of the fort, "By what authority do you demand the surrender?" replied, "In the name of the Great Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress." And when his dying daughter appealed to him, saying, "Father, shall I now trust in your teaching, or to the instruction of my Christian mother?" he turned and wiped the falling tears, and replied with deep emotion, "Trust in your mother's teaching." Hume, when interrogated by his mother, "Shall I trust to your teachings, or to the teachings of my Bible now," replied, "To your Bible."

Voltaire, the most intelligent of all, and who wrote one hundred and fifty books (and the most of them against the Christianity of Jesus Christ), asked that they give him the Sacrament when he was dying, and also requested that they give him a Christian burial. Thomas Paine, the paragon of infidels, and whose birth was celebrated by them in New York and Boston, was so debased that he ran away from England with another man's wife; and his friend William Carver writes to a friend (and the letter is now in the hands of a minister), "He is now drinking a quart of rum a day and is too mean to pay for it." But when dying, he called upon Jesus Christ for mercy.

In the crucial hour, when divested of all earthly environments, and the soul as with its great responsibility of action in the seeming presence of God, the immortal spirit will assert its right to be heard, and that is loyalty to its father, God.

5. *The surety of future triumph.*—Gigantic efforts have been made to crush out the Christian religion. The Jewish and Roman nations combined and—though the then two most intelligent and powerful nations—without a single evidence of crime on the part of Jesus and his followers, sentenced Him to die the accursed death of the cross, and then employed all their power to hinder the spread of this new religion, that so forcibly condemned the terrible corruptions of that age. All the awful instruments of torture were employed, and

Julian, the Roman Emperor, employed all the power of his great empire to accomplish this result. One day his greatest orator said to a humble Christian, "What is the Galilean carpenter doing now?" The Christian meekly replied, "Building a coffin for his enemies." Soon after, the Emperor drew from his breast the fatal dart, and throwing it upward shouted, as his life-blood streamed from the wound, "The Galilean has conquered," and his great orator saw him in his coffin. Never, in all the eighteen centuries of the past, has the religion of Christ made as many conquests as within the past ninety-five years.

There was a time when legions of soldiers would die for Julius Cæsar ; again, when whole regiments would stand between Napoleon and the engines of death. "But who would die for them now?" said Napoleon to his infidel general, on St. Helena. Millions are ready to die for Jesus Christ now, though eighteen hundred years have passed away. The dying cry of Cox was heard by the Church, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up!" And Livingstone goes forth to the work of her redemption, and dies in her malarial jungles, on his knees, in prayer to God for her oppressed people. Bishop Taylor, the most conspicuous of all since the days of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, has braved the perils of the savage tribes, and has been planting missions in and across darkest Africa.

And now where, in the great conflict in which all the manufactures, sellers and drinkers of intoxi-

cants are, with infidels and anarchists, combining to overthrow the law of God and man, in regard to Sabbath observance and the suppression of the destructive work of intemperance, we have the beginning of the contest that will most assuredly end in ultimate triumph; for God is with us, and this work is to go on with increasing influence and power, until the stone that Daniel, in his prophetic vision, saw cut out of the mountain without hands, "Shall smite down all of the opposing forces of evil, until it becomes as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor"—subjugating all the opposing forces of darkness—"and the kingdoms of this world becomes the kingdom of our Lord," and "the rising and the setting sun shall behold the glory of our God." And this is sure to be the final result, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, and confirmed it with an oath, saying, "As I live, . . . the whole earth shall be filled with My glory."



Delia H. Morehouse

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. DELIA H. MARTIN MOREHOUSE.



OME two years after the death of my parents, I was taken ill with fever that was so severe and prostrating, that my life was almost despaired of by my friends. Dr. Ferguson, the physician, said to the friends, "Only good nursing can carry him through." The young lady who is mentioned as a sister to Washington, who with his wife and the others arose for prayers on Sunday morning in the school-house (and to whom I was engaged), came to me, stating what the doctor had said, and then offered to nurse me if I thought well of it, saying, "Though no one knows that we are engaged but ourselves, I am ready to meet all criticism, if you so decide." I assented, and that evening, as my young friends came to call upon me, I was suffering with such a burning fever that my pillows were continually being changed, to cool my fevered brain. Among the number was Miss Margaret Curtis, the teacher of our district school, a most excellent Christian, and powerful in prayer, and I

said to them, "Read to me the two last chapters of Revelation," which, as they described the crystal river, my burning thirst (for, in those days of allopathic treatment, physicians refused to give cold water) led me to thank God that there they shall thirst no more. Their united prayers seemed to me at that time to bring the blessed Saviour near—the "Great Physician,"—and the next morning I had passed the crisis, and slowly recovered.

As soon as I was able to walk down to see my Aunt Hannah Fink (who had watched with me that night when it appeared as though I could not live), she said to me, "Alonzo, I do not know what understanding you have with Miss Delia H. Martin, but if you do not do the right thing with her, you ought to have your neck stretched." I replied (much amused at her earnest and forcible expressions, "I will try and do what I believe you and my friends will say is right.")

We were married by Silvester S. Strong (then our pastor, of the Gilboa Circuit), November the 8th, 1843.

Some two years after, Rev. Wm. C. Smith, then pastor, came with his wife one afternoon, saying, as he came in, "I have come not only to make an afternoon visit, but to labor with you, Sister Morehouse. You are anxious about your friends that are not converted, but you ought to take up your cross in public prayer and testimony. You are 'hiding the Lord's money.'" She began to weep, and before he and his good wife left that afternoon,

they had secured a promise that she would try and take up the cross. And from that consecration new power came to attend her prayers and exhortations.

At one time she, with tears and earnest entreaty, persuaded her sister-in-law to seek the Saviour. Adaline came, but some persons said that she over-urged her, and unkindly criticized her course. Hearing what they said, it caused her to weep, but I said to her, "You will yet be vindicated; if not here, you will be in eternity." Some two years after, Adaline Martin called her to her dying bed, and said, "Delia, when I heard that you wept as you heard of the unkind remarks concerning your urging me to seek the Saviour, I prayed for you; and now I want to thank you for that earnest work, and to tell you not to mind what formal professors or worldly people may say, but to do your duty faithfully, and you will be richly rewarded—if not here, in the eternity to come." Coming home from that happy Christian's death, she said to me, "That pays me for all my sorrow of the past."

While preaching at Bloomville, Rebecca Martin, her sister-in-law, who resided in Pennsylvania, was advised by their physician to take her eldest daughter, Helen, to their native place, among the hills of Schoharie County, in the hope that her health might improve. Calling upon us, on their way, we tried to point the young lady to the Great Physician, and she appeared to be seeking the Saviour. About a month after, she came in, one

Saturday, saying, "Uncle, I have come to stay a week with you," and, in the maner of that expression, indicated what was in her mind. I replied, "We are glad to have you come, and will try to do you good."

I had previously prepared my sermon for Sunday morning, but retired to my study to prepare a sermon that I believed would be more suitable for an earnest seeker. The text was Hebrews vii. 25, "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." She appeared to be deeply impressed, and said to her aunt, "Oh, how easy it appeared to me to be saved while uncle was preaching!" As we were leaving to go to our afternoon and evening appointments, we found her reading the Bible. As we parted, I said to her, "That is right; go to the Word of God, and accept the promises as your own, and all will be right with you."

Monday morning, as we returned, we found her in the study, with the Bible in her lap, and I said, "How is it with you now?" Looking up from her reading, and with a countenance all aglow with heavenly radiance, she exclaimed, "Uncle, I believe if I die now, I shall be happy."

When she left us, she went to her uncle, David Becker, who was a class-leader in Delhi, Delaware County, instead of going to see her young school-mates there, where she had formerly associated with them in high school.

Nearly a year after her death, her father, Charles, came in at noon, saying, "I have come to eat dinner with you, while the stage-coach is at the hotel, resting and feeding the horses." While dining, I said, "Charles, remain with us and visit until three o'clock, and I will take you with my horse and buggy to Delhi in time to take the stage from there at four o'clock for the railroad." He replied, "That is just what will please me." On the way, I said to him, "Charles, I wish you were a good Christian." He said in reply, "Alonzo, I would give all I am worth if I could be as happy as Helen was when she died." I replied, "You decide, 'I will, when I reach home, take my Bible and read a chapter morning and evening, praying to Almighty God for forgiveness of sin, and help to live a Christian life, and continually follow the leading of the Holy Spirit, trusting fully in the atonement of Jesus Christ for salvation,' and you will be just as happy as Helen or any other Christian."

The next year, while on the Davenport Circuit, we were invited to attend a family gathering at the home of his father, Uncle George Martin, where the five boys and three girls, all married, and the grandchildren assembled, and I made the suggestion that, in all probability, this was the last time we would all meet on earth, but that, if we would all accept the Saviour, as our personal, atoning Saviour and live for His glory, we could all meet in our Heavenly Father's family in heaven,

Soon after Charles returned, he went out to his tannery and sawmill in the morning, and not returning at noon, a man calling at 2 P.M. to see him on some important business, they went to search for him, and found him dead on the ground near the sawmill. Some three years after, the brother Freegift P. Martin, on his way up to his farm, was found dead in the road; and, not long after, the brother W. Andrew Martin retired in usual health at night and was found dead in the bed the next morning. The eldest sister, Betsey Vroman, residing at Catskill, retired at night, after bidding her grandchildren "Good night," and was found by her bed, with the lamp still burning, in a position that indicated that she had died while on her knees in secret prayer.

Thus, four of the eight dying alone and suddenly, and now but one of the eight children, Alnerin M. Martin, Esq., of Stamford, Delaware County, New York, is living; and myself, of my father's family, as my brother, Alphonzo Morehouse, has now crossed over to the eternity beyond, we can all say with James, "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." But Paul replies, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." And John speaks, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." And

then writes, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SABBATH CONFLICT.

[PREACHED AT THE SECOND STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, AUGUST 25th, 1895.]

“Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.—*Exodus* xx. 8.



AS God, in His revelation of His Will, enjoined upon the human race the observance of one day in seven for rest from toil and for moral and spiritual development? We answer in the affirmative.

We are aware that the moment we base our argument upon what we believe is the great reason, in the divine mind, for the promulgation and enforcement of this law—the moral and spiritual development of mankind,—that our opponents claim we have no right to enforce religious observance of Sunday laws. We admit that in these United States we have no right to enforce religious worship. The language of the statutes and the decisions of the courts show the jealous care with which anything like the enforcement of religion has been avoided in the past; but the supreme courts of this and other States hold that “offences against the

Sunday laws are punishable, not as sins against God, but as injurious to and having a malignant influence on society." It rests upon the same foundation as a multitude of other laws upon our statute book, such as against gambling, lotteries, keeping disorderly houses, polygamy, horse-racing, etc. And, as all of our laws are presumed to be continually encouraging virtue and suppressing vice, if successful, they must be in accordance with the laws of God. And this is the sentiment most clearly expressed by many of our most eminent jurists.

We hold, that when God wrote upon the tables of stone the Decalogue, He emphasised the Fourth Commandment as no other, and that in this we find the key-stone or connection between the two commandments so forcibly expressed by the Saviour: (1) love to God; (2) love to man. And thus the Sabbath institution is the first of which we have record, and impressing us with force as we read, "God rested the seventh day from His work." And "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it."

There is also great significance in the numerous times the number seven is mention in the Scriptures, and we maintain that it is designed of God, in all the ages to come, to impress the idea of the sanctity of the Sabbath. The sevenfold punishment to be inflicted upon the person who should slay fugitive Cain; the seventy and sevenfold of Lamech; the sevens of the clean beasts and fowls that Noah

was directed to take into the ark; and after he entered it, the seven days and the waters of the flood upon the earth; and at the abatement of the flood, each seventh day for three successive weeks he sent forth the dove for information. Again, the seven days of unleavened bread in commemoration of the Passover. The wandering Israelites in the wilderness were commanded to gather their manna upon the sixth day for the seventh, and God withheld it on the seventh, but so vitalized what was gathered on the sixth day that it did not corrupt, as that gathered upon other days, thus impressing them with the sanctity of the Sabbath; also reproving by saying to Moses, when they neglected to obey, "How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and My laws?" And when God revealed himself to Moses on the mount that burned with fire, he was waiting six days and on the morning of the seventh He called unto Moses out of the cloud, and when, amid the terrible and impressive manifestations of Sinai, he wrote with the finger of God upon the tables of stone, its perpetuity is clearly indicated.

And in Exodus xxxi. 12-18 God again enforces its observance as a "sign throughout their generations forever," and insists that all transgressors of this law shall be punished. Nehemiah asserts that it was the continued profanation of the Sabbath that brought the great evil of their long captivity upon the nation. Jeremiah declares that "the land should be desolate seventy years, that she might enjoy her

Sabbaths." And here let us inquire, whether it may not be that the sin of Sabbath desecration in our city and nation was the great reason why God permitted the last continued panic and suspension of business, thus inforcing in the State years of comparative silence of workshops and marts of trade, until *this* land should be forced, by the divine administration of suffering and loss, to, by sad experience, know that "God, is the same yesterday and to-day and forever."

Many years since, the managers of a surface railroad of this city came to the office of another company, inquiring how they were feeding and caring for their horses and workmen, saying, "We are having much more sickness and death than you, and come to know how we can improve." They replied, "we observe the seventh day for man and beast, and believe that is the reason." The managers were so impressed that, though they did not cease to run on Sunday entirely, as did Andrews and McDonald, of the Fifth Avenue and Broadway, they at once arranged to give a rest-day to each man and beast.

In the early history of California, two companies organized to immigrate to California, with their families, horses, cattle, sheep, and farming utensils, starting from near St. Louis, Missouri. One party traveled on Sunday; the other stopped to hold religious services, and of course was left behind the first week. On Monday morning, they decided to diverge from the route the first company pur-

sued, and saw them no more on the way. But they were fortunate in finding grazing, and especially on Saturday nights. They were also fortunate in finding water, had no trouble with the Indians, and no deaths nor sickness. When, after the months of their weary march they reached San Francisco, they found the other company had not yet arrived, and were over two weeks behind them. The Sabbath desecrators suffered from much sickness; some of their company, dying, were buried in the lonely plains; they were also troubled by the Indians, losing cattle and sheep, and were often destitute of good grazing and water, thus proving the Scripture true, "In all of thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

Nearly fifty years since, a young man was closing up his candy-store one Saturday night, on Grand Street. A friend said to him, "Are you not to open to-morrow? It is the best day of the week for your business; and, if you do not keep open, your competitors will get the start of you." He replied, "I have been brought up to keep the holy Sabbath, and will do it if I have less." They on Grand Street prophesied he would not last long; but his competitors of that time are all gone, and he remains, not only there, but is doing business in various places in New York City, Brooklyn, and other places throughout the States, a benevolent and honored member of the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day. And the name of A. H. Brummell is, perhaps, known to

more of the little ones who love sweet things, than any other person.

And here let me say that for now nearly twenty years of residence in this city, we have never purchased any food or newspapers on Sunday. All this, in great a measure, we attribute to the early instruction of a Sabbath-keeping mother.

But the opposers say that God is merciful, and the Gospel, as promulgated by our Saviour, indicated that the construction of the Jews of Sabbath observance was too strict. We admit it, when their opinions and practice led them to omit opportunities to do good, by alleviating the sufferings of man or beast; but not when He by His example, called the people from their worldly cares and avocations to the synagogues and public gatherings on the mountains and by the seaside, and instructed them in the way of eternal life.

It is very plain, from the Scripture, that Jesus taught, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath"—a day of rest or cessation from physical labor; and the Apostle Paul, in his masterly argument in Hebrews, says that God did rest the seventh day from all His works, and that "we are to labor, therefore, to enter into that rest"—the rest of faith, which always is preceded by obedience, of which the apostle speaks, and which is included in the command, "Six days shalt thou labor."

And this is just as important as the succeeding command to rest. Therefore, if idle the six days,

or either of them, the command is broken before we reach the Sabbath. Therefore, it is the duty of the faithful minister to so labor in his closet, study, pastoral and church work in the six days preceding the Sabbath, that he earns all his salary, having no more right to be paid for Sunday work than any other person, but giving all of the Sabbath service free.

And we believe that the twenty-five hundred thousand Christians of this State have a right to be heard in what they conceive to be for the good of themselves, their families, society and the State. But our creator designs that this command shall be so intimately connected with the happiness of all, that transgressions of this, as in all physical, moral, or spiritual laws, punishment must follow. The facts, in the experience of the past, are clear that man or beast will accomplish more, and in a better physical state, in the three hundred and sixty-five days by resting the seventh day than by continuous labor. Again, as the law of supply and demand must ever govern; in a great measure, all things, if all should work on Sunday, seven days work would have to be given for six day's wages. Another view of this is that he who carries on his business on Sunday is damaging his conscientious neighbor, and either forcing him to do what he believes is wrong or cripples him by giving him one-seventh less of opportunity.

Now, the great object of a free government is to give every man his natural rights, so far as is

consistent with the rights of others. By giving to all the privilege of one day in seven for moral and spiritual development, we not only encourage reverence for the law of God, but intellectual culture and religious worship. Otherwise we will drift speedily into the same state of dissipation to some, and of continued drugery to others, that prevails in Paris and in Spain. Our opponents say it is impossible to succeed. But experience has proved that while Sunday observance was continually decreasing, on the first Sunday the authorities undertook to enforce the Sunday law, they so far succeeded that in this city it was the most quiet and orderly Sunday that had been known for many years, and proves that, with our efficient police force, the law can be enforced.

The history of the past teaches that he who sides with God is sure to succeed in the end. Martin Luther dared to protest, and though his friends feared and remonstrated with him, yet, in the strength of God, he triumphed. John Wesley, Whitfield, John Knox, with faith in God, aroused the slumbering nations from their dead formalism. Wilberforce stirred the conscience of the British Empire upon the subject of human slavery, and, though enthroned upon the cupidity of bishops and cardinals, and entrenched behind British gold, the chains were shattered; and even here the condition was such that it was thought an impossibility to overcome the gigantic evil, but some few at first dared to speak, even at the end of the hangman's

rope, and after a death-struggle this, "the sum of all villiany," went down forever.

Franklin said, "What can law do without morals?" Blackstone, Adam Smith, Macaulay, Jefferson, Adams, and nearly all the great men of the past, have been clear in their decisions. Said Washington, "Virtue, or morality, is a necessary spring of popular government," and he adds, "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." And what would become of the religion of the people without a rest day?

Continuous toil weakens the body and cramps the mind. It tends to make man a mere eating, sleeping and working animal. Man has a social nature, and has a right to cultivate and enjoy it. By continuous toil, his family and social blessings are lost, which, when properly cultivated, are the bulwarks of the nation. It gives time to read and think, and to enjoy home, to care for its moral and spiritual good.

Our greatest benefactors of the past have almost universally come forth from such influences. And now can we afford (with the light that streams down to us from the past, and what we can now see flowing forth in corrupting and destroying influences from the evils of Sunday desecration) as lovers of humanity, desiring the greatest good to the greatest number, and to perpetuate our republican government and its blessed institutions, to abrogate our Sunday laws? Self-preservation is

the highest law of the nation, and God has, in His Word and by His righteous administration in His government of the nations and individuals, most clearly taught us what is His gracious Will concerning this great question.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MRS. HATTIE E. SMITH MOREHOUSE.



BE having no children, and being absent from home much of the time, in building houses, churches, and other mechanical work, Mrs. Morehouse had said to me, "I would like to take some little girl, to be company for me and assist me when you and the workmen are at home; and try to bring her up as I would if she were my own child." I assented to it, and soon after a widow lady who resided in Durham, Greene County, New York, some twenty miles distant, came to visit her little son, who was residing, some three miles distant, with Bartholomew S. Vroman, a friend of mine, and for whom I had built a house, informed the mother (who was desirous of finding a place for her little girl, then some eight years of age), that, if she would take her to Mrs. Morehouse, she would, no doubt, take her and educate her as her own child.

I was, at the time, building a large house in the upper village of North Blenheim, called "Patchin Hollow" (so named from General Freegift Patchin, who came and settled there soon after the close of the war of the Revolution), for John L. Patchin,



Mrs Hattie E Morehouse

his grandson. One morning, my wife came to see me, holding the little girl by the hand, saying, "Mrs. Smith, from Durham, has heard that I want to take a little girl, and has brought this child to give to us; and may I accept her offer?" I replied, "Just as you please." She then said, "Come home to dinner, and you can confer with her mother about it." I found that the mother was a member of the Baptist Church, and from what she had heard of us from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Vroman, was ready to at once confide her daughter, Hattie E. Smith, to our care.

Some three years after, her conversion occurred, as related in connection with the camp-meeting held on Gilboa Mountain and the prayer-meeting in the village school-house on the following evening.

When appointed to my first circuit (Summit) in Schoharie County, on the then Prattsville District, we sent Hattie to the Charlotteville school, then under the control of Alonzo Flack, and afterward to the Fergusonville school, under the supervision of the Olivers. But the failing health of Mrs. Morehouse, as it eventuated in the asthma consumption, required her attention, and before the close of the first year at Roxbury Circuit, my wife, in the most peaceful and triumphal manner, surrounded by the good women of the church, passed from us to the immediate presence of her Redeemer and to the company of the holy angels and happy saints, with many of whom she had associated here on earth.

Some two years after, I was united in marriage to Miss Hattie Smith by our Presiding Elder, Rev. Wm. Gorse, in the Roxbury Church, and attended conference the next week, and was appointed to the Windham Circuit the following year, where, as described in the Autobiography, God gave us most wonderful success.

After nearly thirty years, we have sojourned together in the heavenly way, we can all along see the providential leadings of Him who has said, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

And now, while writing this, that mother who so many years since brought her little daughter to us for early care and training, is with us, in her eighty-seventh year, patiently waiting, as she describes it, "for the chariot of the Lord to come for her, to release her from the dissolving tenement of earth for the heavenly mansion prepared by the loving Saviour in the heavenly home."

How much of life is a mystery to us! But as we, at the indications of the Holy Spirit, the providences of God, and the teachings of His holy Word, go forth to the daily work of life, praying that we may be guided in the way that shall be most pleasing to our Heavenly Father, we will be astonished at the wonderful manifestation of His wisdom in directing us, and the delightful surprises He gives us along the way, and especially as we

survey the past and exclaim with the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life!" But also say more, "It has overtaken and is going with me, and will forevermore!"

CHAPTER XLV.

NINETY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORSYTH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

March 6th, 1881.



THE anniversary exercises were largely attended, and were full of interest. They commenced with a love-feast, conducted by Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, in his inimitable and genial way. Bishops W. L. Harris and R. S. Foster were present; and as the people witnessed the power of Christ to save, God was manifest by the power of the Holy Spirit; after which a sermon was preached (by Bishop R. S. Foster, of great power) on the work of the Holy Ghost in the salvation of sinners.

In the afternoon there was a Sunday-school service of song, conducted by the Rev. D. T. McFarland, at which short addresses were made by former superintendents and teachers.

The most interesting feature of the day, however, was a reunion, at a later hour, of former pastors, members and friends of the old historic church,

The building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Bishop W. L. Harris presided, and among those present were the venerable Peter Cooper, Thurlow Weed and Chauncey Shaffer. After prayer, Bishop Harris gave a short sketch of the growth of Methodism in this country. Among those who subsequently spoke were the venerable Father Brummell, eighty-six years old; an old lady who joined the Sabbath-school in 1835; Brother Barker, who joined forty-seven years ago; another brother, who joined fifty years ago, and another who had been taken into the church when a poor orphan.

A speech was also made by Mr. Chauncey Shaffer, after whom Mr. Peter Cooper was introduced. Notwithstanding his age, he spoke with a firm voice, which was audible in all parts of the church. He said that he would most gladly have a few words with the congregation, growing out of the best lessons of his life. The first lesson he received from his parents, who were for sixty years members of the old John Street Church, was that it was safe for him to do anything that he knew was right, and dangerous to do that which was wrong. It has been the light in his path through his long life. The next lesson he learned was from the oldest known record of human events. It was to keep subdued and have dominion over the things of the earth. The object of life was to better ones condition and the condition of those around him. He next spoke of the beauty of benevolence,

and said that the height of bliss was the height of charity. He recited portions of Pope's "Essay on Man," from which he said he had derived much pleasure during fifty years. Charity, he held, was the grand key to unlock the kingdom of heaven.

The venerable Thurlow Weed followed, in some very interesting remarks. Mr. Weed spoke of the many pleasant associations he had had with members of the Methodist Church, mentioning the Harpers and others. He referred to his mission to England, during the late civil war, and spoke gratefully of the efforts of William Arthur, Secretary of the Methodist Book Concern in London, and the Rev. Dr. McClintock in Paris, as having been instrumental in averting war with England. He recalled the fervent ministrations of the energetic preacher, John Summerfield, and said he believed he might have been converted had he been permitted to continue under the ministry of that holy man, for he considered him the most saintly person that he ever knew in all of his long and extensive acquaintance.

Bishop W. L. Harris preached in the evening on "The Church Militant and Church Triumphant," and his impressive quotation of scripture proof, and our precious hymns to illustrate his very suggestive . . . and deeply interesting sermon, which prepared us for a Revival Prayer Meeting at the close of this the ninety-first, and in the language of one of our most prominent city papers, "In many respects a

very remarkable and interesting anniversary." Over three thousand dollars was pledged, and "the best of all, God was with us," and penitent seekers, who that night were at the altar, found peace in Christ.

COMPOSED ON THE SING SING CAMP GROUND, ONE
EVENING, WHILE LISTENING TO THEIR SINGING.

Katy did some naughty thing,
Her sisters, of it, nightly sing
And hold their concert until day,
But what it is, they do not say,
Yet cry that Katy did it.

The autumn crickets join the choir,
And mournful thoughts to us inspire
Of little Katy's wayward ways,
And of the summer's fading days,
Suggesting something higher.

But now they all have ceased their song,
No more make music all night long,
For wintry winds their dirges sing,
As autumn leaves for shrouds they bring,
While we with nature mourn, they're gone.

But they with spring to earth return,
And sing deliverance from its urn;
Yet we who must soon pass away,
No more return with spring to stay,
May sing in heaven, Redemption's lay.

There, autumn winds can never blow,
There, fragrant flowers eternal grow,
And death no more can harm us there,
For Christ our life keeps all so fair,
In robes of light washed white as snow.

Then let us all to Jesus give
Our hearts, and ever for Him live,
That we may praise Him here below,
And when from summer scenes we go,
We all the bliss of heaven may know.

A. C. MOREHOUSE.

August 6th, 1891.

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